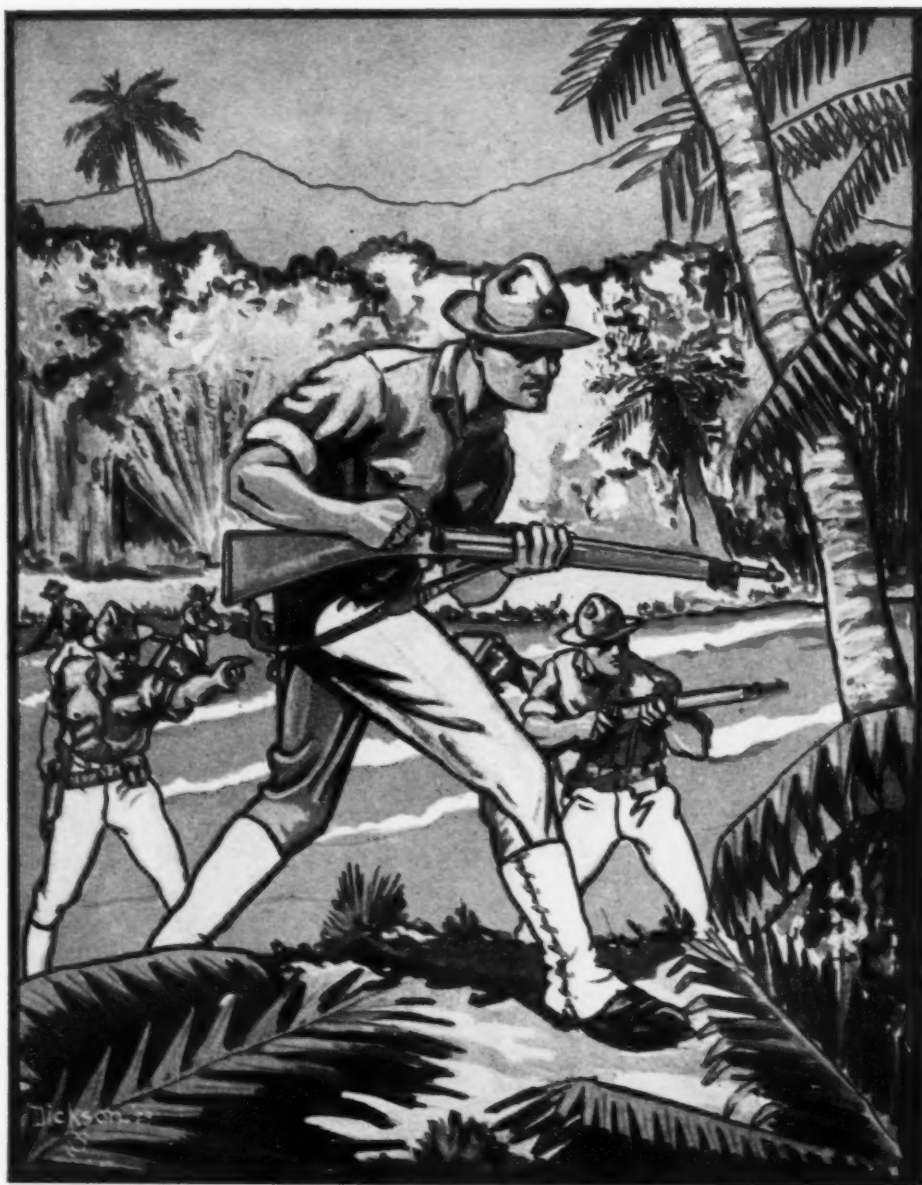


THE LEATHERNECK

May, 1935

Single Copy, 25c



SMASHING AN AMBUSCADE AT THE RIVER FORD
Operations Against Nicaraguan Bandits, 1927



*It's a bonnie
cigarette Laddie*

*-aye Lassie, one
that's Milder and
Tastes Better*

BUS STOP

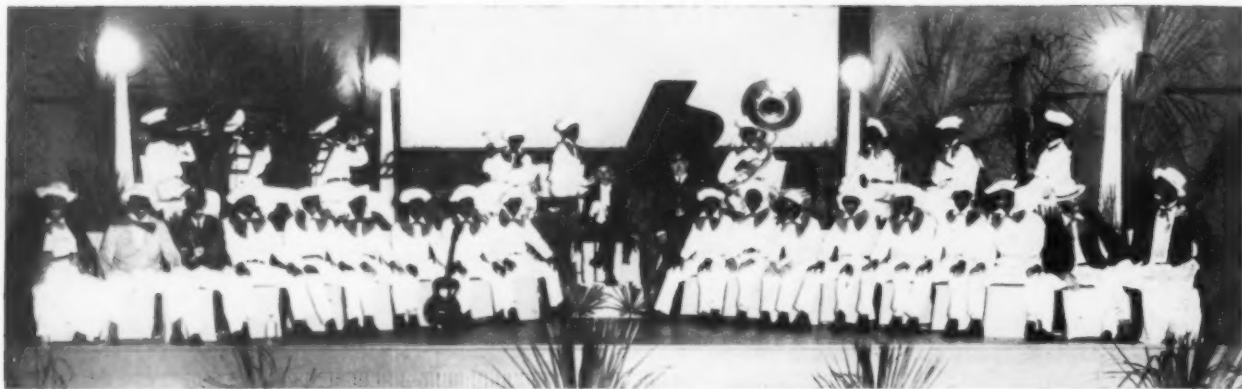
SGT. SHORTY

THEM!

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY



PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



Minstrel Show, Parris Island (See Page 34)



THEY SHALL NOT PASS!

U. S. Marines stage a realistic fight against bandit hordes in China (or California, if you want to know the truth), during the filming of "Tell It To The Marines," made noteworthy by the splendid acting of the versatile Lon Chaney (See Page 12)



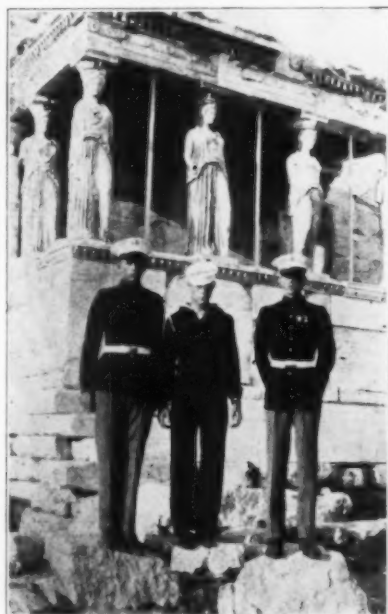
Beggar (See Page 10)



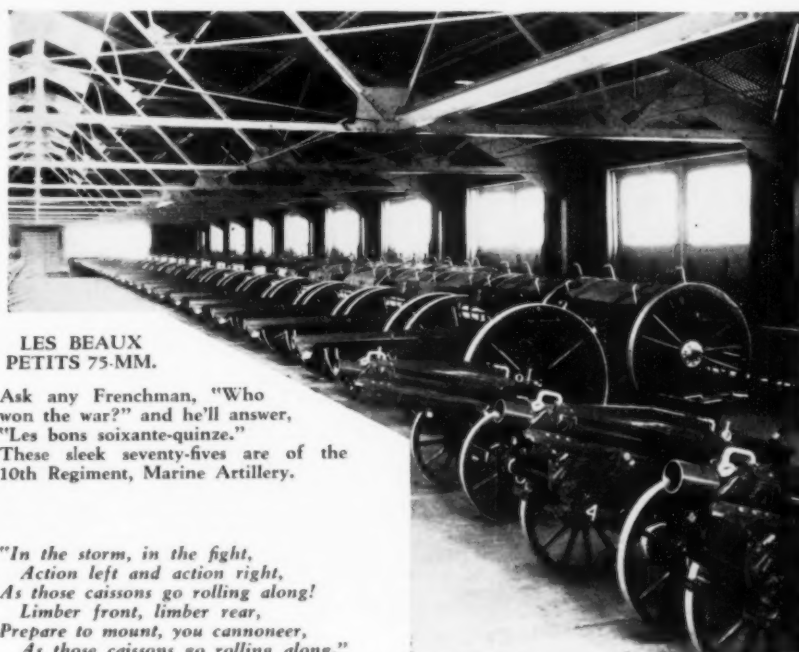
Saturday Morning Review, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba



"With the face of a granite statue, and a heart too big for his frame," the immortal Lon Chaney in his greatest role (See Page 12)



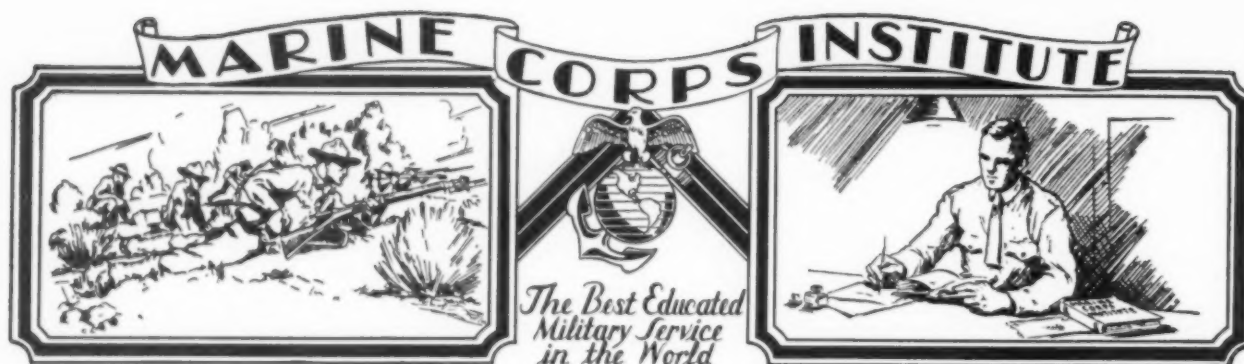
A Liberty Party Visits the Acropolis at Athens, Greece



LES BEAUX PETITS 75-MM.

Ask any Frenchman, "Who won the war?" and he'll answer, "Les bons soixante-quinze." These sleek seventy-fives are of the 10th Regiment, Marine Artillery.

*"In the storm, in the fight,
Action left and action right,
As those caissons go rolling along!
Limber front, limber rear,
Prepare to mount, you cannoneer,
As those caissons go rolling along."*



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☐ Mechanical Eng.
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The LEATHERNECK

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Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

Memorial Day

ON MAY 30th the United States honors its illustrious dead, paying tribute to the men who answered its call for protectors.

From the dawn of its history there has always been a mighty rush of citizens to defend its consecrated principles. And on this annual national holiday a grateful nation pauses in the midst of vigorous activity to decorate the graves of heroes and to render homage to those who gallantly offered their lives to uphold the noble and lofty ideals of a great people.

"Memorial Day" originated in Columbus, Mississippi, on April 25, 1886. Three ladies of that city visited the graves of Confederate dead and decorated them with flowers. This expression of sentiment aroused a hearty response from many other persons. No distinction was made between Confederate soldiers and forty Federal dead who lay

buried in the same cemetery. The ceremony drew praise from the entire nation, the New York *Tribune* saying, "The women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memories of their soldier dead. They have strewn with flowers alike the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers in the Columbus Cemetery."

Thus the observance grew from a municipal to a national observance, from an obscure gesture of respect to a vast demonstration symbolic of a whole people's gratitude. Cemeteries throughout the country are crowded on Memorial Day; churches of all creeds eulogize the departed soldiers.

Today, when pessimistic utterances disturb the hearts of many persons, it is inspiring to summon from the memory of the honored dead renewed courage and unwavering faith in the cherished beliefs and worthy institutions which time itself has pronounced imperishable. The message is clear: it is one of strength and faithfulness.

Members of the Marine Corps salute their distinguished predecessors, recalling with pride their participation both in great battles and inconspicuous skirmishes.

From their stirring deeds the Corps receives its glorious traditions, preserves, protects, and adds to them, so that the glamorous story of the Marines shall always be enshrined in the history of the United States.

Mothers' Day

IGAIN we approach the one day of the year when we devote our finest thoughts and send our messages of love to Mother. The race is divided into nations; it speaks many tongues; it has many deities; it is clothed in a variety of colors; it is scattered over six continents and many islands. But there is one common speech and one common interest, and that is found in our affection and devotion to motherhood.

The boy goes out from the care of Mother and finds himself in a strange land and among strange people. His interests are broadened and his knowledge grows, but there is nothing that can separate the normal man from that Mother, in spirit, and nothing that can make him forget the love and affection she lavished upon him during those early years, the gentle hands which cared for him, the guiding spirit which guarded his halting steps, and the aspirations with which she clothed him as she watched him grow into manhood.

Such affection! Such love! Such hopes! Would that we were equal to them! Would that we could match them in realization.

But we can do something to show our appreciation, and none should neglect it. Beginning with the enthusiasm and determination of a plain little woman of Philadelphia, Miss Anna Jarvis, the second Sunday of May has been set aside, since 1906, and devoted to this one common purpose. You are asked to enter into the spirit of the day. Wear a flower for Mother—a red one if she is still with you, a white one if she is awaiting you in the Beyond. Write her a letter in renewal of that filial devotion which you have always felt and seldom show. Tell her how you still think of her, and renew your hope and determination to be the kind of a man she thinks you are.

Then, if you have an opportunity, join in the Mothers' Day Service on board ship or ashore. There is no better place to sanctify your holiest thoughts than in a place of prayer. Seal them with communion with Him who best understands a Mother's love, and will bless that sentiment here on earth and in Heaven above.

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May, 1935

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*... in a
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NUMBER 5

THE ESPRIT OF THE MARINE CORPS IN BELLEAU WOODS



SEVENTEEN years ago this month, —May, 1918,—came dark days for the civilized world when the Germans broke through from Noyon

to the Westward against the British forces on the Western front and drove them back to the Montdidier with great losses of life and material. The Second Division of the American Expeditionary Force, which contained a Brigade of United States Marines on detached duty with the Army, was embussed to move north to the assistance of the British. Enroute it received orders near Meaux to turn eastward toward Chateau Thierry to resist the German horde which had broken through the French lines at Chemin des Dames and were pouring swiftly toward Paris via Chateau Thierry, threatening the French capital as it had not been since the days of the fall of 1914. The whole world held its breath as the gray masses poured closer and closer toward the capital of France. Defeat of the Allies seemed certain.

The Second Division turned eastward toward Chateau Thierry and were debussed on the Paris-Metz Road, west of Belleau Woods. The Division, deployed as it advanced to positions just west of a line running north and south

BY E. B. HARDY

through Belleau Woods. There was nothing between this thin line of dauntless

Americans and Paris. As the straggling elements of the defeated French troops poured back through the Americans' line they marveled at the coolness of the Marines and Doughboys of the Second Division and urged them to turn back or be annihilated. The world held little hope that these fresh troops with little battle experience would stem the tide of the experienced German troops and save Paris. The military leaders felt that the experience that the Second Division had received in the Verdun sector where it had received its final training and first taste of war with no offensive operations was not sufficient for the Division to cope with the experienced German troops who were in a frenzy of victory and determined to take the French capital.

There were sleepless nights (Continued on page 65)



Le General
Francois Degoutte



General Neville leads the Fourth Marine Brigade through the streets of Washington upon their return from Germany in 1919.



When They Found Him He Was
Lighting a Cigarette

A MAN'S SELF RESPECT

BY ROYCE B. HOWES

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

SPARKS HANNIGAN snapped off the microphone switch. Without looking around, he spoke to the man standing behind him.

"I guess there isn't any use your waiting any longer, mister. Charlie probably set down somewhere and bummed a ride to some place where he can put the mail on a train."

"How do you figure it out that he didn't answer you?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, it might be that his transmitter wasn't working and he couldn't acknowledge the order." Sparks tried to be offhand. It was hard to keep his voice pitched the easy way he wanted it. Something was going on inside of him—sort of a tightening up. Pilots had failed to acknowledge grounding orders before on nights like this and the sequels were unpleasant to remember.

"If the transmitter is dud, the chances are his receiver is too. Probably he isn't even getting the beam. When radio goes wrong it does a nice thorough job of it," the visitor in operations pointed out.

Charlie looked up over his hunched shoulder at the man. "You a flier?" he asked.

"Marines," nodded the man. "That's where I met Charlie Pitt. We were at Pensacola together and in the same squadron in Nicaragua."

Sparks turned his face toward the microphone and seowled miserably. Of all the people who he didn't want in operations during the next two or three hours, close friends of Charlie Pitt ranked first.

"I'd sure been counting on seeing Charlie tonight," the Marine went on. "We were mighty thick when he was in the Leathernecks and this is the first chance I've had to see him since he pulled out. That was three years ago."

"If I were you I'd go back to town and go to bed. He'll be ferrying his ship in come daylight and I'll tell my relief to send him around to wherever you're staying," Sparks told him.

He looked at the clock. Quarter to eleven. Charlie was due in twenty minutes. For the past half hour Sparks had been trying to reach Charlie, trying to tell him to set down on an emergency field and not try to get the north-bound mail through. The transeontinental ship with which Charlie was due to connect had been safely on the ground for an hour. Its pilot had acknowledged the grounding order promptly and a few minutes later reported that he had found a hole in the murk right over an emergency field a hundred miles east.

Sparks stood up abruptly.

"Listen," he said, "there's no use kidding ourselves. The chances are that Charlie is in a mighty bad way. Look out that window. You can't even see the boundary lights—not even the nearest ones. It's this way for two hundred miles around. I'm sorry it had to be this particular night that you blew in here, damned sorry if you're a pal of Charlie."

"Aw shucks," he assured Sparks, "Charlie'll take care of himself. I've seen Charlie in a lot of tight spots and he always turns up all right."

Sparks strode to the weather map and pretended to study it. There was too much going on inside his head for his eyes to make sense of the curves and shadings though. He realized he was cringing, cringing from the telephone. When it rang he would scream, he was sure of that. Other calls that had come in on such nights flickered through his mind in a ghastly array of memory vinettes. Perhaps it would be a deputy sheriff asking if the numbers on a charred bit of fuselage fabric meant anything to him. It might be a reporter on the morning paper calling to ask whether he could offer any clue to a ship that had crashed in flames somewhere out in the state.

The Marine was speaking again.

"Hell, we lost Charlie for two months once and he turned up all right. His motor konked way back over the jungle and he pancaked her in some peon's clearing. He fell in with the right people to begin with and he and his sergeant footed it back to the coast through jungle trails. How he dodged Sandino's outfits is one I never could figure out, but he did it."

"You know what worried him most?"

"Sandino, I suppose," grunted Sparks. He was in no mood for anecdotes.

"Nope. He left his wallet home when he took off for the day's patrol and he didn't have a thin peso in his jeans. Lord knows what he'd done with money if he'd had it, but Charlie always said that was the worst thing about the trip. All the time he felt like a bum, he said. He didn't mind the whiskers on his face or his clothes being all ripped to Irish pennants, but he said not having any money knocked his self respect all over the place."

More to shut the Marine's mouth than because he had any hope of success, Sparks returned to his microphone and spent two minutes calling Charlie Pitt's name and ship number. The Marine waited patiently and then went ahead with his observations.

"There's a good deal in Charlie's idea, too. Somehow civilized man can't look the world in the eye if he hasn't

change in his pocket. Hell, I've come fresh from the barber shop wearing my best tailored liberty blues and felt like a tramp because I happened to remember my money was all back in quarters. Somehow, no matter how you look outside, you think everybody you meet knows you couldn't float a postcard."

Sparks snatched up the telephone receiver and dialed a number.

"Hello, service hangar," he said, his words spilling rapidly. "Put out flares—two at the north end of the north-south runway and one at the south end. I can't stop Charlie Pitt."

He hung up with a click and stared out at the mist, mist well ballasted with some from the city on whose flank the airport lay. Of course a man could always bail out, but they seldom did. Mail fliers were always optimists. They were forever trying to ease down through to pick up a landmark. Then a hill or maybe only a tree. Sometime wide open right into the middle of a flat field.

Sparks gave a start and half rose. Static was crackling in the big loudspeaker on the wall. Then it died and a voice came. At the same moment they heard the drone of a motor.

"Greetings, my favorite announcer," said the voice. "This is old reliable Charlie Pitt riding the stick of No. 39 and right on time come weal or woe. Kid, you'll have to talk me in. It's like the inside of a bag up here. Talk me in pronto, too. I've got about five minutes gas."

Sparks cut in his microphone.

"Listen, monkey up there on your stick, do you think I'm in some kind of a contest to see who can raise the best head of gray hair overnight. If your radio is working so swell why didn't you acknowledge the grounding order and set her down?" he demanded.

A ruddy glare showed vaguely in the mist outside. It was the nearest runway flare—not a hundred yards away. Charlie didn't have a chance in the world of seeing it.

"Can the idle chatter. I said I only had five minutes' gas," came Charlie's voice.

"Head west a few miles and bail," Sparks instructed. "It's just as bad down here as it is up there."

"We Pitts don't bail. That's another family you're thinking of. Talk, kid, it's only four minutes' gas now," Charlie came back.

Sparks turned to the Marine.

"Listen, you get out front, just outside this window, and pass me the talk. I'll pass it up to Charlie. He's nuts," he commanded.

The Marine went out into the night at a run. Sparks slammed open the sash just before his desk. For a moment the Marine stood listening. Then he spoke.

"You're right about over us, Charlie. Spiral down to 500."

Sparks relayed the instructions. The sound of the motor became appreciably louder.

"Now fly back and forth on a north-south line."

The sound of Charlie's motor faded as he streaked out across the countryside. Then he turned back and its roar grew to a crescendo.

"Make your next trip a few hundred yards farther east."

This time Charlie seemed to pass directly overhead.

"Come down to 200 and try to hold that line."

Blind flying was no novelty to Charlie Pitt and he held the course well. His next passage was thunderous.

"Have you seen the flares?" asked the Marine, Sparks repeating the query.

"Swell chance. Why not ask me whether I've seen Halley's Comet?" Charlie's voice came through the loudspeaker. "Hurry it up guy. In a minute I won't have gas enough to make a decent fire if I do crack her up."

"You're south of the field. Come down to 100 and try to hold the same line again."

The approaching plane was a cyclone of sound. The Marine gulped his heart out of his throat. The direction seemed true, perhaps too true. Altimeters aren't built for such fine readings. Whatever Charlie's altimeter might show, the noise of his motor indicated that he was bearing straight for operations office. Visions of wires, fences and roofs jumped into the Marine's conscious.

"Pull her up! Up, Charlie! Up sharp!"

A staccato pounding seemed to submerge the world. Blue exhaust flames flashed out of the gloom dazzlingly close. A ghostly

wing and under carriage swept over not six feet from the office roof. The Marine spoke fast.

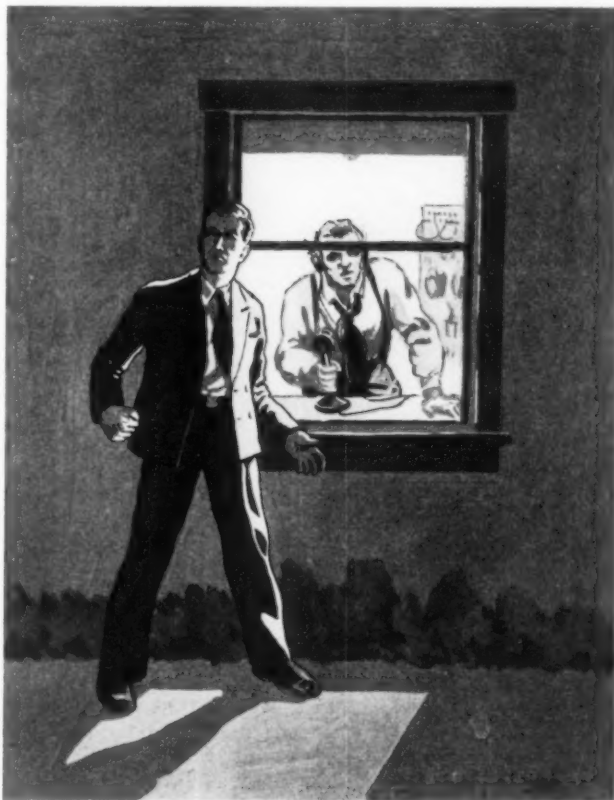
"Level off, hold it there for one more round trip over that compass line you're on now and we'll have you in."

"You'd better," Charlie answered calmly.

One more minute. Again Charlie was coming the right way. The Marine suddenly remembered that he didn't know the whereabouts of the hangar. By the fact that Sparks had telephoned, though, he gathered it was some distance away. Anyhow, the sound of the motor was just abeam of him and it was now or never.

"Cut her and squash down."

Charlie's engine died with a whispering cough. Those on the ground could hear the whine of wires and the rustle of an idling propeller. Sparks quit his microphone to run outside. The Marine took a firm grip on himself. Then he breathed again, and for the first time realized that he hadn't drawn a breath (Continued on page 61)



The Approaching Plane Was a Cyclone of Sound



Rickshaw Boy

SIDELIGHTS OF PEIPING

Illustrated by Photographs Taken by the Post Photographer, Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China

PREPARED BY THE POST INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

NOTES ON ROMANIZATION OF CHINESE NAMES

The Wade System, in common use among the English speaking peoples, has been followed in the pronunciation of Chinese names. As an approximate guide, let it be said that the consonants have more or less their normal English values and the vowels more or less Italian.

Introduction

ANY old residents in alien lands have been known to lose that keen sense of proportion and perception which is so essential for receiving impressions. Things become so familiar that they pass through the mind almost unnoticed or if the attention is arrested it is only for a moment and without real understanding. A sort of psychic blindness attacks them. This article seeks to bring out some of the common, every-day occurrences among the inhabitants of Peiping that many of us pass by without giving a thought to, and, in addition, to disclose to others who have not as yet visited the old capital, certain of the sidelights, all commonplace, and yet of a peculiar blend of tragedy and comic relief. The pictures are all of the poor and humble, or obscure professions, because such subjects enter largely into the social life of any country. Certain of the subjects shown, because of their antiquity, have attained to the status, we may say, of an institution; the introduction of the fashions of the west will certainly cause some of them to pass; we flatter ourselves that this little article may give them, in the minds of our readers, a certain fleeting glimpse that may attain to permanence.

Rickshaw Coolies

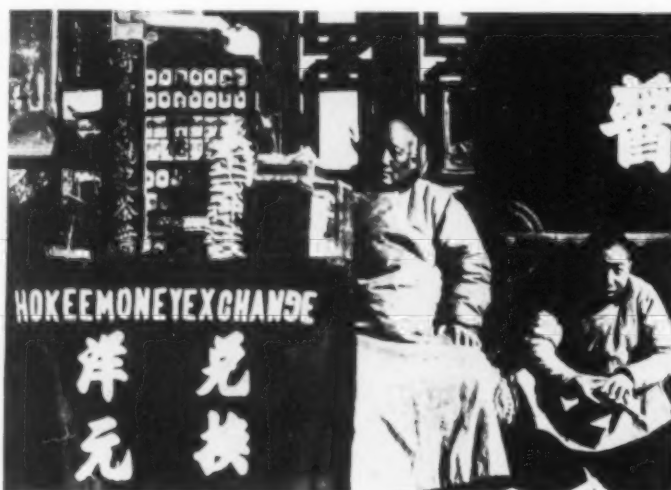
The smiling individual pictured above had

just been drafted for military service in the 1933 resistance against the Japanese conquest of Jehol Province, just to the north of Peiping. As transportation was at a premium, in order to remove the goods and baggage of officers of the lower grades, the humble "LA CH'E TI" (Puller vehicle person) or "CHIAO PI" (Rubber skin, relating to the rubber tires of the cart) were pressed into service in large numbers.

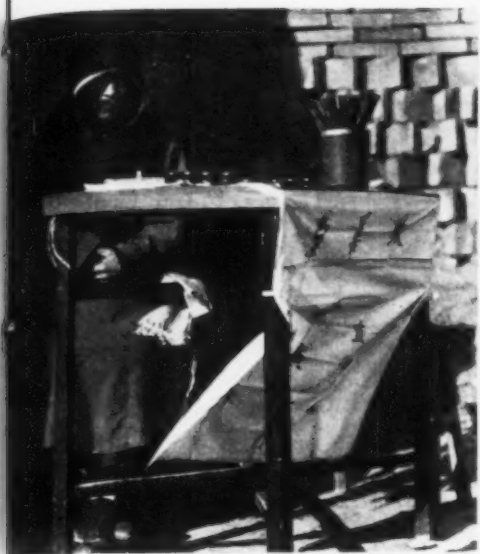
It is estimated that Peiping has some fifty thousand licensed rickshaw pullers. Allowing five persons to a family, this makes the astonishing total of 250,000 people dependent upon "CHIAO PI" for their daily bread. This is well over a fifth of the total population of the city. It seems like the old joke about the community who all made a living by taking in washing for one another, but it is the stark and tragic truth. Despite starvation and bitter weather, they thrive like the green bay tree, and their cheerfulness, politeness, and un-failing good humor have never failed to excite comment among those visitors to Peiping who had had occasion to use the Shanghai rickshaws.

Many people think it takes years of training to qualify a Chinese coolie for this profession. Such is not the case. Some five years ago, the writer had occasion to see a former yard coolie pulling a rickshaw. As he knew that this coolie had never done a lick of

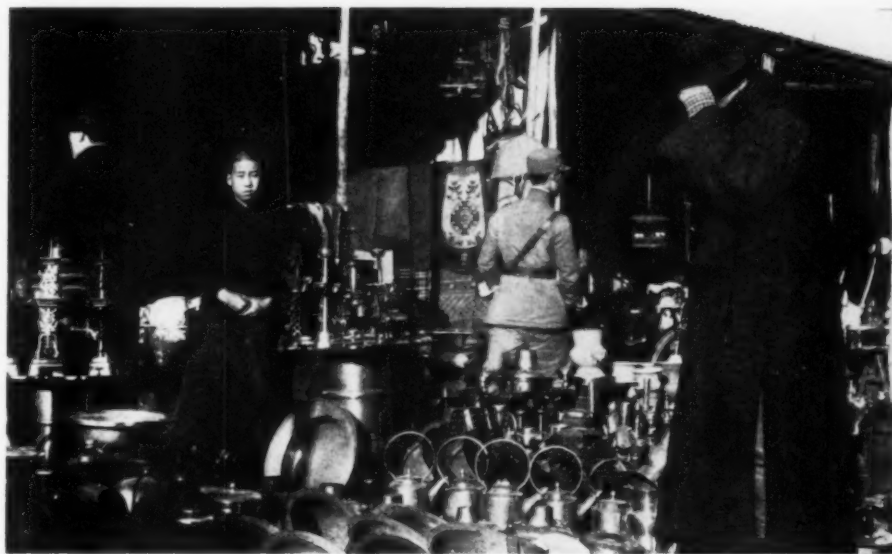
(Continued on page 61)



Money Exchanger



Fortune Teller



Thieves' Market



Sidewalk Restaurant



The Barber Shop



Quack Doctor



The Cobbler



The late Lon Chaney in His Immortal Role as the Marine Sergeant in "Tell It to the Marines."

SEA SOLDIERS

OF THE SCREEN

BY

P. A. WEBB

STORED away in the musty vaults of forgotten movie studios are the first motion pictures of the Marines. Who knows what these early flickers of the silent era portrayed? Was it a group of Marines bound for service in the tropics, marching in an Inaugural Parade, or performing routine duties around some barracks?

The celluloid trail harks back so far it is beyond the memory of the oldest old-timer, yet these early movies as well as those of more modern times have left indelible impressions upon movie fans.

Surely the Marines have been pictured in virtually every possible situation. From the purely imaginary side of motion picture photography, they have been shown rescuing fair maidens in distress, holding the enemy at bay, hiking over tropical trails, operating guns on battle-ships, eating, drinking, sleeping, drilling, parading, and bawling out the top sergeant. It's been done—in the movies!

While setting down some of these impressions of Marine Movies I do not pretend to be a qualified critic. So much, both good and bad, may be said about the exploits of the sea soldiers on the screen, and so many thousands of feet of films have rolled through projecting machines, that a fair and unbiased criticism is impossible.

My viewpoint is naturally that of a Marine and not of a producer, whose idea is to make an interesting picture. If he stretches a point here and there, or even goes far beyond realism in making his movie, his idea is solely to please the public. If he rides rough shod over custom and procedure, he feels that he is justified in working out his conception of how a Marine would behave in some given set of circumstances—no matter how far fetched.

Any criticism of a movie dealing with the service must be made from one of four different points of view. First, the producer's, which I have mentioned; second, the civilian public, whose sole desire is to be entertained; third, the officers of the Corps, who appreciate the fact that our service is being critically judged by what appears on the screen; and finally, the enlisted man himself who, as a rule, is not so particular about the ethics brought out in the picture as he is about seeing on the screen what he knows *could* occur in the Corps.

Few Marines realize what a large number of commercial films have featured the Marine Corps, not to mention the score of others where Marines were incidental to the plot, if they were not the whole show.

Stretching our memories back to war-time days or the years immediately afterward, many of us can recall "The

Unbeliever," "What Price Glory?" "Let it Rain," "Flight," "The Leatherneck," "Tell it to the Marines," "The Cock-Eyed World," "Leatherneking," "Come on Marines," "Moran of the Marines," and others, some of which I have doubtless forgotten.

Of more recent screen fame are "Devil Dogs of the Air" and "The Marines are Coming," while it is probable many others will follow in their wake, adding their fanciful fiction to the miles of footage already going or gone into the discard.

My earliest recollection of a commercial movie which dealt with life in the Marine Corps, and didn't stray far afield in the building up of its plot, was the old "Star-Spangled Banner," made by the Edison Studios in 1916.

Memories of this film are a bit dim, but I can recall Paul Kelly as the youthful hero of the photoplay. It seems that Kelly, who played the son of a Marine Officer, had been educated in England, and returned to this country with some superior ideas about Americans in general and the Marines in particular.

Eventually he finds himself at some post commanded by his father, and he proceeds to make himself still more unpopular by his top-lofty attitude toward everything American. The climax came when, as I remember it, his little sister was lost and the entire Marine garrison volunteers to hunt for her. This gives Kelly a mental turn-over and he learns that Marines are human, after all.

The fade-out shows Kelly and the Marines on the most amiable of terms, and the Star-Spangled Banner still floating in the breeze.

I distinctly recall a chat I had with Kelly at the Edison Studios. At that time the youthful screen star was only 17 years old, and was making his first bid for fame in the "silents." Kelly's subsequent history has been a tragical one, but he has survived the vicissitudes of Hollywood and today may be seen playing roles which require the robust type of manhood displayed by Charles Bickford, Gary Cooper, Victor McLaglen and others. He has probably long since forgotten "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was the World War, however, that brought the camera to focus on the Marines in a more or less worthy manner, and from that time up to the present they have seldom been A.W.O.L. from the screen.

Who remembers the crowds that thronged the Rivoli in New York City at the showing of "The Unbeliever"? The war was on. Anything of a military nature was



OVER THE TOP AT QUANTICO

Marines and movie actors stage a realistic sequence of the start for No Man's Land at the "zero hour," during the filming of scenes of "The Unbeliever" at the Post on the Potomac.



QUIET MOMENT IN THE TRENCHES

This scene of "The Unbeliever" was staged far from the battlefield in France. The practice trenches, used at Quantico during war-time training, served as the front line on the Western Front. Raymond McKee, youthful film star, is shown turning for a moment from his view of No Man's Land to chat with his buddy, Darwin Karr. Behind McKee is Sgt. Moss Gill, later wounded in France.

welcomed by the screen or press, and "The Unbeliever" was a box-office smash.

For two weeks there was standing room only at the Rivoli, where the crowds flocked to view this All-Marine film of more than ordinary merit. Patriotism was in the air, and the film caught on with a bang. Mr. Rothafel (Roxy), able showman as he is, did not lose sight of the fact that some genuine marine atmosphere would help the production tremendously. A squad of Marines put on an act at every show, there were color effects, and a Broadway actor recited a poem befitting the occasion.

All records for moving picture attendance were broken in Detroit when 150,000 persons witnessed "The Unbeliever" at the Majestic Theatre in its three weeks' run there. Several evenings, it was announced that there were more than 3,000 persons waiting in line at the box office, and on occasions hundreds were turned away.

Raymond McKee was the rich young sophisticate and hero of the film, who disdained society to enlist in the Marines, eventually going to France, giving a good account of himself in the war, and winning for his bride a beautiful Belgian girl. Again in this film was witnessed the mental turn-over of a man who overcame class hatred and prejudice through his war-time experiences.

Fate plays some queer pranks, and eventually many of the U. S. Marines who took part in this movie got into the fighting overseas, and several of them were numbered among the casualties. Perhaps a number of them were killed.

Sergeant Moss Gill, who played the part of a sniping Marine, spending his time in the movie between reading his Bible and taking pot shots at the enemy, was seriously wounded in France. In the screen play he was constantly scanning the Scriptures while awaiting an attack from the enemy trenches.

Few who saw it will forget the splendid portrayal of a wounded and dying Marine in No Man's Land, played by Lieutenant James F. Rorke, and who could have believed that he was prophetically acting what nearly proved to be a fact in France some months later. This officer was twice wounded over there, and since the World War he has been active in the Marine Corps Reserve where he holds the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Many a scene played in the "Belgian Village" on Long Island, N. Y., and along the far-flung "Hindenburg Line" at Quantico, found a close counterpart in the actual war zone some months later in France.

Came the dawn, as they say in the movies, and America was too busy readjusting itself to the prosaic business of peace to take much interest in military films. The war was over. The public was fed-up on military matters and for a time service films languished. There were few films dealing with military life, and none of them scored much of an impression.

The first of the post-war films which awakened the public to the fact that the Marine Corps was still functioning in the same old way was "Tell it to the Marines," with the immortal Lon Chaney.

In this picture the screen actor, whose portrayals of cripples and bizarre characters had made him a screen celebrity, deserted this type of role for once and appeared without special make-up, taking the part of a veteran Marine sergeant.

No service movie before or since has quite equalled this marvelous photoplay, which still lives in the memories of Marines who have seen it as the one wholly satisfactory picture of Marine Corps life.

What a picture! Lon Chaney—the hard-boiled, yet understanding top sergeant. William Haines as the "boot," who learned plenty in his days as a recruit and in subsequent adventures. The sweet and winsome Eleanor Boardman, as the hospital nurse and the disturbing "love interest" of Haines and Chaney. Eddie Gribbon, as a sergeant who knew his men, and a score of others who fit like a glove into the picture.

The spectator saw life in a Marine Barracks; he saw the disruption of a Leatherneck camp by a tropical typhoon; a fight between the sea soldiers and a group of Chinese bandits; adventurous episodes in Oriental locales and scenes in the Philippines and elsewhere.

The film was fast-moving, virile, tense. You saw the evolution of a fresh kid into a first class Marine, due largely to the training he received under the hard-boiled Mr. Chaney, known as Sergeant O'Hara. Most of the scenes were filmed at the Marine Barracks at San Diego, and the direction was perfect.

Then came "What Price Glory?" First it proved to be a stage hit. Then it turned out to be a movie box-office "wow." The plug-hatted patrons of Broadway show palaces came to see it in large numbers. But it also proved popular in the dug-outs of the hinterland, where half-suffocated patrons breathed the vitiated air to witness the vicissitudes of Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, played admirably by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.

This film was unique. Here was war, stripped of all illusions, some rare touches of human sentiment, lots of humor, and the astounding revelation that Marines occasionally liked wine, women and song. Like its proto-

type of the stage, the film set tongues to wagging, created a lot of comment pro and con, and sent the patrons in a steady stream through the curtained entrances into dimly-lit auditoriums to witness the antics of McLaglen and Lowe.

Realism in this film was stretched to the breaking point. Some Marines and others thought it was stretched beyond that point. Throughout the film we saw the officer and his former enlisted buddy engaged in life, liberty and the pursuit of Delores del Rio, who played the part of the fascinating little French girl, Charmaine, and the picture was alleged to portray a cross-section of service life as it might have been "over there." It was written by an ex-Marine, Laurence Stallings, who should have known what he was writing about.

Much harsh criticism has been directed against this picture. It was claimed that the peccadillos of McLaglen and Lowe placed the Marines in a bad light. Such critics usually overlooked Mr. Kipling's reminder that "Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." Whether most of the criticisms were justified or not, the picture received much comment and was a decided box-office hit.

The success of these two movies focused the eyes of movie impressarios on the possibilities of service pictures, and scores of them have come from the Hollywood studios. The year 1927 was noteworthy for the number and variety of Marine Corps films placed before the public. There was "Let it Rain" with Douglas McLean, a rather weak affair which dealt mainly with the devil-may-

care adventures of a Marine, many of them too fanciful to be believable.

Hard on its heels came "The Great Mail Robbery," at about the time the sea soldiers were having their second assignment to guarding the mails. In this film a flock of mail robbers attempt to do a getaway with a squadron of Marine Corps planes in pursuit. A hot battle between the bandits and the Leathernecks formed its most thrilling sequence.

Along with the others was the South Sea fantasy, "Rain," in which a sergeant in Samoa is one of the principal characters, and who supplies the "love interest" for Sadie Thompson, a friendly lady of those parts. Formerly a stage play, it has been revived and was until recently a stage hit in New York.

Next, in 1928, came the extremely popular and manly Richard Dix in his sea soldier venture called "Moran of the Marines," a rather weak photoplay upon which this excellent actor wasted most of his talents. His leading lady was Ruth Elder, the aviatrix of trans-Atlantic fame.

In this movie Dix joins the Marines in order to get to China quickly. Subsequent action gives him the girl, fame, and his father's blessing with a lot of Chinese scenery thrown in as a background. Brooks Benedict was his rival who turned yellow at the given moment, and Roseoe Karns was Dix's (Continued on page 63)



ACTION AT SEA

"Gunnery Sergeant" Lon Chaney (right), acts as gun captain, while William Haines, wearing ear-phones, is the sight-setter at gunnery practice during the making of the premier Marine Corps movie, "Tell It to the Marines."

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Mothers' Day

Washington, D. C., April 2.—Secretary Swanson stated: "Annual observance of the Mothers' Day Movement will be held throughout the United States on Sunday, May 12, 1935. Attention of all Navy and Marine Corps personnel is invited to the significance of Mothers' Day and to the duty that exists for each one rendering tribute to his mother. Every man who can should visit his mother on that day if she is living and letters should be written where it is impracticable to be at home."

Candidates for Commission

Washington, D. C., April 5.—The Major General Commandant has designated the following noncommissioned officers of the Marine Corps to take examinations for commissions in May, 1935, at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.: Henry B. Cain, Michael S. Currin, Donald J. Decker, Lewis J. Fields, Marsden C. Jordan, Roy Robinson, Milton B. Rogers, Arthur H. Sherman, and Henry G. Spencer.

Marines Request Increase

Washington, D. C., March 31.—While the Army and Navy are getting substantial increases in men, the Marine Corps is being left out in the proverbial cold.

The Marines insist that they need 1,100 additional men. This request is made in view of the recent attrition and the fact that the building of new ships will require additional Marines to fill the ships' guards.

Party Flies to Norfolk to Inspect "Ranger"

Norfolk, Va., March 23.—To the accompaniment of a 17-gun salute, Admiral W. H. Standley, chief of Naval Operations, and a congressional party traveling in three planes from Washington, swooped down on the Naval Air Base today to inspect the U. S. S. *Ranger*, Uncle Sam's new aircraft carrier.

Included in the party were Rear Admiral E. J. King, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, and 16 members of the House

Naval Affairs and Appropriations committees, headed by Representative Darden, of Norfolk.

Four Marine Companies Planned

Washington, D. C., March 26.—The Marine Corps is laying foundations for four crack companies of Reserves—each man 6 feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds and preferably athletes of distinction.

This was revealed today at Marine Corps headquarters, when Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, in charge of Reserves, made plans to go to New Orleans this week to stimulate interest in the new movement. Already one outfit in New York City has more than 60 enrolled, and there are 144 applications pending, but there will be only 90 men in each company.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans will be headquarters for the new companies, which will bear the title of "General's Own." The Marines have their geographic units grouped as Eastern, Central, Southern and Western and

one of the new companies has been assigned to each. They will have a special military insignia, details of which are now being worked out. As soon as the outfits can be assembled, they will be put into service.

The Marine huskies will be designated as the "shock companies" of each of the areas. At first they will be privates, but those with special distinction will be commissioned.

Three Stars for Saratoga

Washington, D. C., March 26.—For the first time in the history of the Navy the three-

star flag of vice admiral flew from the masthead of the flagship of the Battle Force Aircraft Squadron when on April 1 Rear Admiral H. V. Butler placed an additional star on his flag in accordance with an order recently signed by President Roosevelt.

Marine Corps Examinations

Washington, D. C.—Arrangements are being made to conduct on or about May 20th the promotion examinations of those officers of all grades of the Marine Corps who it is anticipated may make their numbers by about July 1, 1935, except in the cases of certain officers who are attending schools, who will be examined as soon after that date as practicable.

After those examinations are completed, it is the intention of Headquarters to conduct promotion examinations of officers in groups only large enough to fill vacancies anticipated during the two or three months immediately following. This practice will spread the work of the Examining Board more evenly throughout the year and is considered decidedly preferable to the practice followed in the past of examining larger groups only once or twice a year.

Visit Japan

Adm. F. B. Upham, commander-in-chief of the Asiatic Fleet, will make a good-will visit to Japanese ports during the maneuvers of the U. S. Fleet.

Admiral Upham will arrive in Yokohama with his Flagship, the new ten thousand-ton cruiser, *Augusta*, for a two weeks' official visit May 3. This will be followed by a visit of the Flagship for one week to Kobe, Japan.

From May 4 to 17, eleven Destroyers of the Asiatic Fleet accompanied by their tender, U. S. S. *Blackhawk*, will visit Kobe, Japan.

Navy Gun Factory Runs Triple Shift

Washington, D. C., March 24.—A spurt of activity in the gun factory of the Washington Navy Yard, necessitating the employment of three shifts of workers, carries no significance, officials said yesterday.



Marine, 1805



Marine Officer, 1805

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

IN TIME OF PEACE. By Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch). A novel wherein a demobilized war-time Marine discovers that peace time has its battles too. A sequel to "Through the Wheat." \$2.50

THAT BENNINGTON MOB. By Henry Barnard Safford (Julian Messner). A romance of the Green Mountain Boys and their fight against land-grabbers, Indians, and red-coats; Joel Safford, captured by savages, and held prisoner for two years. \$2.00

SPIN A YARN, SAILOR. By "Sinbad" (Lippincott). A collection of delightful short stories of the sea and seafaring men. The author, under his own name of Captain Dingle, has contributed fiction to the leading magazines. \$2.00

ULYSSES S. GRANT. By Robert R. McCormick (Appleton-Century). A biography of the great Union general, written with human understanding by a former colonel of the A. E. F. \$5.00

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE. Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). An authentic record of the White Man's conquest of the Red Indian. Dramatic and interesting. \$3.00

OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By Estelline Bennett (Scribner's). A glamorous story of frontier days; Indians, road agents, and gamblers. All the characters who peopled the town of Deadwood are present. \$2.50

BEYOND THE SEAS. By W. J. Stamper, Lt., USMC (Privately Printed). A collection of sixteen short stories about Marines in their far-flung stations. You can probably get a copy of this at your P. X. If not, order through THE LEATHERNECK. 75c

WE CAN TAKE IT. By Ray Hoyt (American Book Company). A story of the C. C. C., outlining its purpose, what has been accomplished, and the general conditions of the project. Bound in cloth, 60c; paper, 25c

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third volume of the "Mutiny of the Bounty" stories. This relates the experiences of the Mutineers. \$2.50

WHILE ROME BURNS. By Alexander Woolcott (Viking). Sketches and memoirs of people, places and events. One of the outstanding books of the year. \$2.75

ALL'S FAIR. By Captain Henry Landau (Putnam). A revelation of systems of espionage and the operations of agents during the World War, written by the former chief intelligence officer in Holland for the British. \$3.00

CANNIBAL COUSINS. By John H. Craig (Minton, Balch). A Marine captain tells the story of the occupation of the Black Republic. \$2.75

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

JAPAN IN ASIA

THE CASE FOR MANCHOUKUO. By George Bronson Rea (Appleton-Century). \$3.50

Mr. George Bronson Rea, internationally known writer and editor, draws on his thirty years of experience in the Orient to present a frank bit of propaganda in favor of the Japanese in their alleged violation of the League Covenant.

Propaganda is usually fulsome, vindictive, or at the least, satirical. Mr. Rea employs none of these three, or any other artificial subtleties. His mission is to present the "Case for Manchoukuo" to a jury of common understanding.

On September 18, 1931, a bomb exploded not far from Mukden and slightly damaged the railroad. The invasion of Manchuria by the Japanese began. There is possibly a natural prejudice in this country against the Japanese; but calm retrospection with an open mind should reveal that this prejudice is the outgrowth of propaganda. The occupation of Manchuria found few Occidental defenders. Mr. C. H. Rowell wrote: "Surely no sane people would have thought that the cracking of four feet of flanges should be avenged by the conquest of three provinces, the bombardment of a great city, the defiance of the organized opinion of mankind and the endangering of the peace of the world."

Mr. Rea points out that it was not the bombing of the railroad that sent Japanese bayonets into Manchuria. He states without hesitation that Japan has her back to the wall, fighting for life, and that the unification of China would doom Nippon. As to Japan fostering the revolt of Manchuria, Mr. Rea invites our attention to our own policies in Latin America; and suggests that England look to India before condemning Japan.

The Open Door, and Commerce with China, he speaks of rather disparagingly, and there is considerable sense to his calculations as to how many American dollars it requires to snare two-bits worth of Chinese trade.

The Soviet incursion into Asia, he contends, is the most serious menace to Japan now.

There is nothing pedantic nor stilted about this work, and former China-side Marines should find it of particular interest.

ROVING REPORTER

LOOSE AMONG THE DEVILS. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart). \$2.50

Gordon Sinclair, you will remember, is the correspondent of the *Toronto Star*, whose unusual assignments carry him to the four corners of the earth. In the present volume he records a trip to the famous penal colony, Devil's Island, a brief venture into Haiti, and a longer, more protracted journey through Black Africa.

At the French prison islands, the traveler discovered many unusual characters and strange stories. The prisoners roamed about unguarded, and contrary to general belief, "more convicts escape from Devil's Island than from any other penitentiary in the world."

Leaving the penal colony, Sinclair broke his homeward journey by stopping at Haiti. Always interested in voodooism, he attempted to uncover evidence of such. The regulation "tourist-type" ceremony was put on for his benefit; but he knew it was not authentic. What he wanted, he explained, was information about the zombie.

At last he was taken to a kind of sanatorium. There he saw a woman, "sunken-eyed, motionless and clay-colored. Her skin was the color of elephant skin. Her eyes were fearful. They looked straight ahead as though she were in the depths of some hypnotic sway. Her arms dangled almost to the ground."

"I watched in that grim, fascinated way in which I had watched my first execution. Zombie! So that was a zombie?"

In Africa, Sinclair encountered considerable voodoo evidence; "once every thirty minutes, day and night, year in and year out, somebody dies under a Voodoo curse."

His association was not entirely with the mumbo jumbo element. He met ebony kings, and the chap with 31 wives. The wives wanted to make the husband a present; so they chipped in and bought him another wife. Sinclair witnessed a trial by ordeal, where a dozen suspects drank of poison and only the guilty died.

You'll like this story, and if you have not already done so, get a copy of his "Cannibal Quest"; you'll enjoy that too.

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1935

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THE OPTIMIST

Bill Blank, a flood victim, may well be called the champion optimist. He was sitting on the roof of his house watching the water swirl by, when a neighbor who owned a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello Bill," said the neighbor.

"Hello Sam," replied Bill pleasantly.

"All your fowls washed away this morning?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Orange trees gone too?"

"Yeah, but everybody said the crop would be a failure this year anyway."

"I see the river's reached above your windows, Bill."

"That's all right, Sam," was the reply.

"Them windows needed washin' anyhow!"

—Wednesday Nite Life.

"Am dere anybody in de congregation what wishes prayer for dere failin's?" asked the colored minister.

"Yassuh," responded Brother Jones. "Ah's a spen'thrif, and Ah throws mah money round reckless-like."

"Ve'y well. We will join in prayer fo' Brotheh Jones—jes' aff de collection plate have been passed."

—American Legion.

Geology Professor—"What kind of rock is this?"

Student—"Oh! I just take it for granite."—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Sergeant: "That boot over there used to be a clerk."

Corporal: "How do you know?"

Sergeant: "Watch him. Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ears."—Legation Guard News.

"So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate? What was the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?"

"I went there to collect a bill."

—Pathfinder.

Teacher—Do you think George Washington could have pitched a dollar across the Rappahannock river, as he is said to have done?

Bright Pupil—I dunno. It says in our history that Washington pitched his camp across the Delaware river when the Brits were pursuing him.—Exchange.

CONGRATULATIONS

A young couple came to the manse of a popular minister to be married. After the ceremony, there was an awkward pause. The man and his bride maintained an embarrassed silence. The minister, in order to relieve the situation, said to the bridegroom: "Well, salute the bride."

Whereupon the bridegroom shook her by the hand, saying: "I congratulate you."—Kablegram.



Lass: "Phew! Have you been eating onions?"

Gyrene: "Sure; do you think I smell like this all the time?"

"Gimme a dime, will ya, guv-nor. I wanna go into this classy restaurant."

"Why, you poor fellow, what can you get for a dime in that hightoned place?"

"A cup of coffee, some silverware, a linen napkin and a new hat."

Tramp: Could you give a poor fellow a bite?

Housewife: I don't bite myself, but I'll call the dog.—Pearson's.

First Soldier—Why isn't John marching in the Independence Day parade?

Second Soldier—His wife wouldn't allow him.—Foreign Service.

Prospective purchaser of a midget car: "How do you get into it?"

Salesman: "You don't get into it—you put it on."—Air Station News.

GETTING INFORMATION

A woman heard that her two sons were in the habit each at separate times and quite unknown to each other, of taking one of the maids "out for a lark."

Fearing to bring down on their heads the wrath of their father by making a bother about it, she asked them if it were true, but could get no satisfactory answer to her inquiry.

It occurred to her that by a little strategy she might get the truth from the girl, so she said: "Now, Mary, I want you to answer me candidly. Which of my two sons do you like going out with best—George or Joseph?"

"Weel, madam," replied the girl, reassured by her mistress's manner, "if ye maun ken, o' the twa I like George best; but for downricht guid spree, gie me the maister!"—Kablegram.

Lily: So yo' done mortgaged our li'l home.

Mose: Jes' temp'rarily, honey, till de mortgage am foreclosed.—Montreal Star.

Registrar—"Have you been married before, madam? And if so, to whom?"

Film Star—"What's the big idea? Memory test?"—The Humorist (London).

Percival: That was the unkindest cut of all, as the poet says.

Penelope: What was?

Percival: I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and she said, "My, who is the ventriloquist?"—Manufacturing and Industrial Engineering.

He: Yes, I'm a traveling man.

She: Good! Let's see how you do it.

—Passing Show.

Rastus was about to die. For a long time he resisted the pleading of Parson Botts but finally consented to forgive his bitterest enemy, Sol Johnson. "Yas-suh," he said weakly; "Ah forgives him an' Ah doan wish no harm to him in de Golden City. Ah hopes Ah'll find him settin' there on de sunny side ob de street sound asleep, so's Ah kin creep up behind him wiv a slipperycellum club. Dat's all, sah."—Pathfinder.

WELL ARMED!

A comely colored girl had just been baptized in the river. As she came to the surface she cried, "Bless de Lawd, Ise saved! Las' night I was in de ahms of Satan, but tonight Ah'm in de ahms of de Lawd!"

"Sistuh," came a baritone voice from the shore, "how is you all fixed up for to-morra evening?"—*Earth Mover*.



Officer, giving examination in MCO No. 41: "Now, Jenkins, what officer wears an eagle?"

Jenkins: "A colonel, sir."

Officer: "Correct. And what officer wears one star?"

Jenkins: "Sheriff."

"Have you brought many people to your way of thinking?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Public opinion is something like a mule I owned when I was a boy. In order to keep up the appearance of being the driver I had to watch the way he was going and follow on behind."

—*Washington Evening Star*.

Two travelers arrived at the hotel and were shown a rather dingy room.

"What," said one, "does this pigsty cost?"

Promptly the proprietress replied: "For one pig, thirty shillings; for two pigs, fifty shillings."—*Sporting and Dramatic*.

The tenderfoot thought he could ride, and mounted a pony in front of a lot of cowboys. The pony soon threw him. A cowboy, helping him up, said, "Well, what threw you?"

"What threw me? Why she bucked something fearful! Didn't you see her buck?" cried the tenderfoot.

"Buck!" said the cowboy, "Hell, she only coughed!"—*W. Va. Mountaineer*.

Marine Sergeant (in public library, obviously seeking an acquaintanceship with the pretty librarian): "Course, I don't mind paying the fine for keeping the book overtime, but do you think it's right to penalize a seeker of knowledge? What becomes of the penny-a-day? Is it used for a good cause?"

Demure Librarian: "Oh, yes, Sergeant, a very good cause. We use those pennies to buy food for the bookworms."

—*Via C. A. Phillips*.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY —

The prosecuting counsel was having a little trouble with a rather difficult witness. Exasperated by the man's evasive answers, he asked him if he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir, more than half of them," replied the man in the box.

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" asked counsel.

"If it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of 'em put together," came defiantly from the witness.—*Answers (London)*.

An irate enthusiast, who had watched his home-team go down in defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the field.

"Where's your dog?" he commanded.

"Dog?" ejaculated the umpire. "I have no dog."

"Well," said the grouchy one, "you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog."—*Sporting and Dramatic*.

Patient: "Is the doctor in?"

Nurse: "No, he went out to lunch."

Patient: "Will he be in after lunch?"

Nurse: "No, that's what he went out for."—*Walla Walla*.

"I was a great friend of your late husband," explained the visitor who had called to express his sympathy for the bereaved widow. "Is there any little thing of his around you could let me have to remember him by?"

"Only me," she murmured.

—*Tennessee Tar*.



Skipper: "Where have you been, Smith?"

Smith: "Swimming with Private Jones, sir."

Skipper: "But Jones can't swim."

Smith: "Maybe not; but he sure can stay under the water a long time."

Haggard Individual: "I am ruined. I'm going to end it all. Have you any arsenic?"

Sympathetic Druggist: "Sure, but prussic acid is quicker and easier."

Haggard Individual: "I'll have to use the arsenic. I'm on a non-acid diet."—*Walla Walla*.

Pseudo Golfer (far off in the rough): "Say Caddie, why do you keep looking at your watch?"

Caddy: "It isn't a watch sir, it's a compass."—*Air Station News*.

OR STROMBERRY PIE?

First Mess Cook—"Wot'll we give 'em tomorrow for afters? Tapioca?"

Second Mess Cook—"That'll do, write it down; you'll want four pounds."

First Cook (spelling audibly as he writes) — "Four pounds t-a-ba-ta-b-u (hesitates)—we'd better 'ave macaroni."

Second Cook—"All right; write it down then."

First Cook—"Four pounds m-a-k-a-ma-ki—O'h, well, we'll 'ave rice; Four pounds of r-i-es!"—*A and N Journal*.

Bobby: "Penny, may I ask just one more question?"

Penny: "Well, yes, an easy one."

Bobby: "If a toad had a tail would it interfere with his hopping or would it help him like it does a kangaroo."—*Walla Walla*.

Johnny: "Dad, where was Babe Ruth born?"

Dad: "I don't know, Johnny."

Johnny: "Where was Jack Dempsey born?"

Dad: "I don't know that, either."

Johnny: "Why, dad, you aren't very good in history, are you?"—*Pathfinder*.

It takes 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it takes only one to spread it all over the landscape.

—*Air Station News*.

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed bystander): "Shay, call me a cab, willya?"

Splendidly Uniformed Bystander: "My good man, I am not the doorman, I am a naval officer."

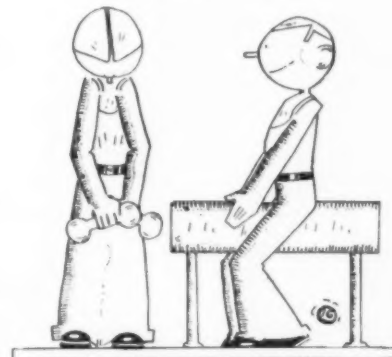
Drunk: "Awright, then call me a boat. I gotta get home."—*Walla Walla*.

The return to fashion of the cart-wheel hat is reminding many an old-timer of the story about the irate lady of the trolley, who turned indignantly to a male passenger and said:

"Sir, your glass eye has broken my hat-pin."—*Detroit News*.

Lawyer (for shop-lifter)—"Medical witnesses would testify in this court that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania. Your Honor, you know what that is."

Judge—"Yes, it's a disease the people pay me to cure."—*Case and Comment*.



First Dumbell: "My dog has fleas. Do you know anything that will cure them?"

Second Dumbell: "I donno; what's wrong with the fleas?"



THE AVENGING

By Thomas E. Dwyer

There's a mound heaped up in Haiti
Where the sunbeams love to play;
There's a home up in the Northland
Where a mother weeps today;
And there's Uncle Sam's Marine Corps
Which had a debt to pay.

He was small and but a rookie,
Just a private, young and new,
On his maiden expedition
Yet, by all traditions true,
The least is great as greatest
To the lads who wear the blue.

Just a gun flash from the valley,
Just an echo o'er the hill,
And the sentry dropped his rifle,
Sank to earth and there lay still;
As the night birds from their shelter
Screamed a warning loud and shrill.

There the sturdy corporal found him,
Dying as the blood flowed free;
Found him pawing for his rifle
'Mongst the thorny shrubbery;
Held him close and heard him whisper,
"Tell 'em get a Spic for me."

Tenderly they bore the body
To a grave beside the sea,
Shrouded with the flag he cherished
Left him to Eternity;
Yet they heard the wild waves whisper,
"Tell 'em get a Spic for me."

None there were to speak the order,
Yet all saw and understood;
Silently stepped to their places,
An avenging brotherhood;
Spread into a line of skirmish,
Moving toward the shadowed wood.

But two score of sunburnt fighters;
In the wood a dozen score;

Yet none lagged nor hesitated
As across the field they tore—
Tore into the screaming lead storm—
Fought as men ne'er fought before.

As the morning crept upon them,
There within the mangled wood
Lived not one brown-skinned assassin
Where a dozen score had stood,
Yet ten khaki-clad survivors
Viewed the work and called it good.

And they dragged one hundred bodies
To the grave beside the sea;
Turned as from the benediction
As the ocean breeze blew free
And the wild waves ceased their whispering,
"Tell 'em get a Spic for me."

There's a mound heaped up in Haiti
Where the sunbeams love to play;
There's a home up in the Northland
Where a mother weeps today;
And there's Uncle Sam's Marine Corps
Which had a debt to pay.

TEMPUS FUGIT

By Frank H. Rentfrow

Each year they march to the rolling drums
With colors flying free;
From Seventeen, from Ninety-eight;
But few from Sixty-three.

The brazen trumpet will again
Call youthful hearts to wars;
And they will go as they always go,
Like singing troubadours.

The future flags will be unfurled
In Maytime memory;
Borne by a few from Seventeen;
But none from Sixty-three.

Grim Time shall roll relentlessly
Above old graves kept green.
Kept green by lads from later wars,
But none from Seventeen.

MOTHER

By P. A. Colpas

You adore the verses of poets of old times
You admire the verses of others.
But never yet have you heard the rhymes
That sons can write for their mothers.

Most poems, like books, have themes they say
And I have a theme to mine.

I will try to express it in a very clear way
And to rhyme every other line.

My theme dear mother is my love for you,
And the love that you have shown to me,
I realize it more in the years just passed
That I have been out to sea.

There is never a night that passes dear
When I am alone and nothing to do.
But I think of every childhood year
And the happiness I owe to you.

You gave me constant thought and care
When I was a tiny child.
You worried and shed full many a tear
When I was a boy grown wild.

You gave me schooling: the best to be had.
You taught me the prayers of God.
All through life—just you and my dear dad,
Have sheltered the path I have trod.

What do I owe you mother dear?
Such a terrible thing to say.
I owe you wealth and riches untold,
That I can never repay.

I owe you something else my dear
Something sent from above,
Sent from God to this earthy sphere
And that sweetheart is love.

I owe you the love of a new born babe
And I owe you the love of a boy,
I owe you the love of a full grown man
With the health that you gave to enjoy.

I owe you the love of all these things
And I owe the love of another
Which best of all I can pay you dear
The love of a son for his mother.

IN MEMORIAM

By Arthur W. Ellis

What matters it, that o'er this mound
Of rock and clay—we fain would weep
And strewing garlands on the ground
Pay homage to their peaceful sleep?

They played their part in our world's scheme
The baton of the relay they've passed on,
Let not our sorrow mar an endless dream
Nor vain regrets for ages that have gone.

But rather as we spend our space
Of time along the blazoned trail
Better and stronger be our race
Else naught their sacrifice avail.

No more the call "To Arms" do these men hear,
The weapons of their strife stand rank in rust,
Resounding notes of life and drum though clear
Disturb them not—for dust returns to dust.

May their last cruise on shoreless sea
Unruffled be by tempest's waves,
And there a silent moment be
In due respect to Comrades' graves.

THE B. A. R.

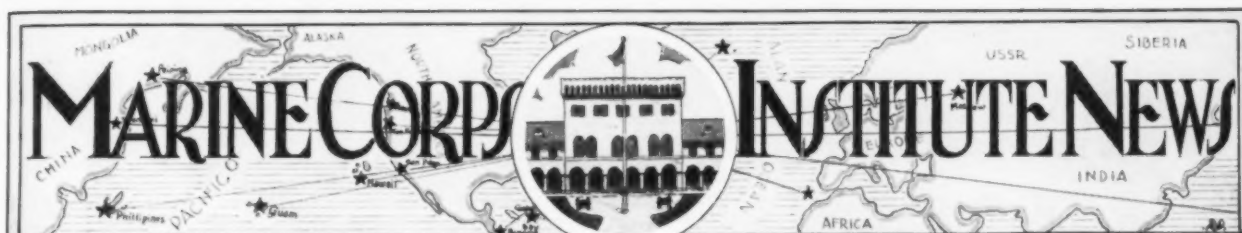
By TenEyck Van Deusen

You set them "Semi-Auto"
And the damned things fire a burst!
They handle like a remount mule,
And jam like things accursed!
Why, a doggone issue pillow
Is a better weapon far
Than the (&ff;w;?...\$ B. A. R.

The magazines are always stuck,
The crosseyed sight shakes loose!
You hold and squeeze a pinwheel five,
And the disc comes up a deuce!
You might as well throw mess kits
At the furthest tiny star,
As use a)?ff;?!;ff;(!)* B. A. R.

They're heavier than a railroad gun,
Yet you keep them in your tent!
They're hard to clean as cosmoline
And the badge don't pay a cent!
Why, my idea of heaven
Is an outfit where they bar
The)?!? (*ff;)* B. A. R.

THE LEATHERNECK



COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS

HAVE you ever admired the filled bookshelves of a friend? Have you ever envied that friend the hours that he could spend in pleasant companionship with the great minds of yesterday and today? If you have, you can appreciate the value of the printed page and you will not pass by an opportunity to acquire a small library of your own. Give a man of capacity a few well chosen books and he will travel far beyond the narrow confines of the place in which he happens to reside. The rise and fall of nations, the reasons for the order in the universe, the thoughts of noble minds, are there frozen on the printed page.

You can bring yourself into contact with those elements which have been of enduring and vital significance through the years. Are you awake to the importance of the intellectual and social movements around you, what do you know of this earth on which you live, what do you know about your own body? If you have the curiosity of the average person you want to know about these things, you want to know something of geography, history, economics, physiology, and literature.

"Probably no one needs to know that the earth is round, or that the equator measures about 25,000 miles, in order to make a small fortune in dollars and cents. But something allied to an appreciation of life makes it extremely worthwhile to know a great many things that are, in no financial (synonymous too often with practical) sense necessary.—In other words, develop a curiosity about the world and its life."

Your own library of well written, attractively bound books can be assembled. These volumes of permanent value are yours when you complete the study of the subjects based upon them. With these books, your personal library, you can follow a systematized plan of reading and study aided and guided by the instructors of the Marine Corps Institute. "Promiscuous reading has its value, but its value, its results, and its effect upon the reader are likely to be promiscuous also."

"Many persons are victims of the popular illusion which spreads a glamour around the university campus, and places in the hands of the professors some magic wand of wisdom,

which has (according to the illusion) only to touch the skull of the student to make of him a seer and a sage." The Marine Corps Institute will place the books, the way to knowledge, in your hands. Study them, and if you have average capacity, broadness of outlook and appreciation of the world about us will be yours just as surely as if you were in residence at a school.

INCREASED ACTIVITY

During the month of March, 1935, the Marine Corps Institute enjoyed the greatest activity it has experienced for any one month since April, 1926. A total of 5,103 lesson papers were received, graded, and re-

turned to students. Such activity is most gratifying as it indicates an increasing interest in self-improvement throughout the Corps.

Statistics kept over a period of years show that under normal conditions, many students neglect their studies during the summer months and resume their activity in the fall. It is believed that this not because of any condition peculiar to the service, but rather a holdover from resident school days, when studies were interrupted by a long summer vacation. For the student attending resident classes for several hours daily over an extended period, such a vacation is beneficial both from a pedagogical and psychological standpoint, but for the student studying by correspondence such an interruption is likely to result in delays and postponements that may wreck the whole study program.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



Drawn by Herndon Davis,
Staff Artist, Washington Post

Gunnery Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow,
Managing Editor of The Leatherneck

Nearly thirty years have gone by since that memorable Christmas morning when I awoke from a restless sleep to find that my determination to apprehend Santa Claus at his work had been in vain. He had come and gone; leaving behind him an array of gifts. Among these were two "Alger Books," which were not only my first literary possessions, but the first books I ever read. To this day I can recall my delight in sharing with "Paul the Peddler" and "Phil the Fiddler," their ultimate triumph.

These volumes became the nucleus of a collection of juvenile adventure stories, which, as the years passed, evolved into one of a more mature nature. Today I have more than a thousand

volumes in my collection; not an imposing library to be sure; but my ambition is to expand it into one.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS cannot be exagger-

ated, nor their value as an element of education. The printed page serves only to instruct or entertain. Beyond that it cannot go. But the library shelves are filled with books that answer both purposes. I can recall countless volumes that educate as well as entertain.

The selection of reading material is a matter of individual taste and temporary mood. And, contrary to the general opinion, very little "trash" is published, for you can get some good out of almost any book you may pick up.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES

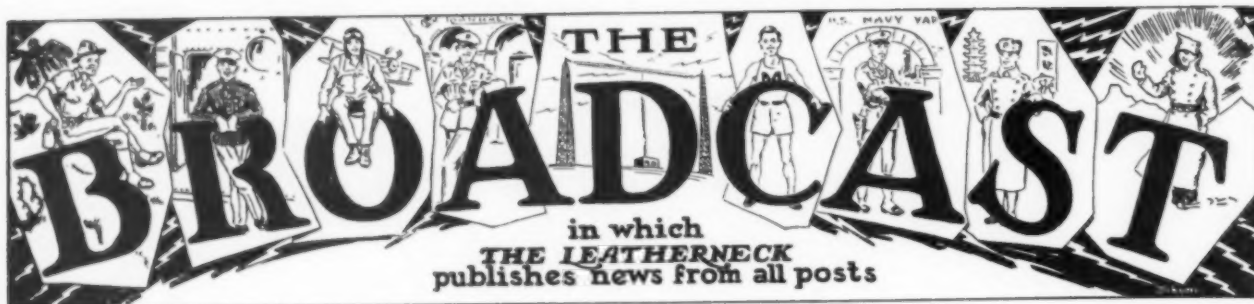
First of a Series

The importance of an intelligent comprehension of geography as a foundation for a greater understanding and appreciation of life as it exists upon this earth cannot be too strongly stressed. It gives history and literature as well as all other fields of human endeavor a deeper meaning. In fact, if geographic factors were different from what they really are, life and social institutions would be inconceivably different from those with which we are familiar.

Modern geography is particularly concerned with the physical features of the earth, such as land forms, water and climate and their influence upon living things, hence it is defined now as the study of the earth in its relation to life.

Geography is separated into two major subdivisions, namely, the physical features of the earth which affect life; and the ways in which different forms of life respond to their physical environment. The former is concerned with such things as the atmosphere, climate, the ocean and water, and the earth and its crust, while the latter is concerned with the response of animals, plants, and man to their physical environment.

The geography of man may be divided into a number of particular aspects. Economic geography traces the influence of natural factors in the production of things useful to man. Commercial geography (Cont'd on page 60)



Detachments

PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD

By Jeffrey Cardin

Now that Portsmouth is thawing out, the new fashion show of five-year-old ears is in evidence with the iterating Nick Citrini leading the parade.

Corporal Robbins will fulfil his long wished dream of eating at least one legitimate meal at the sergeant's table by re-enlisting in the Volunteer Class VI Marine Reserve and receiving the three-stripe appointment.

Duncan has become our leading debater. His versatile discussions have proved extremely lively and keeps his bunko busy referring to the encyclopedia by which to damper the zeal of our modern Socrates.

Trumpeter Brown, one of our youthful Marines, is enthusiastically studying to become an officer via the Annapolis route. And lacking the necessary sea duty has requested duty at the Sea School for further assignment aboard ship. Luckily Brown has many years left to try for the entrance examination and also the endless quizzes before becoming a second lieutenant. We are with Brown 100 per cent and are sure he'll come through.

MARINE BARRACKS, SUBMARINE BASE

New London, Conn.

It was with much regret that we bade adieu to our erstwhile second in command, Capt. D. A. Stafford. He leaves behind a host of friends and well wishes for happiness at his new station, *West Virginia* Marines, you are getting a real break. Our loss is your gain.

We were most happy to extend a hearty welcome to our new second officer, 1st Lt. W. R. Hughes, transferred to us from Parris Island. May Lieutenant and Mrs. Hughes have a most pleasant and profitable tour at New London.

For the first time in several years the Sub Base Marines were represented by a basketball team and while the boys did not register exclusively in the win column, they showed potentialities of a real fighting team and we are certain that if the majority of this bunch can be together for another season they will give the local sports scribes something to write about.

Starting the season with inexperienced players and coach, they worked together faithfully and soon had developed an

excellent defense and a fair offense. Playing a schedule of some twenty games the team split about even in wins and losses. However, the games lost were for the most part lost by a single point and there was not a game which was not fiercely contested all the way. In the games played the Leathernecks amassed a total of 502 points to 422 for their opponents.

Coaching and managing was done jointly by Sgt. Manny Burkman and Cpl.



Main Gate Entrance to Submarine Base, New London, Conn.

Jimmy Egan, the latter also entering the play upon occasion. Cpl. "Red" Gareau was team captain and an outstanding performer at the forward position. With him at forward were Skipper, Skodopole, and Dunning. Boles, Huggins and Suffern were defensive aces playing the guard positions. Bartlett and Uecker worked alternately at center.

Considering all circumstances the season may well be called successful as it was greatly enjoyed by both players and spectators and there was prevalent throughout the playing the fighting spirit and good sportsmanship which make men real Marines.

H. S. BARTLETT.

NORFOLK NAVAL HOSPITAL DETACHMENT

Portsmouth, Virginia

By Mac

News is mighty scarce this month but we will try to give you all a little inside information on this small but mighty detachment.

First notice of importance is the return of Corporal Catt, who is returning to this post after spending last summer and winter coaching at Quantico, Virginia. We know he is glad to be back here again. Private Proctor, a short-timer from China, has also been transferred here. He has taken the place of Private Mithel, who was transferred to the Navy Yard in Portsmouth.

Owing to the smallness of this detachment we were unable to have our own baseball team as planned. So many of the men went out for the hospital team. Three of them have made good with the Navy boys. They are Allen, Moffett and Blakesley. These boys are living up to the old Marine tradition and are showing plenty of fight out there on the ball field.

For the past few weeks all of us have been going through a daily work out of "snapping in." Despite the usual sore elbows and sore backs the men are getting a lot of good out of this training. First Sergeant Livermore wants the detachment to all either qualify or make sharpshooters. We hope they all do for that extra money certainly comes in handy each month.

Our recreation room has the interest of all the men at the present time. We have a ball shooting machine for score. The money taken in goes toward buying prizes for those having high score, second high and low score. Those winning were Private McCleery with high score and Private Blakesley with second high and low score. They were presented with a carton of cigarettes each for their achievements on this machine. These awards are to be continued each week, as long as the machine takes in the necessary funds to buy these prizes.

We wish to congratulate one of the men of the post for making his first stripe. It is now Private First Class Vitopil and John declares that a couple more of them would make him ship over. Well, here's luck, John. We sure know how First Sergeant Livermore would miss his ace-ducy games if you don't. How about that, Top?

The society going boys are slipping this month or else they are keeping it a secret from your reporter. Anyway, we do know that they are going ashore, for you can tell by the number of civilian shirts that go out to the laundry each week. Corporal Griffith and Private Harrison head

THE LEATHERNECK

the list of those seeking liberty from the barracks. Close behind them comes Privates Spindler, Vitopil, Moffet, and Corporal Catt. Private McCleery, the piano playing Marine, is now the leader of a popular dance band in Portsmouth. Some of these guys just got all the luck.

Well, now that all the news is exhausted we'll have to sign off until another month. Stick with us and maybe one of these fine days we'll spring a surprise on you and give you some real scandal or what have you? So until then we'll be seeing you. So long.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

Well, Son, you're gonna get a break this month only you don't know it yet. Yes, indeed! Heretofore, you have been subjected to untold chastisement, inflicted in this column via my ramblings and carrying on. For a change you're going to get something short and to the point (Maybe). In the first place we're going to omit the long lists of "joined and transferred." All we're going to do is take time out to review a few of the names that we find under the caption, "Discharged." Here, for instance, is Sergeants Frisch, Jennings and Carnahan who have been paid off and shipped over for another cruise. So has Musician First Class Bayes of the Marine Band. Corporal Ritter, our Mess Sergeant, and Privates Dorsey, Peifer and Carl Morris were given "Special Orders" and they're now doing time on the "Outside." Privates First Class Brewer and Schack and Private Humphries are following along and another who has gone down the long, long trail to the "other side of the fence" and home is Corporal Hemmingway, the post painter. He'll be reading this along about now 'way down in Mississippi somewhere near the banks of "Old Man River." We're going to miss him and his shuffling feet. You remember the old pair of house slippers that he wore—you could tell he was coming when he was three squadrooms away by the slap-slap of his footgear. I kidded him about them so much that when he got paid off he willed the shoes to me and I'm doing my best to worry the other intimates of my respective abode. Maybe when the time comes for me to leave the ranks I'll pass them along to Cook. If they last him his thirty years he can give them to McAnulty who will be able to get, at least, one more year's wear out of them before he attains his three decades.

First Lt. George R. Weeks has been detached to the USS *Idaho* and Sgt. Maj. Anstey A. Cranston was retired on April 1st with slightly more than thirty years service to his credit. Good luck to all of you boys, and to you, Lieutenant. There's not much we can say to Cranston except that there are those who will miss you as much as we know you are going to miss the old Corps. When a guy spends thirty years of his life in an outfit it gets to be pretty much of a habit, I suppose, and I'll bet that every time Cranston hears the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne" he'll be obligated to reach up and brush away a voluntary tear. So to you, Sergeant Major Cranston—best of luck from the entire Command and may your years of retirement be many and bring you nothing but "Pay Call," "Chow Bumps" and "Liberty."

We're going to leave the "dope" on the Bridge and Bowling teams until another time. Restitution will be in line for



Marine Barracks, Mine Depot, New London, Conn.

all the other material omitted, providing that we find time to assemble it later.

One word of introduction about our new humorist (?). My double, Walchell Winter, was in the final stages of "outdoing" me so I kicked him off the map and instated another of similar caliber whom I trust that you will enjoy. This new mug answers to the handle of *Hoyle*. I don't know what the fore-part of the monicker is but just ask Sergeant Long who the best Casino player in the Barracks is and he'll tell you that it's none-other-than:

ACCORDING TO HOYLE—There was a great deal of controversy last field day up in Squadroom Number Five. The cause was the goldfish that Sergeant Piercy brought in to give an added touch of refinement to the atmosphere. The trouble: Everyone agreed that the brilliance of the aquatics should be touched up a bit for the C. O.'s inspection but not one of them would sanction the action by volunteering his services toward that end. Piercy solved the question by pouring a quantity of "Whiz" into the bowl. I don't know whether the desired effect was obtained but the custodian must have figured that three was a crowd. He took the fishes in to change the water and in the process of doing so he let one of them slip down the sink. That's equal to one of these bathtub murders that we used to hear so much about and I for one, am wholly in favor of seeing the culprit punished.

Correction: In last month's column we published a little anecdote concerning Massena and his purchasing a pair of shoes. Massena announces that it wasn't he because he didn't have the wherewithal to do the buying. He says that it was Molle (Pronounced MO-LAY as in Shaving Cream). Really, now, this places me in a very peculiar position. I see that if I must alter my story to that extent that I must change it further. It was not Massena; it was Molle, and being Molle it could not have been shoes because they don't make them *that* big. Pip! Pip! Now will you guys pipe down?

Sorry, Mr. Hoyle, but we've gotta butt in on you and call the meeting "quits" for this time. One more thing—there's a big treat in store for you in the June and July issues of *THE L'NECK*. Shortly after you have read these lines your news commentator hopes to be on his way for a little furlough down among the Ozarks and the Ouachitas—resting, recreating and recuperating at the World-renowned Hot Springs in Arkansas (I'll see if I can collect from the Chamber of Commerce for

this "ad" when I get there). I'll be missing out on the next couple of issues of our magazine and that's a break for you. But nothing is too good for the customers—at great expense we have brought in, for your benefit and entertainment, a fitting substitute. Gentlemen, I offer you Pfc. Charlie Adams, my contemporary, who will knock 'em out for you in my absence. Take 'er away, "Minnevitche," and, until we meet again, this is your "Uncle Louie," alias "Walchell Winter," alias "According To Hoyle," alias Lewis E. Berry, bidding you *adieu* and a fond CHERRIO!

DOVER DONATIONS

By Richards

Well, here we are back on the air again—but don't worry it will not be for long. We hope there are still some ex-Doverites who will be interested in our column.

The whole command has been hard at work for the past few weeks, lining up their sights, snapping in, and getting the much needed "dope" on their rifles in preparation for firing the range during the next couple of months. I say hard at work—but I guess I should say—they have been constantly coached and very ably taught—the responsible party being Chief Gunner Bosen. I hope we can all bring back good scores, as an award for his troubles—and for our pocketbooks too of course.

The competitive bowling tournaments which had slight mention last month, came to a close this past week—the Administration Team being the winners. The Marine Line team made an excellent comeback during the last half, winning all fifteen of their games. The Marines having the highest average throughout the season, were Private First Class Mangum, First Sergeant Banta, Corporal Stevenson and Private Martin. We are very sure the Marines will be on top next year—and of course it will be the LINE and not the staff team.

Private First Class Jedenoff had a long distance call from New York the other night and from all reports the "Count" will be seen at the Opera on Thursday evening. The Company of Sprouse, McCarroll and Rector, Inc., has been forced to disband, with the transferring of Rector, and I think they are now going under the name of Sprouse and McCarroll Syndicate Co., speculators in all branches of non-producing. I do not want to slight Privates Kent, Lneack, Martin and Bar-

tuck when it comes to non-producing. They are right at the top—but they stay hid more and we don't see so much of them.

Our dance was held on the 22nd again this month and it was again enjoyed by everyone present. Being on watch during most of the evening I dare say I missed a lot—but I was there in time to see Private Martin handcuffed to a girl from Rock-away—Tolan explaining the way to climb up a drain pipe—Corporal Stephenson taking a girl from me just to ask her some silly question as to whether she was my cousin. The Quartermaster Sergeant was not among the first to leave by any means so I guess he was enjoying himself.

On Friday 29th we were all quite saddened by the death of our old faithful Mascot "Nig." Nig was a black and white shepherd who had been with the Marines at Dover for more than ten years, being a faithful friend to everybody. His death came when he failed to see a passing automobile and ran across the road in front of it.

Two years ago, about seven-thirty at night, it was Nig who notified the Marines by his fierce barking, that the galley was on fire. There was a high wind at the time and the fire might have been so far advanced as to burn the barracks, had it not been for the alarm coming when it did.

The dog was given a burial unlike most animals, having Taps sounded over his grave.

I think I have just about said enough for one time—but please don't rejoice too much—I will be back again sometime to haunt you.

CREAKS FROM THE CREEK

By Lopez

Private Charles Cundiff requests that we insert the following advertisement in THE LEATHERNECK: WANTED — One (cheap) diving suit, with which to recover a rudder lost in the depths of St. Julien's Creek.

After a winter's hibernation the Creek's detachment, inspired by the spring weather and the encouragement of Capt. C. W. Martyr and First Sergeant Burrows, suddenly had an outburst of soft ball enthusiasm. The team defeated the

USS Wyoming's nine in their first game by a score of 8-4. The following week they kept up the good work, swamping the Navy Yard Second Platoon 12-3. Private First Class Worth exhibited some fancy pitching while Private First Class Szymanski and Pvt. "Funny Boy" Wilson furnished the Babe Ruth act with a homer apiece. Private Rossell managed to hold down third base, and at the same time furnish a one-man cheering section (much to Szymanski's disgust).

The influence of spring is manifesting itself in other ways beside soft ball and baseball enthusiasm. For instance, Pvt. Ben Squires walks around with a certain pensive light in his eyes ever since he returned from furlough. "Can it be the breeze that fills the trees, etc."—O, no, it isn't the breeze—. But then, the paths of true love are not smooth. Ask Private McAfee if you don't believe us.

Cpl. "Shyster" Goforth, conducting his affairs on a most efficient basis, combines business with pleasure, managing the post exchange, studying law, and courting his girl all with easy success. Law, by the way, holds no appeal for Private Mullendore, the boy with the bottomless stomach. Rather, he plans to open a restaurant on completion of his cruise. It is our earnest suggestion that he make it a wholesale grocery instead.

Private McGuire is writing a treatise on the value of sleep. He estimates his own is worth \$13.20 an hour.

Although bitterly opposed by Private Cain, propaganda is being steadily spread for Huey Long by those two Louisiana mud turtles, Privates Yokum and Sherrard.

Private Schoppman is so fascinated by an ancient motoreycle which he has purchased that he has written us a long poem in defense of it. Here is an extract from his saga:

I admit the lights give out no light,
The wheels are warped, the tires are worn;

In no place is the paint right bright,
The motor's cracked, the seat is torn.

Well—no, she hasn't any brakes,
She makes a clamor and clank—
She doesn't run, she merely shakes—
But ain't she got a swell gas tank?

Corporal Strand, homesick for sea-duty, has purchased a motor boat. It does add a certain "yachty" touch to the looks of the dock.

Private Wholmacker left us early in the month, also Dusty Rhodes, for Asiatic duty, and Private First Class Szymanski was paid off on April 12th. We wish them pleasant seas, and we're sorry to have Private Dorsey called home to see his father who was injured in an accident.

Trumpeter Peterman is improving in his lore of the Marine Corps, after many days' search among the BOATS around the docks, he was surprised to find the "BOAT, gravy" was one of the dishes on the mess table.

In spite of the spring and all that sort of thing here on the coast of Virginia, for the past twenty days a most unusual quietness has hovered over St. Julien's Creek. Pvt. Silent (?) Higgins has been home on furlough.

COVERING THE WATER-FRONT

The Dopester

You have read your Emerson and Shakespeare, but nothing like the forthcoming articles on who's who and what's what around the Marine Barracks at New London, Connecticut. Or better yet, "New London on the Thames." Won't be long now till the boys from old Eli at New Haven will match deah ol' Harvard's Boston lads, stroke for stroke in the traditional and historical shell race. Better watch the bulldogs this year.

Our C. O., Major G. D. Jackson, Jr., assisted by 1st Lt. W. R. Hughes, officer in charge of drills and instructions, with 1st Sgt. Edwin C. Clarke in the office, have made this post a home in the sense that everyone is enjoying the duty, even though it may get strenuous with the good weather about to enter.

Now that the basketball season is over, thoughts are turning to the howling of the fans in the stands, the stentorian voice of the umpire deciding between the good and bad ones. According to the number of baseball minded Marines here, we ought to have a fairly decent team. Let's sincerely hope it is not as disastrous as the basketball season, which was due to the lack of practical experience. With our entrance in the Dugaree League, it

LEATHERNECKIN'



THE LOFTY GEN'RAL
SPOKE HIS HEART
TO SAL, THESE WORDS
HE DID IMPART:
"RENOYINED I AM
AND FAMOUS, TOO
BUT LASS, YOU ARE
MY WATERLOO!"

TH' HEROIC CAPTAIN
HEARD HER 'NAY'
AND IN REPLY
THIS DID HE SAY:
"I'VE ROMANCED MAIDS
FROM HERE TO GUAM
BUT NEVER HAVE
I SEEN SUCH CALM."



THE LOUIE TRIED
HIS LINE ON HER
BUT SAL WAS WONT
TO BARELY STIR.
HE TRANSFERRED
FROM HIS POST NEXT DAY
TO ONE A THOUSAND
MILES AWAY.



NOW, SAL WAS NOT
CUT OUT TO BE
DAN CUPID'S
LIABILITY—
AT LAST SHE FELL,
AND WITH GREAT ZEST.
A PRIVATE!
BUT—HE RANKED
TH' REST!



is time we took the bull by the horns, and made ourselves a threat for the rest of the teams, instead of just another game.

And just who is the not only charming, but distinguished looking gentleman with the bewitching smile, who has the fair sex practically under control around these heah parts? Methinks I have good dope, but will withhold until certain.

Elliott, the up and coming company presser, tried very successfully to put his car on the scales. Since then Norwich hasn't been getting much action. Anthony, formerly affiliated with the galley force, has bought a thrashing machine, er 'er 'ah' I mean a car. "Pop" Gibson is threatening to bring the Hupp out of drydock, light off the boilers and take a cruise.

From pole to pole and continent to continent here's the latest: Rose wants to go seagoing—Lane also wants to become a soldier of the briny deep—Pender is going out—Lutz is trying to fathom the deep and mystifying secrets of golf—McConnell wants to become a second Ponzi—Maugle is going to catch all the big ones this season—Thomas is trying hard at the game of tennis—Taylor is determined to be the last one to leave the mess table—and last but not least Flatt is going to desert the cozy embrace of Morpheus.

Well, time's about up and I've gotta sign off. So until next month, "Adios."

GREAT LAKES GOSSIP

Your former correspondent, Pfc. G. A. Bitter, has been transferred to MB, Submarine Base, New London, Conn., along with Pvt. T. J. Thomas, H. E. Fisher, and T. O. Layne.

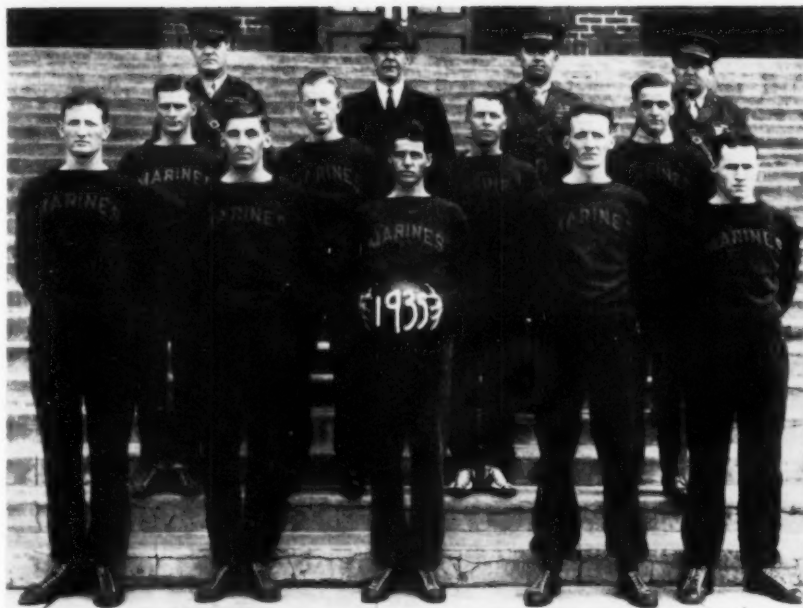
The boys will miss the homecoming at Private Lane's home in Chicago. The mounted patrol loses a good man in Private Fisher. Cpl. G. C. Gilbert is trying to rustle a job on the outside; he gets paid off pretty soon. And in this connection, we acknowledge thanks to the Veterans' Bureau Hospital nearby in trying to place our discharged men.

Pfc. J. B. Long and J. A. Mussett are doing the "hot" places together now. Pfc. D. R. Millican is a Chicago commuter, willingly or not, it's hard to say. Pfc. E. W. Raddle has joined the gang at the Main Gate, whereas Pvt. C. M. Lempek has been banished to the Hospital Area sticks from the mounted patrol.

A few of the boys are picking up a bit of change as pin setters in the bowling alleys, including Pts. V. T. Garrison and E. R. Purcell. Sgt. J. P. Koziol had the high score of the whole station the week of March 4-9, with 257, thereby earning one baloney dollar. The bowling team under his generalship defeated an Army team from Fort Sheridan on March 7th. Sandwiches and light refreshments were served the visiting team and guests after the match. More matches will be played in the future.

Pvt. R. M. Manley, Jr., was married in Lake Forest while on a five-day furlough. The Supply Officer had to go hunting for Pvt. F. W. Pierson to pay his gas bill last pay day. Pvt. H. F. Sweppy has been confined to his bed with a bad knee.

Pfc. E. J. Peck volunteered to drive a car for an officer a short time ago. While the car was parked and locked in Chicago and the rest of the occupants in a restaurant, with Peck hunting a sandwich, car thieves broke off the door handle.



PORTSMOUTH MARINE BASKETBALL SQUAD

Back row, left to right: Captain Fleming, Athletic Officer; Col. C. B. Taylor, Post Commanding Officer; Lieutenant Colonel De Carre, Executive Officer, and First Lieutenant Cramer, Assistant Athletic Officer. Second row: Lasley, Dean, Yocum and Zemaitis (scorekeeper). Front row: Keen, Goddard, Head, Townsend and Weimer.

Peck then broke in on the party with the handle in hand. The officer said, "What do you expect me to do? Go throw a rock through the window and open the door."

W. E. O'Bryant was recently promoted to private first class. He is in charge of the stables.

Pvt. W. G. Wall has joined the detachment from the 4th Marines. Formerly on the staff of the *Walla Walla*, he will be the correspondent from here after this issue. Another arrival was Pvt. J. A. Nemeth from MB, Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

The detachment loses a firm friend when Admiral Wat T. Chuverius, USN, our commandant, is detached this month.

We have heard from ex-Pvt. T. C. Frank that his job on the outside didn't materialize, and that the going is tough.

After a bad winter the detachment is sure looking forward to mild weather. Then the business of golf, swimming, fishing, etc., will pick up, not forgetting range practice.

MARINE BARRACKS, NORFOLK NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

By H. H. Townsend

The local command ushered out the winter social season in a blaze of glory on March 16 with a St. Patrick's dance, which was pronounced to be a howling success by all except the unfortunate ones who were unable to retrieve their caps from the check room after "Home, Sweet Home." Decorations featured the Shamrock and the green of Erin, and the only jarring note on the program was the lack of an Irish orchestra. A set of Ethiopians pinch hit very effectively, however, and no complaints were heard. Numbered stubs were issued to all ladies present at the

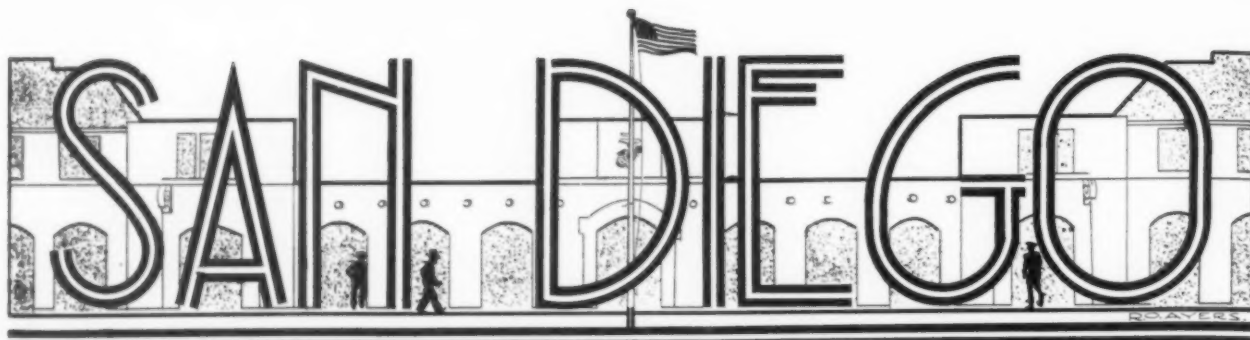
beginning of the festivities and a grand drawing was held at intermission, suitable prizes being awarded the fortunate three ladies who held the winning numbers. The feature of the occasion was a grand march, led by the members of the Post Non-Commissioned Officers Committee, which assumed gigantic proportions before it terminated in a mad scramble for the side lines. Refreshments of beer, punch, and sandwiches were served, and the curtain was rung down on a very enjoyable affair at 12 Midnight.

The plans for the Marines' Smoker, which will be held about April 23, are going forward at a great rate under the supervision of the Post Non-Commissioned Officer's Committee and a large evening is anticipated by all who will be able to attend. First Sergeant Gorman, who has charge of the program, has lined up some excellent material for the occasion and some hot bouts are sure to ensue, as all who plan to take part are getting in the pink of condition for the affair.

The local Marines are becoming air-minded, as evidenced by the fact that all men going to Quantico to fire the range this year will be carried by Marine Corps Transport planes. This should be quite some consolation to the men for the trials and tribulations of snapping in, and we only hope they aren't scared so badly when they arrive that they'll fail to renew their pretty medals.

The Post Library has come in for its share in the spring renovating program and is rapidly assuming an aspect which will undoubtedly cause the local bookworms to shun the Western Thriller cabinet and indulge in O'Neill, Ibsen, et al. New sofas and chairs have been purchased, new reading lamps have been installed, new paint has been applied to floor, walls and ceiling, and best of all, new books have been added. The place

(Continued on page 58)



MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

**General Bradman to Transfer to Headquarters Marine Corps,
General McDougal to Command Marine Corps Base**

HAVING served as Commanding General of the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, for over three years, Brig. Gen. Frederick L. Bradman will be detached to Headquarters Marine Corps, for duty, on about May 1, 1935.

At this time the men of this Base wish to express to General Bradman their sincere appreciation for his fine leadership and for his tireless efforts in looking out for their interests. The General's enthusiasm and cooperation in all popular sports has always created a genuine good atmosphere throughout the Base. We deem it an honor to have served under his command, and we wish the General and his entire family the best luck, health and happiness for the future.

Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, now serving as assistant to the Major General Commandant at Headquarters, Marine Corps, is due to take over the command of the Marine Corps Base about May 6, 1935.

We feel sure that General McDougal will also enjoy serving as Commanding General of the Marine Corps Base, and we, the men who will serve under his command, wish the General a most pleasant tour of duty in San Diego, pledging ourselves to continue to uphold the highest traditions of the Corps.

SECOND SIGNAL FADEOUTS

By J. B. H.

Greetings, Devil Dogs. We may be small but we like to be heard from. During this last month the Second Signal Company has lost, through transfers, many good men. Most of them have gone for Asiatic duty and a few to duty in stations on the sunny coast of California.

First Sgt. E. E. Cameron, who has been the "Top-kick" of our company, has been transferred to China to do duty with the Fourth Marines. We hope he likes his new duties. First Sgt. J. B. Hill has filled Cameron's shoes and from all indications, more

than filled them. He has what it takes and when he says, "Ten-shun," they snap. He is putting new snap into the commands and getting good results.



**GEN. DOUGLAS C.
McDOUGAL**

**Who Is to Command the
Marine Corps Base**

Captain C. C. Snyder has become one of the company. He is in charge of the communication work. Chief Marine Gunner Raley has the athletics of the company to take care of. With all the different sports to do, one can get almost any kind of exercise.

I made an erroneous statement, in the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK, in stating that Major Pierce would leave us in the near future. There is no evidence that he is to leave us and we hope that he stays for a long time.

Sergeant Hinton, our old police sergeant, has been transferred to Asiatic duty. Private First Class Pohorsky is the new police sergeant of the company. Quar-

termaster Sergeant Gravelle and Private Carson are the ones to see about those surveys. Private First Class George is still messman in the NCO's mess. Private First Class Heyl is the company clown, and he has the pleasure of keeping the boys worrying over their special liberties.

The men transferred to Asiatic duty other than those mentioned are Privates First Class Shaw and White, and Privates Boeke, Potter and Von Hartman. Sergeant Backus was sent with the detail also. It is tough to leave the wife, Joe. More power to you fellows, bring back good reports.

Master Technical Sergeant Kilday has the boys of the Radio School on the hop. He keeps them worrying over their grades until the last moment. Staff Sergeant Dimter, as chief code instructor, keeps the head-phones in use as long as he can without staying over time. Corporal Morgan, Privates First Class Farris, Lancaster and Stroud keep the signals coming strong. Corporal Morgan has lost his touch on the Aey-Ducy board. He contends that he will stage a comeback and beat the best of them.

When Private First Class Philbert de-

cided not to sign over he made some changes in the roster of the telephone exchange. Corporal Halley is in charge of some new men. Private First Class Spaniger is the one newly rated hello-girl. He is also the telephone exchange supervisor. Private Taylor is the new rookie watching the lights. Private First Class Blackmon, who has been away on leave, is back on the job and going strong. The others in the telephone shack are Private First Class Buster and Private Childers. Private Silk left us for the hospital.

We would gladly receive some good advice on ways and means of keeping busy but not doing any work, in the communications center. Privates Dye and Truluck are both becoming short timers. It will not be long now before we say good-bye to you. We don't know yet whether to be sorry or glad. Private First Class Welthall is making the wheels go round. At least that bicycle has not thrown him for a loss. Private Anderson has the lost and found habit. If you lose a book Andy has it in his desk or has been reading it himself. Private Bevington has his work cut and dried for himself. Other than getting wet on rainy days he is not bad off. Private Heinecke is the mailing clerk and he is the one that smears red ink over the front of envelopes and calls them addressed. Private Anderson has been found on the tennis courts lately hitting the little white balls around. Private First Class Dye is the wrestling fan of the Signal Company.

Corporal Herrick is on furlough and he is the head man in the field platoon. The boys of the field platoon are holding their classes and doing the police work around the barracks. This platoon is made up of mostly old timers with a few new fellows. Privates First Class Blessman, Haigler, Regaud and Lindquist, and Privates Crain, Frickey, Harmon, Hall, Hill, Hoge, Knack, Patten, Prior, Stern and White are the men now in this platoon. Private First Class Regaud is a great one for hand-ball. Corporal Halley and Private Heinecke run him very close competition for becoming more proficient at the game. Private Harmon is the one who wrestled the Aey-Ducy crown from Corporal Morgan. Private First Class Haigler is helping Master Technical Sergeant Kilday in his office. Out and out the boys are there with what it takes. The men in this company are always willing to try some new game and make it go. Even inspections hold no terrors for the men, in fact they dote of good inspections.

The Signal Company has been on the jump for some time. Now and then we see great activity in shining up the blues. Inspections of this nature are few and far between but the men turn out with their clothes in the best of condition. If you wish to see a company shine, come and see us some time.

THE LEATHERNECK

Many of the men that have just come back from China are trying to get back their former stations there. It must have some attraction other than good duty. Boys if you like that better than you do the States we will let you go.

One would think after listening to radios for days at a time one would get tired of them. The boys are just buying a new radio for the squad room. There will never be any sleep in this room from now on.

Would you like to listen to your favorite music, well you can't, someone doesn't like it. We will have to get some new issue shoes so that we will have plenty to throw at the radio. Signing off VA VA . . .

Funeral of 1st-Sgt. Charles F. Melson Held at Marine Corps Base

The funeral of the late 1st Sgt. Charles F. Melson, U. S. Marine Corps, who died on board the USS *Relief*, March 20, 1935, was held in the Base Auditorium at 10:00 A. M., March 26, 1935.

The Base Chaplain, Lt. Comdr. Harry M. Peterson (ChC.), U.S.N., officiated. The following men were body and pall bearers: 1st Sgt. William Burns, 1st Sgt. Charles A. Pope, 1st Sgt. Harry A. Ervin, 1st Sgt. Barnett Hughes, Q.M. Sgt. Albert W. Finlay, 1st Sgt. Johnson B. Hill.

First Sergeant Melson had many friends stationed here at the Base who attended the funeral and who offer deep sympathy with Mrs. Melson in her bereavement.

THE U. S. DESTROYER BASE, MARINE DETACHMENT

Two miles south of the historic city of San Diego, California, on beautiful San Diego Bay is the United States Destroyer Base. This base is the home of some thirty decommissioned destroyers; destroyers that are in rotating reserve and several squadrons of destroyers operating out of San Diego.

Although it is called a base, it is in reality a miniature Navy Yard. It has its dry docks, cranes, railways, Navy Yard regulations and last but not least, a Marine Detachment to enforce these regulations.

The present Marine Detachment is piloted by Capt. C. W. McLeod, with 2nd Lt. C. C. Roberts as second in command. First Sgt. Dewey Killen is master of ceremonies in the detachment, assisted by Gunnery Sergeants Greenwood and Whiteside.

Our duties consist of a main gate guard, sentries on the drydock, Marine railway, decommissioned destroyers and the Prison Guard. The prison is on the topside of the Marine Barracks and can accommodate ninety prisoners. Gunnery Sergeant Greenwood is Prison Warden.

We have our own canteen, barber shop, pool room, recreation room and library. In the way of athletics, we have handball, baseball and tennis. After troop inspection on Wednesday morning, the all-star indoor teams take the field to compete for the trophy (a carton of cigarettes) awarded the winning team by the canteen each week. On the mound, we have, for the Rinkey Dinks, Private Short, all-star pitcher (presser for the detachment in his spare moments). Corporal Koons twirls for the losers. Gunnery Sergeant Greenwood is umpire (it is rumored that he can be bought). In the bleachers can be seen First Sergeant Killen and Gunnery Sergeant Whiteside wondering why the umpire does not render a quick decision.

We have eighty-four men in the detach-



BRIG. GEN. FREDERICK L. BRADMAN

ment, and no smarter detachment can be found anywhere in the Marine Corps. With the strict discipline demanded of the guard in addition to the arduous Navy Yard duties, it is still a home and many are the requests for duty here.

THE RECRUIT DEPOT ADVERTISER

By M. B., Jr.

Does anyone recall the old story told about the parade, that one in which it is said that the Major's wife told him to have the men do the parade over again as the baby liked it? Well that story has its counterpart in actual life, only it was not the lady who asked to have it again, but the motion picture outfit. There were three parades today, one for the Admiral and two for the cameramen. I believe that it is a good thing that the sound machine can not pick up all sounds uttered, especially after the third time. I know that this is irrelevant in the Recruit Depot news, but it is something that must be told. Three regimental parades in one afternoon.

The Recruit Depot rolls along as usual, however we are rather shy of material for our efforts in instruction. The quota for recruits is about fifty men, which makes the Depot appear rather barren. Too, we have two platoons on the Rifle Range, so we are all free to view the efforts of the one pla-

toon that is on the field here now.

The third platoon, instructed by Sergeant Gorski and Corporal Gunnoe, is back from the range, after a stay of about two months; they were used to pull targets for the division matches, and now that the matches have been completed, the platoon has fired their target practice, and are back in the Base to complete their instruction. This platoon has two more weeks of training before being graduated from the Recruit Depot.

The fourth platoon, with Sergeant Karinski, is on the range and have completed their entire training except for the target practice. This platoon was on schedule five weeks before it was sent to the range because of the limited facilities for its accommodation at the Rifle Range. Corporal McGrew is at the range with the platoon as the assistant instructor.

The fifth platoon, Sergeant Hudson and Corporals Tyson and Hulburd, has finished its preliminary course of training and has been sent to the range for rifle instruction.

The sixth platoon is filling and Sergeant Kuhar is the platoon leader with Corporals Marty and Riggs assistants.

We have had several changes in personnel during the last month, notably: upon the assumption of command by Maj. A. B. Miller, Capt. A. T. Lewis assumed the duties of Executive Officer of the Recruit Depot. Captain Lewis joined the Recruit Depot



OFFICERS OF THE MARINE CORPS BASE

Sitting: Col. Rush R. Wallace, Brig. Gen. Frederick L. Bradman and Capt. (MC) Frank X. Koltz, USN. Standing: Major Cecil S. Baker, Major Merritt B. Curtis, Lt.-Commander (ChC) Harry M. Peterson, Lt.-Colonel Earl C. Long, Capt. Paul A. Lesser (Base Adjutant), and Chief Q.M. Clerk Alton P. Hastings.

from the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, on March 22, 1935. We take pleasure in welcoming Captain Lewis, and we know from previous service with him that it will be a pleasure to serve under him.

Gy-Sgt. David E. Cruikshank has joined the Recruit Depot Detachment and has been detailed as assistant to the officer in charge of drills and instructions. Gunnery Sergeant Cruikshank has taken the duties of Gy-Sgt. L. E. Brown who was transferred to the Marine Detachment, USS *Northampton*. Sgt. I. P. Johnson has been transferred, at his own request, to the Fourth Marines at Shanghai.

First Sergeants Buckner and Hooper have been discharged and re-enlisted—First Sergeant Buckner for the East Coast, and First Sergeant Hooper for this station. Both of them are on ninety days furlough granted upon re-enlistment.

There is one thing that it gives us a great deal of pleasure to report, that is the promotion of Sgt. Phillip A. Devine to gunnery sergeant. "Paddy" has been around for a long time, in fact he has only a matter of days to do in order to retire on thirty years' Marine Corps service. We are all mighty glad that we can congratulate "Paddy" on his promotion (Cigars haven't appeared yet, but this ought to be a gentle reminder). Also, Private First Class Kieny, the genial professor of music, was promoted to the rank of Trumpet Corporal.

The ranks of the handball enthusiasts have been augmented by several other marines, and because we have no golf course, the usual attribute of the golfers is relegated to the handballers, the first man in always wins. (We still have our pressing club that meets every afternoon after work on the southern porch, you know the book says that one must get plenty of fresh air and sunshine, we less athletically inclined people believe in taking our exercises in moderation, that is the old custom of sun bathers, we have been doing it all winter, how is that Quantico?)

The last line today is easy, there is no more paper. Good bye.

FIRST BATTALION BRIEFS

By E. W. P.

Here we are back with you LEATHERNECK readers with all the news of the First Battalion, Sixth Marines. By the time this article is published, we shall be sailing on the high seas bound for Hawaii and points east. While you, worthy readers, are reclining on your bunks scanning the news of our battalion, we will be playing the game of "Maneuvers." Embarking into boats with a resonant thump and disembarking with a turbulent splash, tactical attacks by subwaves on enemy forces defending tropical beaches, in fact, all the jobs of providing a landing force in a naval campaign will be a part of our menu for these maneuvers. This is not exactly our idea of a vacation but with the thorough training that this battalion has received since arriving on California shores we feel that we are ready to participate in almost any kind of war game with the greatest efficiency and ease.

Now here is real news, and it is only human for us to feel pretty proud of our Fleet Marine Force Rifle Team, representing the Sixth Marines, which stepped out and won the San Diego Trophy match in competition with all of the teams of the Western Division. The Sixth Marines, in winning the coveted Bear Trophy, broke the Match record by five points, running up 1,116 points as compared to 1,108 scored by Sunnyvale Marine Barracks.

The coach of the Sixth Marines' team was, incidentally, none other than Marine Gunner Henry P. Crowe, of Company "D," 1st Battalion, who is known throughout shooting circles as one of the crack rifle shots of the country. Three of the four winning team members are from our battalion, 1st Lt. Paul Drake, Company "B," and 1st Lt. Karl K. Louthier and 1st Sgt. Harvey King from Company "A." In the individual rifle competition for medals 1st Lt. Paul Drake won a medal, which was his third one, and he is now a distinguished

marksman. First Sgt. Harvey King qualified for medal, but as he is already a distinguished marksman he was not allowed a medal. We are more than proud of this team of ours and to these three members of this battalion and to Private First Class De la Hunt, the fourth member from the Second Battalion, we extend our hearty congratulations.

The First Battalion is well represented on the Base baseball team, nine members of our organization being on the squad. Cpl. Joe Griffin, breezy catcher, and "Mac" McNicol, curve ball artist de luxe, form the star battery. Ray Sadler, former All-Marine diamond flash is covering the initial sack in an enviable manner while Keaton and Peasley are utility infielders. Feldman, dashing trumpeter from Company "B," is cavorting in left field, while "Screw Top" Brown and "Stretch" Smith are on the pitching staff. Chester Hall is reserve catcher. We have many more capable ball players in our battalion and upon our return from maneuvers will undoubtedly place a Battalion nine on the field.

Sgt. Caldwell Hunter of Company "B" is in charge of the Base track team which is now preparing for the annual 11th Naval District Track and Field Championship to be held early next month.

We receive a prodigious amount of schooling in this 1935 FME, and to ascertain as to whether it really is "sinking in" oral examinations were given selected non-commissioned officers and privates recently by our Battalion Commander. By selected, we do not mean, company prodigies selected by proud commanding officers, but men chosen at random from a company in line. The questions were based on material in the Marines' Handbook and the result was very gratifying to our Battalion Commander and most credible to the men examined and to their organization commanders.

Let us travel down the line of barracks, invade the Company strongholds, maneuver through the lines of double deckers and see what news of our various companies we can pick up.

First we sight in on Headquarters Company. We find this organization running smoothly, and we ask, why shouldn't it with such an efficient and congenial top kick as Eddie Mullens? Eddie has as his able company clown, none other than Dick Whitfield. Famous personalities in this company are Cpl. Francis P. Knapp, claimant of the Battalion, chess championship, Rum Sarthe consuming championship, and undisputed champion orator of the Battalion. Knapp is Sergeant Major Larn's right hand man in the Battalion office. Knapp also has an office, we hear, at Glenn's Dugout. Our friend John Jamison may also be found in the Battalion office. Jamie went on a furlough and brought back a fair bride, and has apparently settled down to a life of domestic bliss. "Mickey" Green, former Marine pugilist of no little fame, is a mogul in the Communication Section. The Adams boys, Paul and D. V. (no relation), are important cogs in this company. D. V. routes mail, occasionally it is rumored, routes it correctly, while Paul is Commanding Officer's orderly. Two pretty good boys, and this seriously speaking.

Next, let's look in on Company "A." Company "A" has a First Sergeant who is a shooting fool in Harvey King. Harvey temporarily left his office duties to go out and show the youngsters how to shoot a rifle and walked off with plenty of honors in the recent matches. Sergeant Anderson pinch hit for King in the office. Company "A," if we are to take this youngster,

Hansen, seriously, feels that they are well prepared to win any war, mainly basing their confidence on the fact that they ambushed Company "B" in a recent combat problem. This company gave a party to the squad making the highest average score on the range, said party held at the "Dug-out" and it was a huge success. At least Private Denceen says so. Before we leave "A" Company let us mention that old Quaker City gentleman, Uncle Elmer Weiss, whose congenial personality and tales of the old Marine Corps, make him one of the most colorful members of our battalion.

And on to Company "B," and see if we can get any lowdown on the organization. "B" Company was formerly Company "K" and was formed in Haiti, but there are very few Haitian Marines left on its roster. Capt. George L. Maynard is Company Commander and the quickest way to start a young war down in the "B" Company area would be to say something complimentary about their captain or company. First Lts. Paul Drake and William B. McKean are the Company Officers. Hoke S. Tyson, former squire of Parris Island, is the able top kick of Company "B," and Steve Boehke, late of Shanghai fame, is the Gunnery Sergeant. "B" Company has an ample quota of colorful non-coms, but we cannot deal with them all in this edition. Perhaps Sgt. Harold Ambrose Rubertus is the most colorful due to his auburn hair and his ready wit, with Bob Farley, Sand Street's Own, running a close second. This organization may soon expect to be represented by an Alumni Association over at North Island as seven members of this company have been transferred to Aircraft Two, FMF, for duty. The consensus down here in Company "B" is that the ambush, supposedly wiping out members of "B" Company, by warriors from Company "A" was not "so hot" in as much as one man armed with a pistol would have a difficult time convincing a squad equipped with automatic weapons that they were really "on the spot." All in all "B" company is quite an outfit, boasting members who can speak twenty-three languages, and the roll call would baffle many a stuttering top-kick. Five men on the Baseball team, including the star battery McNicol and Griffin, Serrano, one of the leading prospects on Lieutenant Williams' boxing team, and Ulrey, a coming track star give this organization a real athletic reputation.

Down the line to Company "C," where Captain Gilman holds the reins. First Lieutenant Reeves was detached and Lieutenant Adams is the only Company Officer at this time. Two real officers, if you take the word of the members of Company "C," and we have no reason to do otherwise. First Sergeant Paul is the popular top kick of this outfit and he has been shooting with the 6th Marine's Rifle Team at La Jolla. In his absence Cpl. Beldon Lidyard has held the fort, and this amiable son of California more than holds his own in any position that he is called upon to fill. Old Haitian Marines remember Beldon as the Custodian

of Stamps at Port au Prince and the only fellow who could comfortably wear a size 14 shoe. Cpl. Dan Killian has lost his old partner in crime Cpl. Harrison, who left recently for the Asiatics, but he is still the same old Dan. Sergeant Barwick was recently promoted to Gunnery Sergeant and we congratulate him. Our friend Ryckman, like Tenmyson's brook, promises to run on forever, and stated that he might still grace the gridiron this coming season.

So let us drop over to "D" Company and see what the hot dope is there. Trumpeter David Julian meets us and offers to hand us out all the first hand information. Thanks, Dave, we'll accept your offer, as we are a long ways from home way down in "D" Company. Captain Meigs is Company Commander, and First Lieutenants Forney and Williams his able assistants. Second Lieutenant Bisson, who successfully managed the Base Championship basketball team, and Second Lieutenants Cobb and Colley are other Company Officers. And last but not least, Julian reminds us, that Marine Gunner Crowe is affiliated with "D" Company. First Sergeant Adkins is top kick with Bagwell Company Clerk. "D" Company points with pride to our old friend, Ray Sadler, who is scooping them up at first base on the Base team. Ray is a mighty sweet ball player as well as a prospective end candidate for next fall's gridiron team.

A man one can never forget, is Sol "Muggsy" Davis, Company property sergeant, and one of the leading crooner's of after midnight San Diego. Sol is director of the Battalion Orchestra, and we expect great things from his maestroing. Private Walty, who does a Rubinoff on his violin. Private Rogers, a Harlem drummer from Gonaves, a couple of banjo players, Pollock and Scheerer, and Moody, guitar specialist, are members of this company in Sol's orchestra. Quite a musical outfit, if our ears do not deceive us. Julian gave us quite a bit of hot dope, but we intend turning it over to the San Diego Key Hole, rather than embarrassing any individuals through this column.

Well, patient readers, we believe that the time has come to sign off and we'll be back, we hope, with plenty more news next edition. So "Adios" until we meet you in the June edition.

SECOND BATTALION NEWS ITEMS

By Carr

Here we are again just to let you know that we have become fully organized and settled down to regular routine. Lt. Edmund B. Games joined us during the month of March and is doing duty with Company "G." The Second Battalion is becoming famous throughout the Marine Corps. One of the most colorful parades to be held here in several years was held here Friday, March 22, when twelve hundred enlisted men and officers of the Fleet Ma-

rine Force passed in review for General Frederick L. Bradman who is to be detached soon for duty in Washington, D. C. The Second Battalion was the outstanding unit in the parade. There was an unknown amount of praise from San Diegans who have witnessed many parades here but none fully equal with the Fleet Marine Force. These soldiers are real soldiers in every sense of the word. Perfect cooperation of enlisted men and officers is one of the main factors for a good "outfit." One of our best soldiers here is Sergeant Major T. C. Burton who joined us from Shanghai, China. Though only temporarily detached at present, we are pretty sure he will be with us for some time. He has already expressed his likes for the Fleet Marine Force. Ya' can't blame 'em.

We are sure some of the baseball fans are interested how the FMF boys play. We, of the Second Battalion can boast quite a bit about our men as baseball players. We are proud to claim "Lefty" Smith who has been the star hurler in all the games played here. Smith has won quite a reputation on the West Coast as the best moundsman in the Marine Corps. In case you do not know Smith and the kind of balls he pitches, well, you can never tell whether they're going between your legs or around your neck. Then we have "Baker" Sanders and Borowicz. Borowicz the Marine that hit a homer the first time at the bat in the Corps. He said he was "just fair" in a baseball uniform but with the pep the Fleet Marine Force put into him and his ability to begin with he is one of the main sluggers for the Sea Soldiers. However, we have to give lots of credit to our efficient coach, Capt. Francis I. Fenton. We can boast because we really have a good team.

Cpls. Eugene C. Jones and John W. Matchett, two husky telephone linesmen from Parris Island, S. C., joined us last week via the USS Henderson. From all accounts Corporal Jones was sorry to leave the "most prized" transport the Navy has. He said, "there was plenty room for one more."

The last shipment of Marines from the East Coast seem to have the "situation well in hand" since coming here. They have been attending quite a number of "socials" and all the brightest spots in San Diego. They find time over the weekend to spend their hours of leisure in Los Angeles or Hollywood, as you know we have quite a number of Gables and Boles (bowls). It is noted that one dumb deb accosted Private Polotaye when in Los Angeles and ask, "What university did you attend?" "U.S.M.C.," was the quick reply. "To what fraternity did you belong?" inquired the dubious maiden. "Omega Dye," was Private Polotaye's quick answer.

The inimitable imitator of people and things (Blitz of Boston, the second Al Jolson) has kept the boys laughing with his bits of humor and songs. However, lately we have missed him as he has been





Photo by Morton & Co.

MARINE DETACHMENT, RECEIVING SHIP, SAN FRANCISCO

Left to right, first row, sitting: Sgt. O. K. Auberle, 1st Sgt. D. D. Farrar, Maj. C. T. Beecher, Sgt. T. P. Brennan. Second row: Cpl. F. Hoppe, Pvt. K. L. Smith, Pvt. W. M. Dill, Pfc. F. J. Luiz, Pvt. W. A. Crawford, Cpl. C. E. Vinson, Cpl. R. M. Bishop, Pfc. E. Stromstad, Pfc. D. B. Page, Cpl. F. Norfleet. Third row: Dmr. W. J. Opitek, Pfc. P. A. Williams, Pfc. P. Kujawa, Cpl. J. E. Patchison, Pvt. T. E. Anderson, Pvt. R. Ekberg, Cpl. B. S. Linville, Pvt. S. C. White, Pvt. A. H. Baizley. Fourth row: Tpr. W. R. Stevens, Pfc. R. A. Lamb, Pvt. M. T. Larios, Pfc. W. T. Gaddy, Pfc. J. C. McKinney, Pvt. J. M. Riggs, Pvt. P. J. Kelly, Pfc. W. Brewer, Pfc. R. J. Heying, Cpl. W. B. Stade.

attracted to Santa Monica by someone of the opposite sex. Blitz says relatives, but we are sure they're dark complexioned (British Subjects). Some of the boys who attended an Old Maid's Ball with Blitz said their slogan was, "all hands over the side."

Company contributions has made the Recreation Room in Company "H" compete with the swankiest club. An inquisitive visitor wanted to know where he would find the bar, being told the nearest one was at the brig.

Private First Class Carr working on his latest novel "Stars Come From Alabama," is rather enthusiastic about it. He claims the recent Rose Bowl game gave him the inspiration. There is not any room for the people from Dixie to howl (Howell). Carr has quite a few inspirations but we never know what they are and more especially where they live.

After thirty days furlough (way out West in Kansas) Gy-Sgt. Lawrence E. O'Neal is back and doing duty with company "E." O'Neal is one of our able Non-Coms who joined us from Shanghai.

Cpl. Jack Goodall, one of the devout members of the famous "Marines Dug-out" along with his friend Private Walters says, "It's time to save." They were heard to ask the price of beer per keg. However, they have no favorable competition unless it is Private "Abie" Krantz (the man with the latest dope). "Abie" said there was sure to be a war if beer got any higher.

Private First Class Stackpole (the man of questions and answers) wants to know if someone has a second-hand baseball rule book to sell. He has a hard time umpiring from the side lines without rules. If Stackpole gets lucky at the races in Agua Caliente he will be able to hire a private umpire for himself. Luck to you, old boy.

HEADQUARTERS AND HEAD-QUARTERS CO., 6TH MARINES

Headquarters Company, 6th Marines, parades its woes and eccentricities. Ow-w-w! That awful noise isn't static. It's just Johnson taking his nose out of a cross word puzzle book long enough to break into—what he mistakenly thinks is—song. The only thing that rivals his outbursts is Brown, Jr., relating a few of his Asiatic adventures to a select circle—composed of all those who can't get out of range in time.

At this point we interpose a mystifying drama for your edification. The Place: The double-decker bunk which houses the recumbent forms of Corporals Hagar, in the lower section, and Smith, in the upper, at various hours of the day and night. The Time: Several times each day. The Action: Pantomime. The Characters: The aforesaid mentioned corporals. The curtain rises. Corporal Hagar is observed putting the latest spring patterns in his blankets. He has a beautiful smile on his ugly pan. Corporal Smith approaches stealthily. He goes to his locker and rummages mysteriously in its interior. He emerges with a can of shoe polish, a brush, sundry rags and one shoe. Sitting on a convenient bunk, he lovingly spreads a thin coat of polish on the shoe and commences to rub diligently. All is serene. Then came the awakening! The smile leaves Hagar's face. He tosses about and mutters brokenly in his sleep. Slowly his eyes open and the first thing he sees is the beautiful lustre on the shoe on Smith's knee. With a bound he is off the bunk and ten seconds later is busy emulating Smith. But the smile is gone forever. And on this serious note the curtain falls. The solution? It's just Smitty trying to get a little "bucking" time in on his Bunk.

Today is field day and my hands are itching to grasp a swab, if you know what I mean, so will hurry the tale along. The different sections in the Company are gradually getting straightened out, but preparing boxes and equipment for the maneuvers takes a great deal of the available time. Our Skippers have been at the La Jolla range, officiating for the team matches. An item of note is that the trophy went to the FMF team.

We're keeping our collective nose clean, growling like thunder and enjoying ourselves. How are you making out? If you ever get to Diego, look us up. Adios, compadres.

BATTERY "E" (75M/M PK HOW), SECOND BATTALION, TENTH MARINES

By Mac-Kong

Since our recent reorganization, which spells Finis to the old 1st Separate Battery, "E" Battery has been busily engaged in preparing for its part in maneuvers with the Fleet, which commences on or about the 26th of April.

Corporals Moore, Poppelman, Jason and Private First Class Hall, our most efficient and ambitious section leaders, are drilling their respective sections in maneuvers on the field, landing parties and simulation of firing practices. Our boat, which appears to us as a stranded ark, has seen much usage lately. However, we hope to show the results of our vigorous training by record landing parties from real boats in the near future.

The Battery Detail, directed by Corporal Harrison, is exerting its utmost efforts towards the well known efficiency. A valuable member of the detail, Private Kramm, is being transferred to the Ma-

rine Corps Institute as instructor. The entire Battery joins in wishing him the best of luck in his new position.

The newly organized FMF Orchestra, organized by Captain Fricke and containing a goodly number of battery members, will bring much pleasure to us during our leisure hours on the cruise. We feel greatly indebted to them for their hard work in preparing for this occasion.

Trumpeter (Asiatic) Mayfield and the world's worst bugler, (Frog) Lewis, better known as Poker Joe, are carrying out their daily routine of dodging working parties, being first in mess formation, and goldbricking in general. During the last two months Privates Phillips and Barry have managed to substitute sick call for troop formation every morning except Sunday—when they always manage to sleep until noon. The much pursued swain, Pvt. Don Neher, finds little time for military affairs since his entrance into San Diego society. Efficiency Personified (Police Sergeant Bernstein) has changed our barracks into a regular hotel. So far he has done everything but build twine ladders as approach to our upper bunks.

Seriously, we think that Battery "E" should be the pride and glory of the "Corps." This is not a conceited statement because of the fact that we welcome all competition.

BTY. "D," 2ND BN., 10TH MARINES, FMF

By D. M. B.

This outfit is standing by with scrambled emotions concerning the coming cruise which begins some time around April 26-29. To some of the boys who have been sea-going or have made these delightful summer cruises before, it looms as a decided pain in the neck. To some of the new men with six months in the service, adventure and the scent of strange lands beckons invitingly.

All hands are beginning to fidget and "luek" at the report of General Lyman's approaching visit and inspection.

We made two enjoyable hikes during March, which are called R.S.O.P.'s. We chased enemy infantry, demolished strongholds, and generally did our best to knock over all the brush in Camp Kearney Mesa. One of our dashing tractor drivers mired his vehicle and pack howitzer gun down to the gunwales in real old fashioned mud. Orders began to fly thick and fast, motorcycle riders dashed off in search of towing chains. About this time, Sgt. "Honest Hank" Bedell settled himself firmly in the stirrups and gave old Betsy the gun. For fifty yards Hank made a beautiful trench—old Betsy doing gallantly, with head held high and rump almost bogged down. After a prolonged struggle, Bedell emerged on solid ground, which gave a good excuse to call off the war and eat chow.

Boy, oh boy, this post is getting warlike. There are so many men drilling simultaneously that each outfit has to fall out, and then advance by infiltration to cross the parade ground. Gunnery Sergeant Isham gave "On right into line" the other morning, and when he went to dress the outfit, found he had one section of artillery, two machine gun sections, a platoon of infantry, two musics and a file closer.

In addition to keeping up her end of duty, Battery "D" is still holding her own in the athletic line. Neil and Beeson were regulars on our championship bas-

ketball team. We have some nifty track men too. In a triangular meet last Saturday with San Diego State College Freshmen and Hoover High School, Battery "D" men took the only first place for the Marines. "Stumpy" Reynolds won the 100 and 220 in easy fashion, and Neil won the shot-put.

Our genial Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Kirk, has neglected his hand-ball lately and is letting out his Sam Browne each week. ChMGun. John F. (Uncle John) Evans just returned from a 60-day leave, and all the boys are glad to welcome him back.

We lost First Sergeant Bogart to Bn. Hqrs., where he now holds forth as sergeant major. Your humble scribe is now wasting paper and wearing out erasers in ye company office, ably assisted by Cpl. "Squire" Dupler and Pvt. "Deacon" Crawford. Sgt. "Tiny" Cummings hands out the growls at reveille and police call as the dashing instructor at sweep and swab drill.

Staff Sergeant Purvis, our dashing mechanic, has all the rolling stock able to stand and nurse, and newly painted as well.

We have two little pets, in addition to the Battery dogs, which will identify the entrance to our happy home. Do you remember the two little cannons "Boo Hau" and "Ding Hau" that resided for years over by Building No. 10? Well, we have them now rigged out in red, yellow, black and silver Easter suits, sitting each side of our driveway.

That's all now—see you soon.

COMPANY "G," 2ND BATTALION, 6TH MARINES, F.M.F.

By Tinta

Well here we are, folks, the fast stepping "G" Company. This Company was organized the 18th day of February, 1935, and let me tell you we have been stepping ever since. But then we think that we were lucky, for the other men did not get the break and share our lot in getting Capt. F. I. Fenton for Company Commander with Lts. R. A. Anderson and E. B. Games for Company Officers.

When we first organized, Gy-Sgt. Cappy Anderson was our gunny, but there was some change made and now we have Gun-

nery Sergeant Walshe and anyone who knows him knows that we have the best. We were sorry to see Cappy go.

At this time I am informed that 1st Sgt. Robert A. Smith, who will join from the USS *Lexington*, will be our top kick, but for the time Charles DeWees is acting top.

Now for a little scandal on the rest of the NCO's. There is Earl Bostick, who was the stein slinging sergeant from the NCO's Club in Shanghai. I ask you, is he some property sergeant? YES! Then there is Sergeant Dauphin, who will be himself when he gets through with the dentist office. Would you smile then? Sergeant La Roche, who is always smiling and has a good kind word for everyone even the company musics. Last but not least, Sergeant Morgan, A. C.. It seems that there was not enough trouble for him in the compound so he gets himself a car. It's a NASH, believe it or not.

Well, folks, I will sign off for this time and I promise that I will give you the dope on each and every member of this company. You corporals had better watch your step, that I don't get some scandal on you for the next issue of LEATHERNECK.

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and lacking as I am in journalistic qualities the following notes are humbly submitted as being a resumé of the events at this post during the month of March:

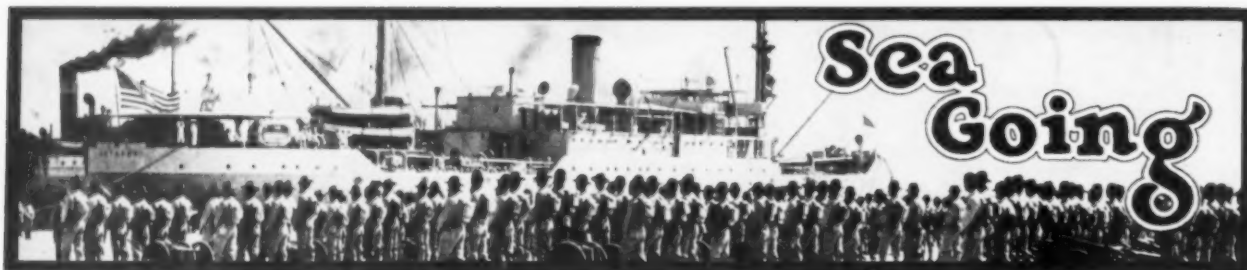
1 March: Pfc. Walter Schroder discharged today. Pfts. Jay Everett and Frank J. Turck started a furlough to Los Angeles. Transferred on furlough: Sgt. Ernest C. McWright to San Diego; Pfc. Allen E. Coulson to San Diego, and Pvt. John F. Whitmore to Washington, D. C.

2 March: Sidney A. Guy was apprehended while in the act of performing some honest labor. RED LETTER DAY. Discharged: Sgt. Edward George. Furlough: Sgt. Joseph J. Smith to Calistoga, Calif. (Hot Springs); Pfc. Walter Schroder to Parris Island on furlough. Robert N. Hawes promoted to private first class this date. "Barney" Rowold, our police sergeant, while driving a new Ford, attempted to change fence posts to cord wood with his cranium. Experiment unsuccessful, head

(Continued on page 59)



Bird Island in the Pacific



THE IDAHO SPUDS

By George C. Heise

The detachment has had quite a shake-up due to the fact that some of our old-timers left us for civil life and others for distant posts. Corporals Hawkins and Herron left with days to go and no promise of shipping over but their story is not accepted around these parts. Private First Class Rollins was transferred to Mare Island and Private Medlin to Charleston, S. C.

Privates Wheeler, Dodson, Jowers, Thackeray, Marbut, Mika, Hale, Lindsey, Cusick, Grimes, Leyenaar, Hobden, George and Trumpeters Cook, Cutchin and Curry to the *Wyoming*. We hope all of you weather your prospective trip and wish you much success in your new duties.

The latest additions to our detachment were Privates Kader, Goddard, Lasley, Miller, Dean, Lotozo, O'Shea, and Trumpeter Miller. The Polakiewicz brothers joined the detachment and the Flemings finally got together and made it a two-some when Robert Fleming came to the *Idaho* from Quantico.

MINNIE'S MINNOWS

By Joe York

On the eve of joining the Leathernecks of the U. S. Fleet, we of the Minnie greet you all! We hope to add to the spirit of good fellowship among you, and give you unexpected competition in sports and other games where clean fun, brains, and brawn are thrown in the pot. It takes a long time to perfect a machine when steel and flesh are to be melted so that both will work as one when in action, hence the delay in our joining the fleet sooner. We do hope that the time will come when we will fit into that infinite space between two ships visioned by yours truly, swaying at anchor, or out on maneuvers, finely a part of the greater machine—a division, and that in turn a part of a still greater. When one reverses that thought, just think what a small part you are. The European cruise has been over long since—and some of the boys have forgotten about it. There are others, however, who still hold it fresh in their memory—and when foreign mail comes in, well, what can one expect, they are only human—even as you and I, when we were young. Wish I could peek into those letters and tell you all right here what is in them, to give you an insight on the workings of inner man and woman. Most of us don't need to look, we know. We can tell by the length of a face whether it was good news or bad, whether she still cares or not, et cetera.

Funny, though, how these Marines can understand all these foreign languages, even read and write them, yet, not long ago they could not speak the language—nor did some know that the country was

in existence. Well, here 'tis—each Marine has a sailor somewhere about the ship that is his private interpreter in either Finnish or Norwegian, they are buddies—can you blame them? That is how it is done—simple, eh? Among several hundred men every nationality is represented, practically. We are an encyclopaedia unto ourselves, a whole—as it were. The boys have finished the training under MCO No. 41, and we will soon start all over again. The spirit of the outfit could never be better, and the boys that wore clothes size one and two when they boarded the ship about a year ago, are now wearing three and four and some five, so the health seems to be good, too, or should I say the food? The detachment has a basketball team that challenges all comers, in fact, we may even back our team with more than mere words. The basketball team consists of Corporals Bynum, Sarade, Privates First Class Brumley, Sturgeon, Quantrille, Corporal Thomas and one or



two others. The foreign mail list is: Trumpeter Amerson, Yates, Weiss, Sturgeon, Chevront and about ten more who are bashful and request not to have their names printed. Then we have the fellow that was caught sitting down on post, another who came in AOL not long ago, another who thinks the Captain's garage is a fine place to stand a watch. We also know about the boy who smokes on post and puts it lit into his pocket when the Lieutenant came around—nice work, I wish the Lieutenant had stayed and talked with you awhile, we know you won't do that again. Those are things in the dim past but we remember them just the same.

We were sorry to see Capt. Emery E. Larson, U.S.M.C., leave us, and we wish him luck. Gy-Sgt. Stephen J. Zeiga left us for the rifle team and we all shall miss him too. Woof-Woof Smulley left us for the FMP in Quantico; stick to your guns, Smulley, don't let them send you out for a left-handed wrench. We received in our midst 1st Lt. James Snedeker, U.S.M.C., relief of Captain Larson; Gy-Sgt. Philip T. Odien, U.S.M.C., relief of Zeiga; and Pfc. Thurmond Greer, U.S.M.C., to replace our friend Smulley. Everything is clicking off fine—see you later—Adios.

WITH THE AT 'EM MARINES

You can't keep the good ones down. The following, after an arduous but assiduous climb, vaulted, recently, to the top. To sergeant, Kavanaugh, P. T.; to corporal, George, Ralph; Rimmer, Walter; Morton, Delmar R., and Smith, Frank. To private first class, Jones, G. M.; Leonard, George T.; Walser, S. C. The Marine Corps ever on the alert for deserving members is equally glad to show its appreciation.

Initiated into the mysteries of sea-going Marines, within the last month, Privates Christopher, Kenneth L.; Hauck, Herber H.; Lohning, Thomas D.; and Yeiter, Kenneth L., bid you a meek hello. But a short time will elapse when out of the chrysalis of civilian awkwardness, in the ways of the service, will spring spick and span and very alert four proud members of Uncle Sam's roving corps. It is really something at which to marvel when you consider how the service can take men unused to its ways and the qualities demanded and in an amazingly brief time turn out the desired article. The Corps demands much. The Corps gives much. If at any time you feel that you are not progressing, check in haste and check with yourself. In this world of motion there is no stopping point; you either advance or regress. Be assured you cannot stand still without deterioration. Check on your habits; check on your attitude towards your associates; check on your idea of duty, on what the Corps asks of you and on what you give in turn. Is it simply lip service or are you giving your best?

It is reported, most reliably, that Sergeant Bishop's theme song whenever cheek-mated is "The Red River Valley." On several occasions the "Sarge" has broken forth, not rapturously, but with sufficient vehemence to express his feeling definitely. We wonder just how he arrived at such a satisfying gesture. His latest cry to the moon is, "My night life ended with a Deposit."

On March the Ninth the long looked-forward to, All-Marine Finals were pulled. The crews, after a tough week at sea, firing Long Range, were not quite up to their man-killing power; nevertheless the race proved a fight from start to finish. The *Arizona* boys started away with a grand power stroke and held the lead for over half the course. Slowly condition came to the fore and the *Maryland* and *Salt Lake City* started creeping up. Only in the last few minutes did the *Pennsylvania* with waning but determined fight take third away from the At 'Em. Little open water showed between all the placing boats. 'Twas a race well worth seeing. Motor launches chugged along the lane, loaded down with rooters and the cheering crowds showed how high tension and

feeling ran. Captain Cartwright, a sports enthusiast of the first water, win lose or draw, was among the first to congratulate the crew on their splendid effort. Every man on the *Arizona* crew is determined and has covered the determination with a vow, that the next time the Captain congratulates them it will be as winners of the event.

Lt. E. L. Lyman decided enough was enough. The gunnery season was a tough one and well merited a few days of ease. He is back with us all set and steamed for the big triangular cruise.

Lt. David McDougal is down at La Jolla Rifle Range knocking the spotters off of bulls eyes. When it comes to holding and squeezing 'em, in the black, our genial lieutenant bows to none. Clearly do we recall the splendid work sheet turned in by him, for winning points, in the Battle Force Rifle Competition. Incidentally, only a short time ago the *Arizona's* Captain presented the winning team members with the Battle Force Small Arms Trophy.

SALT LAKE CITY NEWS

By Locke

After weeks of intensive training under their trainer, Sgt. "Jimmy" Rogers, the S. L. C. Marine whaleboat crew, champions of the Scouting Force, pulled up to the starting line of the 1935 All-Navy Pulling Races. The crew was in excellent shape in spite of the fact that the ship had a very busy gunnery schedule during the months of January and February. Practice firings kept the ship at sea about four days out of each week. Yet the crew kept in shape by exercising on the rowing machine twice daily. And so, when the starting gun sounded on Saturday, May 9, the boys were ready to pull their best race. They got away to a fine start and led the way until the last 500 yards or so, when the veteran crew of the *Maryland* pulled alongside and forged ahead to win by half a boat-length. We are offering no alibi, we were beaten by a better crew, and all we can say is, watch your step next year, *Maryland*, 'cause we will be after your scalp. Our crew is still the champ of the Scouting Force, and we will retain the Barnett and Dunlap cups until the next races. In the boat we had the following men, Corporal Reavis stroke oarsman; Private First Class Bassett, off-stroke; Corporals Callaghan and Stockdale, Privates First Class Jones, Carlson, Keenan, Privates Schleiger, Owens, Lundwall, Cotton and Parkman. And with Rogers as coxswain, these men pulled a fine race and all hands are proud of them.

Since the last writing, the detachment has had several changes made. On the ship's last visit to San Francisco, Private Ellis became ill and was transferred to the Naval Hospital at Mare Island. All hands wish him a speedy recovery. When we returned to San Pedro, Corporal Swain, Private First Class Michael and Private Patten were transferred to San Diego. In Corporal Swain we lost our "football dope king" and Private First Class Michael was one of the "old-timers" who extended his enlistment on the ship. Sergeant Ripka is the sole remaining claimant to the honor of being a "Plank-Owner." Private Patten was one of our radiomen, and we've heard recently that he's going to China. Immediately after the races, Pfc. James "Felix" Jones, Jr., left on a furlough transfer to the Norfolk Navy Yard. And at the present writing, he's probably resting up down in his home town of Speed,



A TRIO OF RANGER MARINES

Left to right: Sgt. Lewis J. Fields, Lt. Robert S. Brown, and Gy-Sgt. Ora C. Harter

N. C. The detachment keenly feels the loss of these men, but the good wishes of all hands go with them to their new posts of duty. To replace these men we have Privates Winterton, radioman; Kinney, Wood, Munger and Engleson, all fresh from San Diego.

After firing a Baker A. A. practice or two and pulling the All-Navy races, the anchor was hoisted in and we headed for Mare Island to undergo some repairs, and for the next three months we will have the lullaby of the "chipping hammers" to sing us to sleep. Immediately after pulling into the Yard, interest on the Inter-divisional Baseball Trophy race began to mount, and gloves, bats, etc., were broken out and practice was started. The Marines have held this trophy for several years and hope to repeat again this year. Competition will be keener than ever before and all divisions are out to "scalp" us. Whether they can do it or not remains to be seen. On the first of this month, one of the old-timers blossomed out with a brand new private first class stripe; congratulations, Radeliff. And ye scribe was promoted to the rank of corporal. At the present writing the detachment is engaged in doing a little "close-order" each morning, and 'ere the ship leaves the Navy Yard, we fully expect to have claim to the title of the "best-drilled detachment of the Fleet!"

THE NEVADA SAGE BRUSH

By The Desert Rat

I am remaining anonymous by using one of my many aliases to try to find out if any of the "Best in the West" Marine Guard will be able to discover my identity.

I shall not hope to equal the interesting write-ups that "Skid" Goodrich has published in previous issues of THE LEATHERNECK. Goodrich left us on March 15, bound for Washington. When you get things running right on Capitol Hill, Skid, drop us a line now and then.

Sergeant "Jeevy" Ward has been trans-

ferred to Pensacola, Fla. In case you don't know it already, he is now a married man, and we wish to extend our sincerest wishes for a very happy cruise on the high seas of matrimony.

"Our Nell" Oliver told me confidentially the other day (of course I shouldn't tell this, for it was confided to me in strict secrecy, but a "Desert Rat" hears all, sees all, and tells all) that he has changed his mind about joining the navy when his time is up. He will ship over instead, because now that he had made private first class, the next step is a chinch; and one of his feminine followers told him he'd look just too "ADORABLE" in a corporal's uniform.

"Aunt Jemina" Coughenor and "Swede" Flana are now at the Marine Base in San Diego, and we're afraid that San Diego is only too well aware of the fact, especially if they have joined up with that ex-Nevada Marine, "Shanghai" Stewart, who has been in the FMF for the past year. Congratulations on making your private first class stripe back, and when are you going to pay us that long-promised visit?

There is another ex-Nevada Marine in San Diego at North Island. Greetings, "Montie," and does the wind blow through your whiskers just the same?

Let me warn anyone who guesses my identity to keep it a deep, dark secret, or else he will wake some morning to find his limbs severed with careful neatness and deposited in a G. I. can.

THE RAMBLING RANGER

By Gaynor Pearson

The wandering Odysseus, who spent ten years getting home to his wife, excelled not the *Ranger* in going nowhere in a long time. From 1 January until the Ides of March we hibernated in Norfolk Navy Yard's number four dry-dock. But, that is now retrospective, and we are prepared to assume our place in the front rank of Uncle Sam's fleet. At times, silence is

(Continued on page 55)



Platoon 3, Parris Island, instructed by Sergeant Swearngen and Corporal Williams

ply, said that all Savannah felt close to Parris Island, looked upon each one of us as native Savannahians, and would give us 100 per cent cooperation in the future.

As a matter of fact, there is no city closer to Parris Island than Savannah. Only 79 miles on the most conservative speedometers. Charleston is our next nearest neighbor. About 80 miles over the "cut-off." Quite close! And yet not too close! The noise of the city traffic seldom, if ever disturbs our peaceful slumber.

Cpl. Burnie "Red" Snyder is back from a ninety-day furlough and is driving the M. P. truck again. Red is very fond of good hot coffee—taken internally.

The fellow who wrote that article about Parris Island being the "winter garden of the South" and was immediately transferred to Nicaragua, seems to have made at least a few converts. Q. M. Sgt. Lewis O. Miller, who was transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with over 20 years' service, more than a year ago, is a daily visitor to the Island, where he is quite successful in getting many service men "Safe in Southeastern" (Life insurance). Q. M. Sgt. Howard D. McKinney (or perhaps you old-timers will remember him as 1st Sgt. McInnes, of Maneuver Grounds fame), who "went out on twenty" last Fall, is also a frequent visitor, interested in convincing us that "It's wise to choose a six." Louie and Mrs. Miller are living in Beaufort. Mack and his family are living in the suburbs of Beaufort, in a rose-covered cottage, on the road to Port Royal. Mack is falling away to a ton.

A few more men who remember the old Maneuver Grounds are back on Parris Island. Major Peter Conachy, our Post Exchange Officer, used to be Sergeant Major out there. Q. M. Sgt. Charles R. Butt was a physical director. Sgt. Murray, Cpl. Jesse R. New, Yours Truly, and no doubt several others helped to carry oyster shells out there. For years the site of the old camp had been abandoned. Now it is in use again. Once a training camp for land forces, then the site of a Sea School, and now the location of a target for the aerial bombing forces which are stationed here, it has had its part in the training of Marines for "Land, Sea and Sky."

Sgt. Clifford A. Heller is still on duty at the Receiving Barracks at Yemassee, S. C. Quietly capable and accommodating, he

does many favors as contact man between Parris Islanders and the Railroad Company and the outside world, besides attending to his regular duties. His spare time is occupied with his cows and chickens. The last time we passed through Yemassee he was sitting out in the yard, on the starboard side of the cow, milking. A sober, dependable man is Heller. And we'd like to see him get that promotion before he "goes out." It won't be long now.

Q. M. Sgt. Herbert England is being transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, on April 15th, for duty at Wakefield. His many friends wish him success at his new station of duty.

Corporals Stanley L. Harney and Henry B. Cain, Jr., two of our crack Drill Instructors, are under orders for transfer. Corporal Harney has decided to give the P. M. F. a try-out, in hopes of bettering his chances for promotion. Cpl. Cain, who has seen service at West Point, has been selected to take a final examination for commission as second lieutenant on May 6th, and is being transferred to the Marine Barracks at Washington, D. C. Best of success to both of them!

There are eight platoons of recruits under instruction in Recruit Depot at this time. Among the non-coms recently assigned to the rather important task of training these men are Sgts. Cecil H. Clark and Robert English, and Cpl. Valentine J. Kravitz.

A platoon of recruits was about to shoot the Springfield for the first time. They were standing on the 200-yard line and a few of them were interestedly watching Sgt. Harris try a shot at 200 off-hand. As soon as he shot the target went down. Almost immediately it came up again with a big white spotter close to the center of the black bull's eye. "Gee, look at the hole he put into that bull's eye!" exclaimed one of the awed recruits.

One day a recruit who had not been on the Island very long was hurrying to join his outfit and happened to pass an officer whom he failed to notice and salute. The officer called him back and gave him a few instructive remarks about military courtesy. The recruit listened, with an anxious eye toward his waiting platoon and the instructor in charge of it. When the officer finished speaking, the recruit turned and hurried away, again without saluting. Again

the officer called him back. The recruit was in a quandary. "You'd better let me go now," he said, "or the sergeant will come over and give us both Hell!"

Spring is here and so are Inspection Days. Brig. Gen. George Richards, the Paymaster, and Chief Pay Clerk Geo. H. Mulligan, inspected the Post Pay Office last week. This week, Col. Percy F. Archer, A. Q. M., is going to inspect the Post Quartermaster outfit. And all of us in general are to be inspected not by one man, but by a whole Board of Inspection, consisting of Col. Wm. P. Upshur, A. A. & I., Lt. Col. Alley D. Rorex, A. A. & I., Major Leo Hermle, A. A. & I., and Chief Q. M. Clerk Robert M. O'Toole, of the A. & I. Department.

Well, the Civilians lived up to their promise and captured the Parris Island Bowling Championship with the Service Company a close second. The standing of the teams at the end of the tournament is as follows:

Team	Won	Lost
Civilians	48	15
Service Company	57	16
Hq. & Hq. Company	39	24
Officers	39	24
Rifle Range	38	25
Recruit Depot	23	40
Post Band	19	14

High averages for the season are: Cpl. Herman J. Leving, 165; Sgt. Emery M. Powell, 161, and Mr. Sam Lipton, 160. The Service Company had the season's high game, 957. Cpl. Fremont H. Peper, of the Service Company, had high game with 242 points, and Lt. A. E. O'Neill was next highest with 235 points.

PLATOON NUMBER THREE

By I. C. Cranford

On February 3, 1935, a platoon of 36 men unbent their stiffened bones and fell into line to answer roll call. The new platoon was commanded by Sergeant Swearngen, whose comforting words were: "It's as easy as shooting fish in a rain barrel," and Corporal Williams who advises the boys to "Keep your chins up, or I'll lift them for you."

After this the ball started rolling, so there was very little rest. It isn't over yet, but by the time this is published we shall have completed our training.



Platoon 1, Parris Island, instructed by Sgt. L. Frucci

It seems that the subscribers of *THE LEATHERNECK* in this platoon want to break into print, so we present "Parson" Shelton from Florida, and "Boy Scout" Brough, both musical entertainers with harmonicas. Next comes "Missouri Mule" Hunt; Shaw, the Songbird, and his accompanist, Elliot; and "Know-it-all" Greiner, the Boston Bean Eater. Griggs is the chow hound who sits at the head of the table, when I don't get there first. Abe Dessels is our champion lettuce eater; "Rosie" Hough has lifting ability, but it seems to end at 30 pounds.

Bradley wasn't quite satisfied with the Ten Commandments, so he wrote out the eleventh: "Be ye careful."

At the end of our second week of scheduled drill, we went to the dance at the Lyceum, which was enjoyed by everyone. After this bit of recreation, we packed our gear and took off for the rifle range, to learn something about shoulder weapons and plenty about stiff muscles and banged-up cheeks.

PARRIS ISLAND PLANE PALAVER

By "Teched in the Haid"

The by line taken from a good old South Carolina expression certainly does apply here for Aircraft Squadrons V O 7 & 9M. The hospitality that has been showered on us by the entire personnel of the Island has left us bewildered, all agog, or in just plain language used around here, a little "teched in the haid." As far as the finest field the Marines Corps ever had, the excellent weather enjoyed since our arrival here on the 18th of March, and to repeat, the incomparable Parris Island hospitality, the Island should be re-named Paradise Island.

The only personnel that we hold anything against here are the "ever with us" Musics. The Island was kind enough to establish our barracks next door to the Music School, so that on the morning after the night before, the continued blatings of the bugles and the tintin-abulation of a coming drummer boy sounding off on his mess gear, will be sure to wake us up. The worst part about it is that the Music Barracks is restricted so that you can't get at the pesterers. Another skipped pest is the sand flea. They are so bad here that they eat up the cows and get up on the stumps and ring the bells for the calves. It is said hereabouts and quite

likely true that Jean Ribaut, the founder of the island, was overcome by the sand fleas when he sought to establish a Huge-not colony here and the colored people here on the island buried him where the fleas had finished with him. The only man that is immune to the savage attacks of these little insects is "Plete-the Gleek" and many of us prefer the sand fleas.

If Saint Pete Played Golf

If St. Peter had been taught the game of golf prior to establishing his high gate On High, those going to the Good Place from now on would have to come via P. I. The golf course is the answer to the good and the dub golfers' dream. Free clubs are to be had at the club house, all hands can play and the only thing one has to do is to find a ball and start playing. In addition to the golfing there are tennis courts galore, handball courts, a brand new swimming pool, bowling alleys, and for the socially inclined like our Lady's Island Lochinvar, Sgt. Johnny Viar, there are the most beautiful belles in the Northern hemisphere in Beaufort county, South Carolina, quoting our modern Lancelot, Mr. Viar. On the night of April 2 the Community Club of Beaufort gave an invitation dance in honor of the two squadrons and all who attended reported that the Beaufort hospitality and its beautiful ladies were captivating. Many of the boys who sprang up to the Marine Corps from these parts have extended their social operations as far as Vidalia, Georgia. Staff Sgts. Gaston Davis (a native of VI, GA.) and John Palifox Fogarty visited the little Georgia town one week-end and according to reports six young things died from broken hearts on the night of their departure. But as stated before the chief operator of them all for far and near is his eminence Sgt. John Harlem Viar. This boy is a combination of a Fairbanks, Adolphe Menjou, Valentino and Rin-tin-tin all wrapped up in one package. He dances like Fred Astair and comes in with the milkman, if the milkman is not too early.

Saludas to the NCO Club

Before proceeding further in this prattle we want to salute the Parris Island NCO Club. It is without doubt one of the best organizations of its kind in the three services. Operated on a business basis with Quartermaster Sergeant "Greetum" Beavers, president; Pay Sergeant "Checkum-up" Greer, steward; and Staff Sergeant "Lettum Eat" Theodore, the secretary and treasurer; the club and its entire member-

ship on the Island have spared nothing in their efforts to see that we are gloriously entertained while here. One dance a week and sometimes two, a scheduled weekly pinochle, bridge, pool, and rummy tournaments, there is always something doing there and you are made more than a guest, you are their star boarder. The food is fine and if you don't believe this just contact my prize sausage taster, Staff Sergeant Jake Beallor. Jake is so fond of the Parris Island home grown sausage that he even reminds his pilots when they stray too far from the island, "How about those sausage and eggs at the NCO Club to-nite?" The ladies here on the island are all fine dancers and one does not have to be introduced by the Post Sergeant Major in order to get a dance with any of them. You feel at home from the minute you hit the spot. And for those that don't feel this way they feel better than at home. The organization is operated and managed within its membership with no official supervision and a more orderly operation there never was. We forgot to mention the first vice-president First Sergeant "Found-the-fountain-of-Youth" Schuler. It used to be "Pop" Schuler but it's "Howdy, Kid," now. We actually believe that the man has either found that long sought for spring of never grow old that De Soto and Popeye so long sought for, or he has had a complete re-installation using new model parts. The last time we saw "The Kid" he was brought out of the Nicaraguan hills on a stretcher to be sent to the States to die. You should see him now. Trips the light fantastic like a fresh Parisian gigolo. Well for all his old friends you won't believe it until you have seen this marvel. This fresh First Sergeant presides over the rifle range here.

The Champion Chow of the Corps

The best chow it has ever been our lot to eat is put out in copious delicious quantities by one Sergeant Levine of the Parris Island Rifle Range. We ate there once and asked to have our ration transferred there. He takes slum and makes one think it is chicken a la king, his fish on Friday tastes like a cross between caviar and sword fish steak, and his bread pudding will turn down the damper of many a French pastry chef. He had spiced ham, vegetable salad, bread pudding, candied sweet potatoes and excellent coffee on the day that we visited him, and was it good! Makes the saliva overflow just to think about it. Now as for the chow here at

the station mess. It isn't so bad. A couple of the girls kicked to the skipper about it on our first arrival here and upon Captain McKittrick's visit of inspection he said, "Better than I eat at home."

Master Sergeant Steindorpher and his Swedish Pal Pederson have the thundering herd of "boots" to feed in addition to the station personnel and us. It's like the old mother pig, "Warm meals at all hours" for we ate from 6 A. M. until 8 A. M. and the rest of the day in the same fashion. Captain McVey is the mess officer and 99 per cent of us think the chow damm good in comparison with other messes we have known.

Many Families Here

Many of the officers and the non coms brought their families here and all seem to be having a wonderful time in this sub-tropical clime. Mrs. George Harold Smith and little son, Charles, are here chaperoning George; Mrs. Tobin and son, Patrick, accompanied Master Sergeant Tobin; Mrs. Millard Sheppard, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Paskeiwe, Katterbach and others are the non coms wives who came along. They have availed themselves of the island activities and all are having a good time. Many of the people who have cars here are making sight-seeing pilgrimages to nearby towns over the week-ends.

Savannah Mayor "Hog Wild" Over Aviation

The mayor of "Save-Annah," Ga., was the guest of the Commanding General on the 4th of April and upon request the two squadrons put on an air show for the visitors. The mayor is said to have made the remark, "General, I am hog wild over this aviation unit."

There were two nine-plane formations and followed by a low altitude bombing attack on a target in the middle of the field. A crowd of 3,000 people swarmed the field from Savannah, Beaufort, and other nearby towns and from their stay-long visit, it is believed that we made a fair impression upon them. The flying lead by Capt. W. L. McKittrick of V O 7-M and Capt. Hayne D. Boyden of V O 9-M, was perfect in every detail and many a sunburned tansil went home happy to have seen the real "Devil Dogs of the Air" do their stuff.

Zade Has Done a Good Job

Gy-Sgt. Zadiak Collier, the resident caretaker of the field here, detailed from Quantico last year, has done an exceptionally fine job of building his part of the field and his maintenance work here. Zade is as good a machinist as there is in Marine Aviation and is an all around good man to have at a place like this. He knows everybody on the island and is a good contact man. Mrs. Collier and Zade have quarters here and are loud in their praise of the people and their good treatment received here.

Radio Coming into Its Own

With sets installed in all the Sus and three in the Hell Divers, radio is finally coming into its own in Marine Aviation and has proved a great help here in the gunnery season so far. The pilot of the firing and towing plane are in constant communication with each other and the ground station here that is located in one of the hangars. Master Technical Robert Little and Private First Class Giles are doing all the operating and maintenance work on the sets. A daily schedule is worked with the station at Aviation at

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Quaker City News

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

By S. A. Adalac

Right in the limelight again, mates, with the news flashes from good old Philadelphia. It's old, there's no question about that, but you can't quote me when I say—good. I refer to the city as a liberty town and not to the Post as a place of duty. For duty, this place is about as good a one as you can find on the East Coast. If there weren't so many kill-joys in Philadelphia, it and the Navy Yard would blend perfectly as a liberty town and a place for duty. Yep, the law in Philadelphia now is, that all liquor vendors are prohibited to sell men in uniform anything stronger than soda pop. Of course, this doesn't make any difference to the writer, personally, because he's just become a member of the Philadelphia Temperance Union. Oh, well, you know how it is—we can't have everything, and such is life without a . . .

It gives me great pleasure to inform you Leathernecks that the Philadelphia Marines' small-bore rifle team has climaxed its season without a setback. Listen, guys, you'll have to concede—that is quite an accomplishment.

First Lt. J. D. Blanchard; 2nd Lt. D. C. McDougal; 1st Sgts. E. J. Snell and B. C. Betke (coaches); Cpls. R. E. Schneeman, R. D. Chaney and S. J. Bartlett; and Pvt. H. A. Barrett, were the members who made up the team which went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to take part in a match of which the university of West Virginia, University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, Penn State and the Robert Shaw School were all participants.

The Philadelphia Marines came out on top of the heap in this match with a score of 1,399; then followed Carnegie Tech with 1,365; University of West Virginia, 1,330; University of Pittsburgh, 1,327; Robert Shaw School, 1,306, and Penn State took up the rear with a score of 1,302.

In this match the Marines were instrumental in marring Carnegie Tech's enviable record, as that was the first time this season that Carnegie Tech had to be content with taking second place. They, however, consoled themselves by stating, "It took a team of professional shots to bring them down in defeat," or words to that effect.

'Tis with much regret I report that the team has suffered a heavy loss when 2nd Lt. D. C. McDougal made his exodus from the Marine Corps. Not only the team suffers but the Marine Corps as a whole. It isn't necessary for me to write much about the Lieutenant, for any of you who might have had the good fortune to serve with him, know the kind of man he was.

By the way, you didn't hear of Salvatore J. Bartlett's operation, did you? Well, he got one when he returned to Philly from Pittsburgh. "Gabby" Schneeman was the first to get hep to it, and that was at the chow table. Schneeman was sitting next to Bart when he (Bart) let out a yelp. "Gabby" asked what the trouble was. Bart whispered to him that he sat on something. Now far be it from "Gabby" to keep a secret. "Boys" said he, "Bart is now a full fledged Israelite—congratulations to him!" Bart resented this, so he

related a story of a famous Marine Corps one-man rifle team—"Gabby" Schneeman. Bart said that "Gabby" had the college boys at Pittsburgh gasping for air from morn' till night with his tales of rifle shooting in the Marine Corps. What a man, Schneeman!



Woodcut by Maj. John W. Thomason, Jr.
"Present—" —Whups!—



Congratulations to 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell on his gallantry! Yep, the First Sergeant did it. What? He married. We feel for you, Top, but we can't reach you. I don't know though, I guess it isn't so bad being married. Furthermore, they say two can live as cheaply as one, so what's the difference. Here's wishing you all the health, wealth and happiness in the world, Top. May you and yours live happily forever after.

With the close of the Navy Yard basketball league, the Marines and sailors had eliminations for the purpose of selecting a team to represent the Yard in the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. senior championship tournament. The men who represented the Yard team are as follows: 2nd Lt. John A. Butler, Cpls. G. Keefe and P. Rowan, Pfc. S. McMichael and V. P. Strain, Pfts. H. B. Adams, L. J. Bennett and W. S. Travis, and Pharmacist's Mate Third Class G. Morrison of the U. S. Naval Hospital.

The Yard team defeated the Darby Presidents, 48-40, and Bayuk Phillies, 46-23, two very strong teams. On March 27, they reached the finals of the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. senior championship tournament by defeating Summerfield M. E., 39-32, at the Penn Athletic Club.

As in all the games played by the Marines, Sid McMichaels, that rambling basketballer, proved to be the scoring star. Tallying six field goals and four fouls for a total of 16 points, McMichaels put the Navy Yard team so far out in the lead that Summerfield's 19 point final quarter rally could not overcome the margin that decided the victory. The Summerfield boys, however, did exhibit a fine showing in the last quarter. 'Twas surely fortunate that the Marines had such a decided lead or it might have been a different story.

This victory won for the Marines their right to a final playoff with the Lower Merion Alumni for the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. championship. In this fracas—I am sorry to state—the Marines had to be content with second place, being beat by a score of 57-34. The Marines did put up a grand fight and are worthy of much praise for their efforts. You must realize, also, that it is no small accomplishment getting into the finals of one of these tournaments.

McMichaels played against five different players in his position as center in this game. Despite this procession of opponents, he kept going for the full forty minutes and stuck in 11 markers. Read between the lines and you'll readily comprehend how set this Lower Merion outfit was on subjecting the Marines—knowing well they couldn't afford to let down for even a second.

At the conclusion of the tourney, Charles Taggart, of the Penn Athletic Club, presented trophies to Thomas, Lower Merion captain, and 2nd Lt. John A. Butler, USMC, guard on the Marine team. The Marines were presented with the runner-up trophy.

The first half in the second series of the Navy Yard bowling league is just about over. The bowling match on March 28, between the Office team and the Barracks team was featured by the bowling of Private First Class Kuhns of the Barracks team when he rolled a total of 633 points for three games. This is by far the best individual effort so far and, consequently, raises Kuhn's average from 155 to 175.

The Office team rolled under a handicap

in this match inasmuch as one of their valuable players, Cpl. C. J. Brown, was not available because he was on his honeymoon. However, the Office team did exceptionally well under the tutelage of First Sergeant Miller upon whom it becomes incumbent to select his players at random, due to the fact that the Office team is scarce of alternates. Before the second half is over, "Cliff" Brown will be back, and with him and his straight ball rolling and Top Miller's famous hook-ball, I can see of no reason why the clerks shouldn't regain their stride.

The following is a resume of the match on March 28:

Office	First game	Second game	Third game
Tupper	135	131	113
Shipman	129	140	142
Adalae	186	172	148
Snyder	154	124	122
Miller	168	109	148

Handicap	43	43	43
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TOTALS	815	719	716
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Barracks	First game	Second game	Third game
Guilmet	129	110	114
Lilley	134	173	146
Ross	129	140	106
Kuhns	217	204	212
Dempsey	150	133	127

Handicap	29	29	29
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TOTALS	788	789	734
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In the match on March 29 between the Machine Gun outfit and Mess Hall team, the Mess Hall took two out of three games. "Wimpy" Dunlap's team bowled consistently all evening and a new star was discovered in Private Collins whose bowling was instrumental in winning the last game for the Mess Hall. Their scores were as follows:

Machine Gun	First game	Second game	Third game
Pederson	119	137	156
Becker	143	166	136
Thomas	118	127	176
Ross	162	190	133
Muir	162	147	143

Handicap	43	43	43
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TOTALS	773	810	787
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Mess Hall	First game	Second game	Third game
Oakley	166	156	180
Collins	140	135	166
Dean	152	133	162
Nesmith	102	130	130
Moylan	150	128	160

Handicap	73	73	73
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TOTALS	783	755	852
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The highest team score honors went to the Quartermaster outfit which registered a score of 885. Highest individual honors went to Corporal "Gunner" Muir, who rolled a score of 224. Highest individual average for three games or more was registered by Private First Class Kuhns, who averaged 174; then followed Quartermaster Sergeant Dykstra with 173; Corporal Brown, 168; Private First Class Lilley, 168 and Corporal "Gunner" Muir, 162.

And that, my comrades, climaxes the dope sheet for this month. Be seeing you again next month.





THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

"HOURS, days and events go by in endless procession, like random beads along the string of time, not one of them ever to be seen before it comes; not one of them ever to be held as it goes by; and not one of them ever to be brought back after it has passed."

After reading my article in April's issue of this magazine, I got many an European look from such people as Private Harris, Sergeant Baldassare and Staff Sergeant Puskarich. I call theirs an European look to distinguish it from a Siamese look, for I believe Siam is the only country that doesn't owe the United States any money.

After years of Post Exchange duty at Parris Island where he almost became a permanent landmark, his old friends will be glad to know that Sergeant "French" Charpentier has turned Marine. He is a member of the Fleet Marine Force here and is just back from the maneuvers which he said he liked fine.

Will that "Sharkey" Shumway ever

grow old and lay aside his athletics? News of San Diego in last month's issue carried mention that he was playing outfield with the baseball nine there. When I was a mere tot in the cradle of old Noah I remember of hearing, between hours of handling my hammer and chisel in attempting to learn my ABC's, tales of his plunging lines for touchdowns and knocking home runs.

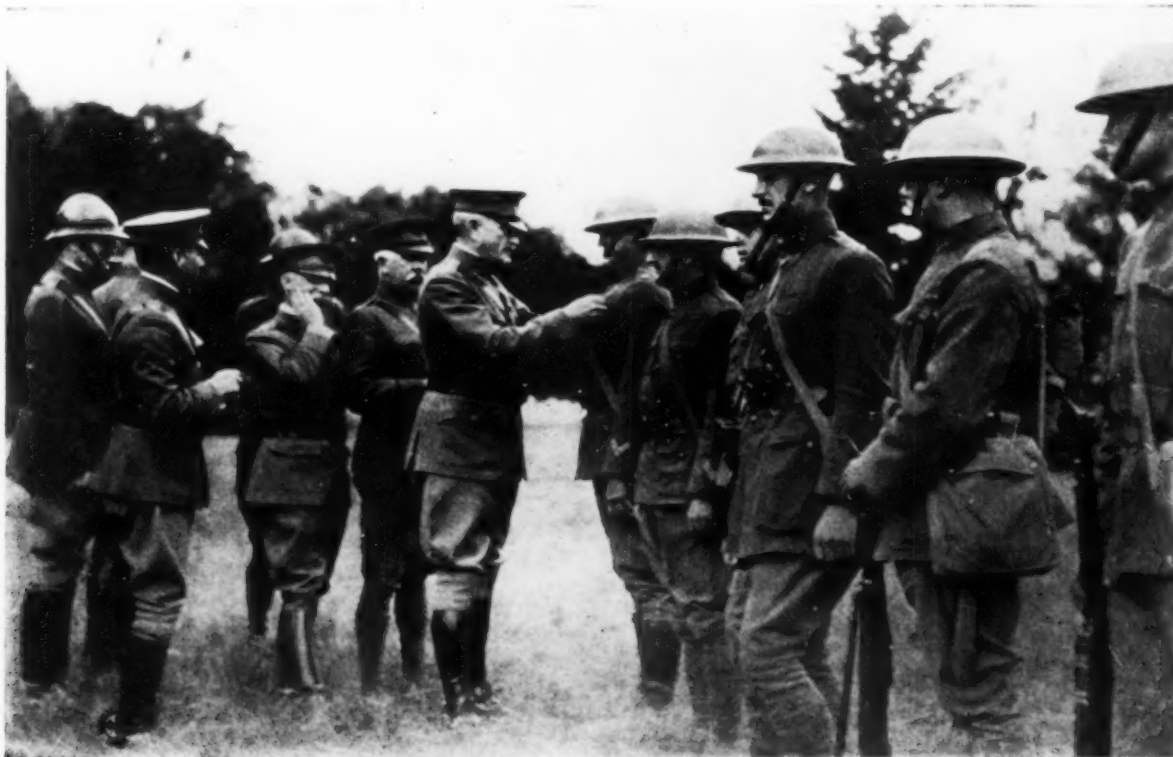
1st Sgt. "Derby" Ross and the "brunette situation" took my remarks in the last article in fine style. The situation must be more serious to Derby than I imagined, but then I admit it is a situation worthy of undivided attention. By the way, did you know that Ross got the name of "Derby" because he once rode a horse in a race on the West Coast? All of which reminds me of the tales of the racing activities of 1st Sgt. Curley Carleton in Haiti last year.

Speaking of Carleton, though, reminds me—'tis said that his being sent to Iona Island has been of one benefit to man. It is pointed out that he has brought sufficient pressure to bear that the New York legislature has passed a "no heart balm" law.

The seemingly impossible has been accomplished!! My hat is off to the Fleet Marine Force. For a long time I have been meeting every troop train that arrived at Quantico to watch the confusion and milling about that always occurs. However, when the troop trains arrived bringing the Fleet Marine Force from their recent maneuvers, the troops unloaded quietly and orderly, fell in immediately and marched away, without any confusion or milling about.

Gy-Sgt. "Pete" Petrone, the "Big Bad Wolf" of Quantico, has left us for the Reserves after twenty years of service. We do not know if he carried his "bag of beans" with him or not, but he did make a notation of all the stations up and down the East Coast having in mind free meals.

Sgt. Willie Reese has broken into a new racket—that of taking the jackpots of the slot machines in the locality. And I was of the opinion that the only way a slot machine jackpot could be captured was by breaking the glass (not drinking glass either). I have helped fill up a lot of those pots but never have seen one captured.



General Pershing Decorating U. S. Marines

Probably the outstanding event of the month was the visit of Sgt. Ralph Underwood to Fredericksburg and Jimmy's place. Long known as a "home guard" and a perpetual "stay-at-home," the Post was shocked one Sunday morning recently at the news drifting around the coffee tables at the Hostess House that Ralph had been seen in the haunts of the usual Marine. Of course, Sgt. "Gyp" Ambrose was mixed up in the visit of Ralph's.

After the departure of 1st Sgt. "Curley" Carleton from this Post, Staff-Sgt. "Smittie" Smith again took up his playing with toys where he had left off when the razzing of Curley became so strong. He has again been reported as making model ships and such things. It reached such a degree that Patsy, Smittie's wife, decided to bring in the little red-headed girl of four or five years who lives in the quarters below to help Smittie play. While there Patsy found the little girl knew all the "answers." Patsy gave her a piece of candy and asked, "Now what do you say?" The reply of the little girl was, "Buddy hasn't any candy." Then she was given another piece for Buddy and asked what she then should say. The reply was, "I think I will go home."

And then one day when the running became too stiff—a Saturday afternoon,—I goes off and finds me a secluded corner at Albert's Red Brick with the idea of scoffing a bit of beer and pondering over the inhumanities of man to man and what do I find out? Ask "Gyp" Ambrose. No one expected to find me or anyone else there at that time of the

day on that day of the week and it proved a good observation post.

A report that caused some worry in some corners was that Cpl. "Pat" Patterson of Post Headquarters was married. The report persists but I want to assure the sweet young thing that called me up for a verification of the report that her little heart can rest peacefully for the "Mighty Pat" is still a single man, or he has me badly fooled. If my "dope" is right, the only soft spot Pat has in his heart is for the little girl who turned to me for information in this instance.

It seems that Corporal Dennis, the chief messman of the Post Service Battalion Mess, while on a recent trip after a prisoner concluded a new agreement between the government and the Pullman Company over the Pullman ticket situation. We are wondering if the Comptroller General is going to uphold the contract or whether Dennis is going to have to go down in his jeans and dig up the difference.

I can't help but notice that the storks are still on the job at Parris Island. Can't something be done toward clipping their wings? Their activity has some people up this way worried for they might start branching out.

We also notice from the "Peiping Shorts" that the Pekineses made some New Year's Resolutions. We in Quantico also make three each year. It gives us something to do during the first three months of the year—breaking them.

From the "Slants of Shanghai" in the April issue of this magazine I was deeply interested to see mention of the dances of the Fourth Marines and the enter-

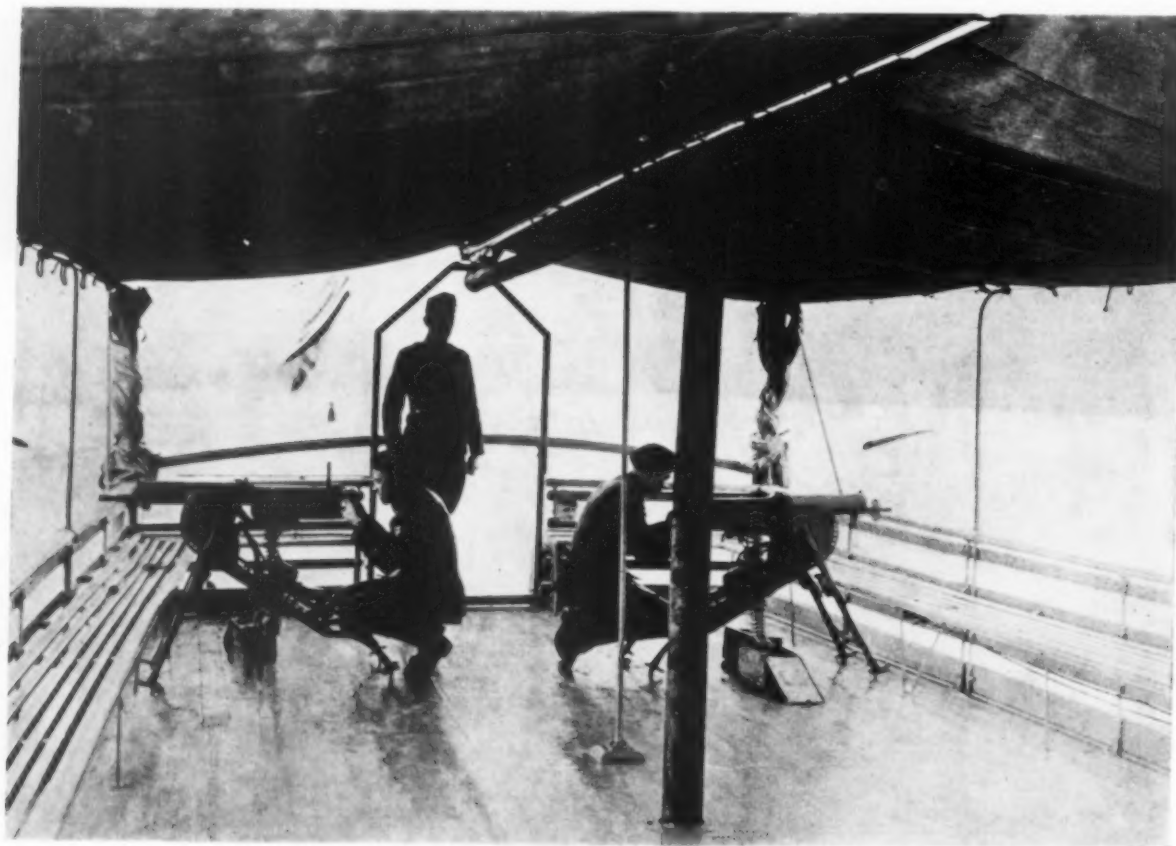
tainment being furnished that regiment as a result of Chaplain Witherspoon's activities. Having observed all of the many features and attractions that Chaplain Witherspoon sponsored for the Second Brigade of Marines in Nicaragua during the last months of our occupation of that country, I can well appreciate what a treat the Fourth Marines are enjoying in having Commander Witherspoon with them.

With all those cabarets and all that night life in Shanghai I am worried no bit about my old friend Paymaster Sergeant Bob Roberts and his wife, Mabel. I bet you need some great help trying to keep him straight, don't you, Mabel? And I know Paymaster Sergeant Bill Mitchell, now en route out there, is going to be a lot of help!!!

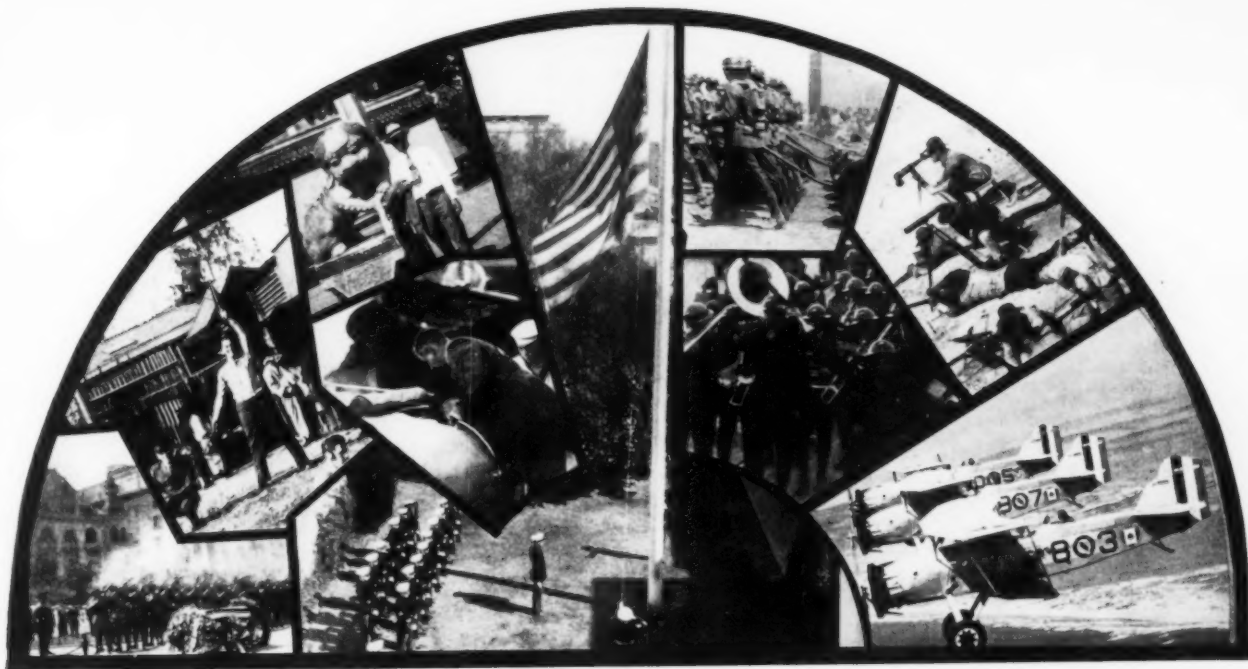
Then there is the sweet young lady who recently suggested to me that I should get married. I agreed provided the other one involved was she, but she informed me that she knew me too well. I haven't found out who the lady is that she has the grudge against.

Again we have the case of two beautiful young ladies who have learned what "M. B." means. They class themselves as "MB's" and state the meaning as they have discovered it is "Monotony Breakers."

These shooters, once started, never lay a rifle down although they make all sorts of dire threats. I notice from THE LEATHERNECK that First Sergeant Seider is still handling the old "muzzle-loader" for the Navy Yard at Norfolk in spite of statements made on the range at Quantico during the Matches of last year.



Rhine Patrol, 1919



SEEN ABOUT QUANTICO:—Mike Puskari making his rounds and keeping in touch with things as the "Mayor"; a change in waitress between the "A. One" Cafe and the "New Way Cafe"; that sergeant who sits in his car for hours with the girl friend on the main street; men dipping their fingers in sand bowls before grasping the silverware at a restaurant; a young man rubbing his wife's chin and looking deep into her eyes with the adoration of a dying duck; a baby carriage race with two Marines at the wheels; a Marine arguing points of the Bible with a negro barber; Gyp Ambrose looking like a typical New York "wop" in a downtown restaurant after returning from Washington where he had earned the title of "ditchers"; two Marines discussing the diffusion of emotions and the theory of human reactions, while adjoining them two more Marines were discussing the merits of poker hands; a man speaking of the beautiful and smooth street running down to the dock.

I DON'T KNOW BUT I HEARD: That Mother Deboo has been making a canvass of the outlying places of entertainment patronized by the Marines, reminding me that I haven't been beat up in weeks, but then I haven't been at "Jimmy's Place" in weeks; that Sgt. "Jerry" Newhouse and Private First Class Reardon were recently accused of singing a song captioned "A jug of wine, a railroad station and you"; that Gunnery Sergeant Brooks says he didn't buy that dress; that Chat and Mrs. Speight extended me an invitation NOT to call so early in the day before they departed for Recruiting Duty at Baltimore; that a beautiful young lady that has been my ideal of beauty is reported to leave us soon next to return, but that she will spend next year at Norfolk; that Sgt. Baxter Vann is still getting out Change Sheets without the assistance of First Sergeant Burrows and "Blacky" Gaddis; and that the cigarette counter in the Post Exchange has outside interests.

FLASHES FROM THE QUANTICO RADIO SCHOOL

Once more we open up on our monthly schedule with a few flashes from the transmitting room of the Quantico Radio School. The text is composed of bits of information and humor gleaned from the personnel of the school.

One thing on which we all agree pertains to our officers. We think Maj. John Groff and First Lieutenant Battell are as fine a pair of officers as could be desired. It is through Major Groff's efforts that the school has become what it is, and it is with regret that we hear we are about to lose him. We all hope it's just an unfounded rumor, but in case; we wish him the best of luck on his new duties, and also wish his successor a pleasant tour of duty with the First Signal Company.

We owe many new improvements to our chief instructor Gy-Sgt. F. M. Steinhauser. The most recent is the addition of two code tables designed by him and built by our competent carpenter-electrician, Sgt. Joe Welkey (Nice work, Joe). Gunnery Sergeant Steinhauser has nearly completed a revised edition of the MC-100 pamphlet, and an electrical reference book. Assisted by Master Technical Sergeant Vanderhoof, Corporal "Red" Brashier, and Private First Class Kozakewicz, he has put our amateur station, W3ELN, on the air.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the Second Signal Company upon the rapid advancement of their new radio school and wish them lots of clear reception, and, incidentally hope to get a schedule with their amateur station W6FWJ.

A few changes have taken place in the personnel of our instructors in the last month resulting in the loss of Sergeant Brainard to China, and Corporal Brashier

shipping over and taking his ninety days. But, we have been reinforced by Staff Sergeant "Bennie" Jungers out of Second Signal, San Diego, and Corporal Mickey "Number One" Devine from the preliminary radio school at Parris Island.

Corporals Reedy and Sullivan are still with us, but they have begun to count their remaining time in hours so it won't be long now. Reedy makes talk of hitting the trail for California, but we are told of a bug to be the envy of all operators, so that may mean he will ship over for the only place worthy of such a "Bug," NAA Washington. Looks like the Reedy-Sullivan combination will be intact for some time yet as Joe has already said he is shipping over for NSS. Right now the pair has been stepping out into the social swim. How's to meet the ladies, fellas? You know, especially the one who gave Joe that ducky military (Manicure?) set for his birthday.

The last graduating class is to be congratulated on the excellent marks made during their schooling, and have been rewarded accordingly. Privates Forsberg, Kern, Butler, and Pitner are to do duty in China and Privates Batt and Reilly have been stationed at "NAA." All the boys are doing fine we hear, only some of them are more than kind to the fishes (China Detail—Henderson—Rail—"Urp").

Two new classes have made their start and both are progressing rapidly under the instruction of Jungers and Devine in code and procedure and Steinhauser in electricity and radio. The new "B" Class has set their goal as thirty-five words per minute. Of course that's a lot to ask for, but maybe they'll make it. Incidentally, "C" Class is gaining on the record of the last graduates, and "A" Class, although they have not become acclimated as yet, have shown that they come up to the standard set by the school.

Mickey Devine wishes that Revane would either make a rating or get specialist's pay. Wonder if it's got anything to do with that chummy little game they are

(Continued on page 57)

**BROADCAST FOR THE
JUNE LEATHERNECK
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BEFORE MAY 8**

Tropical Topics

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

L. A. Y.

Among the most notable of events during the past month have been the changes in the post routine, the rewriting of fire bills, and the special orders for posts.

Of prime importance in the new routine is the fact that guard mount on all days except Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, is held at one o'clock. This means that there are about twenty-five more men available each morning for the classes held according to the new training schedule.

There are two events not covered in last month's article which should not be omitted entirely. For example, some things which happened when the Post's rifle team was preparing to attend the matches in the States. It happened that Private Bettis was at the rifle range and decided that there were some things in the plantation town of Ewa which needed his attention before he said, "Aloha." Accordingly, he set off for Ewa in high spirits. On his way he was seized by a sense of insecurity because his pocket

was heavy with money. In a moment of brilliant inspiration he followed an impulse and hid a ten dollar bill in one of the multitude of Algerbee trees along the road. When he returned, after a most successful evening in Ewa, he was astounded to perceive that many Algerbees looked just like the one he was looking for. The sad part is that he was never able to attain the correct feeling of well being to locate the tree again. Following a similar trend, it would be interesting to know if it was some of the same kind of inspiration which caused Private First Class Eggars, another member of the team, to attempt to borrow a piano from one of the better known hotels in the city of Honolulu.

Also, before the team boarded the Brazos, a rifle and pistol competition was held at Puuloa Point between the Marine team, the Honolulu National Guard team, and representatives of the Honolulu police. The Marines took an easy first place with the rifle but were forced to give the police first in the pistol match. For those interested, the individual and total scores are given at the end of this article.

The third week in March will be remembered by Pearl Harbor Marines for its minor fires. Four o'clock one morning saw the men tumbling out of their bunks to stand by while the fire department put out a small fire near the dry dock. Again, the next day, the fire whistle called the men from their noon meal to stand by while a fire in the same vicinity was extinguished.

At the Fleet Air Base, the previous week, a Marine made a minor hero of himself by conquering a fire started on one of the barges by a civilian employee, who handled a gasoline can carelessly. It was diminutive but popular Pvt. "Dave" Morgan who was on watch at the "gas walk" the night the fire occurred. He was quick to respond to the cry of the civilian, notify the fire department, seize an extinguisher, keep the fire under control, and eventually put it out. His timely action undoubtedly saved delay in the erection of the moorings which are being made for the Fleet's airplane carriers.

On the first day of March Gunnery Sergeant Hughes completed twenty-eight years of military service—twenty-eight



years without losing a day is his boast. He was reenlisted on the second. Shortly after he was reenlisted, he went to the rifle range and made a score of 327.

When the *Republic* docked in Honolulu it brought two first lieutenants to this post, Lt. Robert L. Griffin, Jr., from Pensacola, and Lt. Walker A. Reaves from San Diego. The command wishes them a pleasant tour of duty. Aloha.

As a relief in the dirth of promotions, which has been noticeable during the past few months, six privates were given a private first class stripe. The deservedly lucky nomers were: Osear M. Barton, Edward E. Mills, Harry N. McClellen, Garland F. Carver, James C. Terrell, and Richard Esmont.

To the Army's nearby airport one evening went Privates Coffey (company clown), Howard (truck driver), and Pierce (boatman), to observe a much heralded show. When they arrived the seats were nearly filled but they saw a few segregated vacancies. Their comfort, after they had seated themselves, was not at all disturbed when adjoining seats were rapidly filled with young women of oriental extraction. Even the questioning glances of the soldiers did not disturb their equanimity. Of course, they were prompt to move when told by a condescending usher that the section was reserved for maids and, of course, their comrades here at the barracks believe that there was (as assured by the parties concerned) no seductive plot involved but. . . .

To be classified as the most frequent receiver of Old Man Misfortune's pranks is good-looking and good-natured "Pier" Pearson, engineer of the boat crew. Although from Iowa, Pier's heavy coat of tan, his curly black hair, and his slow

drawl, permit his feminine admirers to class him as a Portuguese, a Knacki, or a southern gentleman, each according to her heart's desire. Skipping his delicate adventures with the opposite sex, it is not out of place to mention his experiences while attempting to dress for the part. A short time ago, without Pier's permission, a newly purchased suit found its way to a hock shop or some other much used den of iniquity. And when Pier bought another suit and laid it out neatly on his bunk, prior to donning it for the appreciation of one of his feminine admirers, a room-mate found it necessary, while Pier was taking a shower, to make a hurried visit to Honolulu in Pier's new suit. After Pier had spent several days of hard labor overhauling the motor of his boat, an officer requested transportation to the Fleet Air Base. When the trip was nearly complete, the motor began to cough and Pier remembered that the gas tanks had been filled with water to permit a soldering job. He managed to reach the dock, but imagine his state of mind when the boat which was towing him home, ran out of gas. And so on ad infinitum runs Pier's case of misfortune.

But Pier is not the only one who seems to have been unfortunate. The hoodoo deserted Pier one night to take a nip at Pfc. Rufus Stevens, formerly overseer of the galley at the rifle range. Stevens had just made a liberty in a new suit and had returned to the Navy Yard. It had been raining and for some unknown reason he got off the bus in the industrial area. The choice was unfortunate because he slipped and landed in a small pool of oil—small, but large enough to ruin his suit.

On the other hand, Volney McKelvy, librarian, runs into plenty of luck. He received a shipment of two hundred new books. When a friend dropped into the library to look at the books, he found "Billy Deuce" Dousa, Sgt. Major's runner, in his shirt sleeves sorting books, Bagnell, of the signal gang, handling the desk work, and McKelvy calmly standing by eating ice cream.

And Cpl. Good "Red" Burleson, short-timer at this post, who has turned his clerical job in the sergeant major's office over to Cpl. "O. B." Nettle, is having trouble with his clothing. For more than three years Red has had to wear only khaki on duty. When he ferreted out the old sea bag and tried on his greens and blues, he was heard to remark, "If I reduce, my greens won't fit; if I don't reduce, I can't wear my blues." When bigger and better quandaries are found Red "Tui" will find them.—If all readers could appreciate that last sentence as much as Red, the former writer of this column!

Among those who have been transferred to the States during the past month have been Corporals Carver, Gregory, Weston, and Swett; Privates First Class Roller and Fain; and Privates Costner and Burt.

Before Gregory left he was awarded a brown suede jacket with an "M" for his part in pushing the basketball team toward the top in the season just past. The others who received the letter and jacket at the same time were: Woods, Turner, Wilson, Bakalarzek, Murphy, Weitz, Coffey, Kirkeby, Drake, Mann (W. F.), Mann (C. S.), and Reed (trainer).

Cpl. "Pop" Snider, much to the regret of his many friends here, was transferred to the ammunition depot at Lualualei.

The baseball season is getting under way with First Sergeant Bissinger coaching the Marines. The turn out this year has been good and the spirit excellent. Although no definite selection for the team has yet been made, the following men are out to do their bit:

For pitch—Carpenter, Elvestad, Kirkeby, Hardy, and Casanova; catch—Smith and Todd; 1st base—McCammon; 2nd base—Gupitil and Drake; Shortstop—Martin and Stanton; 3rd base—Barton; Outfield—George, Gross, Terrell, Billingsly, West, and Hixon. It is regretted that Cleere and Welborn have not enough foreign shore time left to permit them to play with the team. However, reinforcements are expected on some of the incoming details.

A new motion picture theatre was dedicated at Lualualei on the twentieth of March. It is a semi-open air structure filling a long felt need at the ammunition depot.

The Post's band went to Lualualei to play at the theatre on the opening night. Sergeant Konesky led the band in place of First Sergeant Knowles. The affair was quite a success and it is understood that Konesky will relieve the First Sergeant from time to time, at the radio program on Tuesdays and at other concerts.

When bandsman Private First Class Dorey is not struggling with the bass horn he is busy attempting to memorize an encyclopedia on radio. He says that he has already mastered twenty pages of the possible ten hundred. And debonair drummer Osiet was not at all surprised when two charming members of the opposite sex journeyed from Honolulu to the Navy Yard to hang some leis around

(Continued on page 54)



Miscellany

GENERAL LEE PRESENTS COMMISSION TO GENERAL HOLCOMB

AT a formal ceremony in front of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Virginia, on the morning of 13 March, 1935, Maj. Gen. Harry Lee, Commanding the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, presented a commission as Brigadier General to Gen. Thomas Holcomb and gave General Holcomb his oath of office.

Thus there was inducted into the "Order of the Stars" another General with a brilliant record by a General with a brilliant record.

The paths of these two distinguished officers have crossed many times in their long and faithful service to their country and Corps. As the group that gathered watched the ceremonies of presenting this commission, many of their minds turned back to those fateful days in France when these two officers stood side by side, each with important assignments and with great responsibilities. Their records of service there show that they never faltered but in every respect upheld the highest traditions of the Corps and wrote brilliant pages of Marine Corps history.

Generals Lee and Holcomb entered the fighting in Belleau Woods, where the Marines stopped the German rush in Paris, with the then Lieutenant Colonel Lee as second in command of the Sixth Marine Regiment and with the then Major Holcomb commanding the Second Battalion of that regiment. During the heat of the fighting the regimental commander was wounded and Lee assumed command of the regiment. Holcomb then assumed the position of second in command of the Sixth Regiment. Following Belleau Woods and throughout the fighting in Soissons, St. Mihiel, at Champagne (Blanc Mont Ridge), and in the Meuse-Argonne offen-



Brigadier General Thomas Holcomb

sive these two officers, with Lee in command and Holcomb as second in command, led the Sixth Regiment to immortal heights of glory and fame.

These two general officers have records of which the Marine Corps is justly proud. It is most fitting that General Holcomb is now a member of the "Order of the Stars" and still most fitting that General Lee, who was his regimental commander in those arduous days of the World War, should be the one to administer General Holcomb his oath of office on attaining this high rank.

SIXTH MARINES BREAK RECORD IN WINNING SAN DIEGO TROPHY

Cracking the record made in competition for the San Diego trophy by five points, the Sixth Marines, Fleet Marine Force, carried off the coveted Bear trophy in the Western Division Rifle Matches held at the La Jolla rifle range. The winning team, coached by Marine Gunner Henry P. Crowe, noted Marine rifleman, ran up 1,116 points as compared to 1,108 scored by the Sunnyvale Marines who finished second. The old mark was 1,111 scored by the Bremerton Marines in 1933. The possible team score for this competition is 1,200. The trophy has been competed for 14 times and has been won by the San Diego Marine Corps Base five times, by the Puget Sound Marine Barracks four times, by the Pearl Harbor Marine Barracks three times, by the Mare Island Marine Barracks once, and by the Sixth Marines, Fleet Marine Force, this year.

In the Individual Rifle Matches Gy-Sgt. T. J. Jones led the field while 1st Sgt.



M. P. Huff, of the Sixth Marines walked away with the honors for the pistol, coming within two points of the world's record with a 534 out of 600.

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Distinguished marksmen were not allowed medals due to the fact that they have already won three medals in prior competition which entitles them to the distinguished marksman gold medals.

Sixth Marine Trophy winners:

Pfc. R. E. De la Hunt, 2d Bn.	288
1st Sgt. H. R. King, 1st Bn.	276
1st Lt. P. Drake, 1st Bn.	276
1st Lt. K. K. Louthier, 1st Bn.	276

Medal winners:

Results of Individual Western Division Rifle and Pistol Matches, held at the Marine Corps Rifle Range, La Jolla, California, during the week of March 25-29, 1935.

Scores shown are out of a possible 600, are medal or place winners only:

Rifle

Gy-Sgt. T. J. Jones, Marine Corps Base	564 Distinguished
Pfc. W. G. Sparlock, Sunnyvale, Calif.	556 Gold Medal
Sgt. V. E. Boyle, Puget Sound	555 Silver Medal
2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal, Battle Force	553 Silver Medal
Cpl. L. E. Easley, Marine Corps Base	552 Distinguished
Cpl. J. F. Jost, Marine Corps Base	551 Distinguished
Sgt. W. R. Hooker, Marine Corps Base	550 Distinguished
Sgt. H. L. Ewton, Puget Sound	550 Distinguished
Sgt. C. J. Anderson, Puget Sound	548 Distinguished
Pvt. C. E. Stutlet, Pearl Harbor, T. H.	547 Silver Medal
Cpl. T. Lovetere, Marine Corps Base	547 Silver Medal
Pfc. R. E. DeLaHunt, 6th Marines F.M.F.	547 Bronze Medal
Sgt. F. H. Barnhill, Marine Corps Base	547 Bronze Medal
Capt. H. E. Leland, Marine Corps Base	545 Distinguished
Sgt. J. Pluge, Mare Island, Calif.	545 Bronze Medal
1st Lt. P. Drake, 6th Marines, F.M.F.	545 Bronze Medal
1st Lt. A. J. Mathison, Puget Sound	545 Bronze Medal
1st Lt. J. R. Thomas, Pearl Harbor, T. H.	545 Bronze Medal
1st Sgt. H. R. King, 6th Marines, F.M.F.	544 Distinguished
Cpl. W. Brown, Marine Corps Base	544 Distinguished
Pfc. W. C. Eggers, Pearl Harbor, T. H.	543 Bronze Medal
Cpl. J. Richardson, Battle Force	542 Distinguished
Cpl. R. M. Catron, Marine Corps Base	542 Bronze Medal

Pistol

1st Sgt. M. P. Huff, 6th Marines, F.M.F.	534 Distinguished
First Lieutenant Twinning, Sunnyvale, Calif.	505 Gold Medal
Cpl. J. F. Jost, Marine Corps Base	503 Gold Medal
1st Lt. K. K. Louthier, 6th Marines, F.M.F.	502 Silver Medal
Pvt. M. A. Pope, Marine Corps Base	499 Distinguished
1st Lt. A. J. Matheson, Puget Sound	499 Distinguished
Pvt. M. A. Smith, Marine Corps Base	495 Silver Medal
1st Sgt. W. R. Hooper, Marine Corps Base	494 Bronze Medal
Cpl. L. E. Easley, Marine Corps Base	493 Bronze Medal
2nd Lt. D. S. McDougal, Battle Force	493 Bronze Medal

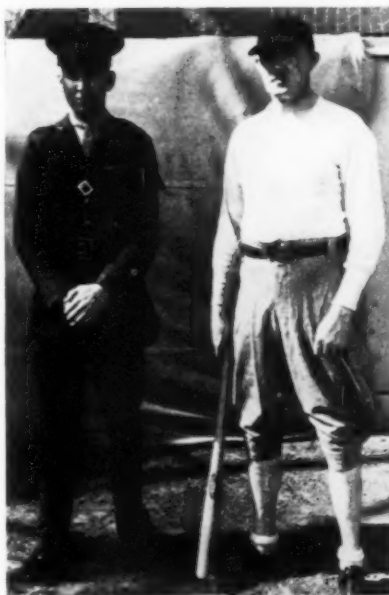
THE LEATHERNECK

SPORTS

SAN DIEGO SPORT SANDWICH

BY "DUKE" PEASLEY

I'M TELLING YOU . . . The Marine Base has a real bowling team here this season and a favorite to take 11th Naval District honors. . . . And that Sixth Marine Rifle Team . . . something else to crow about. . . . The bleacher fans are busy trying to figure out just what sort of jinx hit the baseball team. . . . Starting out the season with three out of four games chalked up as wins from two of the leading college diamond aggregations on the Pacific Coast, Stanford and UCLA, the team suddenly lost its hitting ability and dropped two close games to San Jose State. . . . Not bad, as San Jose had just about as sweet a club as one could ask to see outside of AA ball . . . but the 11-0 loss to San Diego State College . . . was a great blow to all team boosters. . . . Yes, sir, it looks as if the boys will have to eat a little red meat and go out and get some hits to earn their groceries . . . and we expect to tell you in the next edition that the team is back in the win column. . . . Yes sir, we do. . . . Lefty Smith and Mac McNicol have been chucking some pretty potent ball and the gang has got to remember that last year's form and last year's base hits mean nothing this season. . . . Captain Fenton and Captain Stevens are really "putting out" to give the base a real club . . . well . . . here's hoping. Our friend "Blackie" Reynolds, of football fame, is burning up the track for "Cap" Hunter's track squad. . . . In a triangular meet out at State College Reynolds copped both the century and two-twenty. . . . Watch him in the Naval District Meet. . . . We pick him for at least eight points, maybe more . . . and "Cheesey" Neil, bus driver de luxe, standing watching the boys heave the shot . . . becoming fidgety . . . borrowing Hall's track shoes and taking one put to win the event. . . . What a man. . . . Joe Wetherbee, our basketball beau brummel . . . now a civilian and working in a brewery . . . we just must stop in to see him on our next furlough back east. . . . Just looked over a big chap by the name of Grossi . . . with a rep as a football player and built on the lines of a Savoldi. . . . Sojourning in Company "B" until football season. . . . Like to see you make the grade, big boy . . . but we always remember that it is Marine Corps football that separates the men from the boys . . . Hope to see a bunch of you footballers in camp when we get back from maneuvers . . . because the Base here is going to have a great team. . . . Lieutenant Williams has



MARINE COACHING STAFF
Captains Stevens and Fenton

a pretty neat crop of boxers working out . . . in fact every afternoon over in the dressing room there are so many aspirants working out that it reminds one of a subway platform during commuting hours. . . . In a recent smoker at the San Diego Club . . . Damrow a 160-pounder defeated Sandy McHune, a topnotch boy from the city of Angels . . . and Al Serrano, who weighs in at about 140 pounds gave Gonzalez, crack city boxer, a lesson in the gentle art of pugilism. . . . Doug Fairbanks . . . Mickey Green . . . many other boys you readers know . . . we'll give you all the dope when they get in there soon to knock off some of these west coast box fighters. . . . It is planned to have plenty of smokers aboard ship on the way to the Midway Islands. . . . And before the smoke clears there will be plenty of action. And in closing for this month . . . let us pay our respects to Gen. Frederick L. Bradman, our Commanding General who will soon leave us for Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps. . . . We feel free in saying that to everyone of us who have been connected with sports, even in the most mi-

nute way, his enthusiasm, his sportsmanship and his regular good fellowship have given us something to take with us as we travel through the years. . . . We are going to miss you, General . . . and we wish you luck . . . and a "Lucky Seventh" always.

STANFORD GRIDIRON HERO CRASHES THROUGH TO DEFEAT MARINE NINE

"Bones" Hamilton Steals Show in
Second Game

The Marine baseball team was right in the game playing good ball and if "Bones" Hamilton, All-American football hero for the Stanford Rosebowlers hadn't been having a field day, the Base ball players would have annexed the second game of the series. But "Ifs" do not count, and Hamilton cracked out a mighty home run, a single, received two walks, and ran wild on the bases, having much to do with the 4-2 win of the Bruins. Hamilton's home run came in the second inning and running like a deer he was across home plate before the ball was started toward the plate. The same inning Don Beeson lined out a triple to left field and Ray Sadler brought him in with a mighty four-base blow to left center. In the seventh the Marine defense, after being air tight all series, cracked temporarily and the damage was done. Bubbles of ground balls by Beeson and Borowiez and a wild peg by Peasley helped the Bruins to score two more runs. The Marine team could get no more hits off the delivery of "Swede" Anderson, Stanford's ace chucker and the game ended 4-2 in favor of Stanford. Lefty Smith turned in a fine job on the mound for the Marines, but lack of batting punch by the Marines coupled with the temporary de-



SOME BATTERY MATES
Smith, Griffin and McNicol

fensive lapse denied him a victory. Smith allowed only six hits and whiffed eight batters.

Score		R. H. E.
Stanford	4	6 2
Marines	2	5 3
Smith and Griffin, Marines.		
Harrington, Semelroth, Anderson and Ferro, Stanford.		

MARINES RALLY TO DOWN UCLANS

Borowicz's Stickwork Gives Marines Series Opener

Meeting the leading college team on the Pacific Coast meant nothing to the Marine Corps Base team which overcame a four-run lead to finally win 6-5 over the University of California at Los Angeles in the opener of a two-game series.

Except for two innings in which each lost his stuff momentarily, "Lefty" Smith of the Marines and Elias Baca of UCLA staged quite a pitchers' battle. UCLA landed on Smith's delivery in the opening inning and had chalked up three runs before Smith could hardly get warm. But the diminutive portside once warmed up was bad medicine to the Uclans and was invincible in the pinches. In the last of the fifth the Marines started paying their respects to the visiting twirler, Baca, and Joe Griffin singled, Weldon got a free ticket and Lefty Smith reached first on a fielder's choice. Then with the Marine rooters on their feet yelling for a bingle, "Red" Callahan stepped up to the plate and drove a mighty four-base blow over the center fielder's head to tie up the score. Then in the last of the ninth, Buzz Borowicz, who had already registered two safeties came up and scored Pounds, who had pinch hit for Peasley, with a clean single into left field. The UCLA infield presented the classiest combination ever

to show on the Marine field and the whole team showed the capable coaching of their mentor, Jacques Fournier, former big league first sacker with Brooklyn and St. Louis.

Score		R. H. E.
UCLA	3 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0	5 8 0
Marines	0 0 0 0 5 0 0 0 1	6 9 3
Smith and Griffin, Marines.		
Baca and Toomey, UCLA.		

MARINES SWEEP SERIES FROM UCLA NINE

McNicol Shines in Mound Debut for San Diego Marines

For the second time in two days the Marine Base team staged a ninth inning rally to take the measure of UCLA 4-3, sweeping the series from the Southern California Conference leaders. McNicol, of Haitian mound fame, proved that he had not been overhauled when he won his first game on the mound for the Marines, allowing but 7 scattered hits while fanning 12 men. Ferguson, Uclan hurler, was in rare form also, but the Marines hit him when it meant decisive runs. McNicol helped to win his own game in the third when he banged out a long triple, which was followed by another three-base blow by Borowicz. The collegians scored one run in the sixth, one in the eighth and went into the lead when they scored a counter in the ninth. But in the last inning the Marines waited out Ferguson for a couple of walks, Don Beeson sacrificed, and Ware, Marine left fielder, drove out a single scoring the winning runs. Beeson and Sadler shone for the Marines defensively.

Score		R. H. E.
UCLA	3	7 1
Marines	4	4 4
McNicol and Griffin, Marines.		
Ferguson and Toomey, UCLA.		

STANFORD BOWS TO MARINE NINE, 6-1

Marines Impressive in Win Over University Ball Club

The San Diego Marines had the great audacity to step right up and wallop a powerful Stanford team on the nose and win their third consecutive victory over classy college competition. McNicol, Marine curve ball artist, had control of the situation until the ninth, having the Stanford batters tied up in knots trying to hit his mixture of fast balls and hooks. In the ninth he weakened temporarily and "Lefty" Smith went in to relieve him. McNicol whiffed 12 Stanford batters. Neither side could score until the fifth inning when the Marines drove Campbell from the mound and scored five runs, the attack being featured by Joe Griffin's triple, Beeson's double and Callahan's single. In the sixth Stanford got their only run, but the Marines scored in the seventh and coasted the rest of the way. The Marines chalked up 10 bingles to Stanford's three, all that they could get off McNicol.

Score		R. H. E.
Stanford	1	3 7
Marines	6	10 2
McNicol, Smith and Griffin, Marines.		
Anderson, Campbell, Gerringer and Morgan, Stanford.		

MARINE BOWLERS OCCUPY SUN BERTH

The Marine Corps Base Bowling Team is leading the 11th Naval District Bowling League at this writing, and looks perfectly capable of continuing their superb efforts. Q.M. Sgt. Percy Robbins has the team under his wing and his interest and vigor in managing the team has the men "on their toes" at all times. The season opened at the Sunshine Bowling Alleys with the Marines winning from the Marine Aviators from over on North Island. The Marine Base Team won all four points of the match, rolling a total of 2,573 pins to 2,478 for the Aviators.

Next the Marines took the Rockwell Field Aviators into camp, winning all four points again. Following this win, the Marines defeated the USS *Altair*, the second place team in the league, winning three out of four points. The USS *Detroit* met the Marines with the idea of knocking them out of the sun berth, but the Base Bowlers tacked an overwhelming defeat on the sailors, winning all four points, and by a majority of 390 pins. The Marine Bowlers are still on the warpath, their latest victim being the USS *Brooks*, whose team was defeated, the Marines winning all four points.

BASKETBALL AT PORTSMOUTH

During the 1934-1935 season, basketball at the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, N. H., has been resurrected by a hard fighting and colorful team. Playing any and all teams who were in the mood, the Leathernecks have finished their season with a record of 21 victories out of 33 games. In as much as the teams played were the best in this section, it is not surprising that the "sea soldiers" suffered 12 defeats.

All the opponents were loud in their praise of the sportsmanship shown by the team.

Because of their fine record, the team



BASKETBALL SQUAD, MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Sitting: Roginski and Murchison. Middle row: Richman, Barr, Long (Captain), Cavaness and Gartrell. Back row: Lieutenant Stamm (Coach), Schwab, Barron, Bolster, Dilworth and Sergeant Norling (Manager).

was given an invitation to participate in the S. E. N. H. Tournament. Given only an outside chance to survive the opening game, the Marines surprised the crowd by taking the strong Dover K. of C. into camp by a score of 19 to 18.

It was a thrilling game from the opening whistle and was won by the Marines in the last few seconds of play.

In the second round, on the following evening, the team was not so fortunate, losing to the Durham Town Team who were the eventual winners of the tourney. The ex-U. N. H. stars were just too good and the Marines went down to a 33 to 13 defeat. The score at the end of the first half was 10 to 8, but in the rest of the game Webb, Rogers and Ranchynkoski of Durham began to click in great fashion, piling up a lead that the Marines could not overcome.

Trumpeter First Class Long was the key man of the team. A veteran of basketball in this section, Long is a clever, hard working player and a deadly shot. He has done much to put the team on the map. Cavaness, the other first string forward played excellent ball. A streak on an open floor, he was much feared by the opponents.

Richman and Schwab at guard, played wonderful ball both on the defense and offense. Richman has pulled several games out of the fire by his long shots. By some he is considered the best guard in this section. Gartrell, alternate guard and center, also played "heads up" ball on all occasions. Bolster, a rangy lad, has improved to such an extent in the last few weeks, to a point where he has become an outstanding center. Murchison, of local football fame, was also another dependable along with Barr, Roginski, Dilworth and Barron.

The Marines started off the season with 4 losses out of the first 5 games, but this set back did not deter the team from putting on a great come-back. Under the coaching of Lt. John F. Stamm, who was made Athletic Officer upon his arrival, the Marines settled down to a series of victories, losing only 8 out of the next 28 games. Sgt. Clifford Norling was manager of the team during the season.

If the Barracks is fortunate enough to have most of this same outfit next year it is sure to have another successful season.

"HAI ALAI" THE WORLD'S FASTEST GAME

By H. F. Anderson

When a new man joins the Fourth Marines the first thing he sees after his first night's sleep in China is some funny sights, but the most extraordinary of all is when he looks outside of his barrack and sees eight or ten Marines on a court with funny looking things on their hands. Marines have always indulged in all kinds of sports. We came to China and we find that this game is played by professional players, who are under contract to the Auditorium, a very large concern in Shanghai, which runs pari-mutual betting. We go inside this place to ascertain what the fastest game in the world is like and find that their is no exaggeration on their part. The game is played on a very long court made of concrete and a ball is hurled at a wall with terrific speed. It is necessary to have a very good eye to catch the ball on the rebound. Once hit by this ball above the shoulder usually is fatal. The ball is made of hard silk and rubber and is the size of a tennis ball. It is much harder than any baseball

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MARINE RIFLE TEAM, NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

First row, left to right: Lt. Margeson, V.M.C.R., and Pvt. Meehan, F.M.C.R. Second row: Cpl. Erpelding, Pvt. Campbell, Pvt. Jones, Cpl. Robinson, and Cpl. Pelletier. Back row: CPC. Phillips (Manager), Cpl. Robbins, Sgt. Slocum, Pvt. Garnavich, Pfc. Schmidt and Sgt. Casèy (Team Captain).

ON THE LINE WITH THE SMALL-BORE TEAMS

WITH LEWIS E. BERRY

While Spring ushers in news of baseball activities from hither and yon and this post and that, the Post Small Bore Rifle Team of the Philadelphia Marines turn a deaf ear to any mention of a change in the routine sports and are reluctant to relinquish their grip on the arms situation. They go right on knocking down one win after another. We presented the box scores of their first ten matches, in these pages last month, and you will recall that each

line at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, competing against organizations from Carnegie Tech, University of West Virginia, University of Pittsburgh, Robert Shaw Night School and Penn State. The Marines "busted the black" to the tune of 1,399 with Carnegie Tech runner up at 1,365. West Virginia U came third with 1,330. University of Pittsburgh, Robert Shaw Night School and Penn State brought up the rear ranks with 1,327, 1,307 and 1,309, in order named.

Continuing the winning streak, the boys remained on the home range and, firing against a powerful team from the 111th Infantry of the Pennsylvania National Guard, smashed out the magnanimous score of 1,867 out of the possible 2,000. The Infantry, not to be far outdone, ran well into the "upper regions" with 1,754. And that, if you will permit me to say so, is SOME shooting all the way 'round.

The Marines fired and won their fourteenth match on April 2 at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., combating with members of that school and a team representing the Marine Barracks of Washington. Score: Philadelphia Marines, 1,363; George Washington University, 1,362; Washington Marines, 1,300.

Members of the crack Philly team are: 1st Lt. J. K. Blanchard, 2nd Lt. D. C. McDougal, Gy-Sgt. O. A. Guilmet, Cpl. R. C. Chaney, Cpl. R. E. Scheeman, Pvt. H. A. Barrett, 1st Sgt. B. G. Betke, 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell, Cpl. S. J. Bartletti and Gy-Sgt. S. J. Zsiga.

From the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, comes the following news bulletin, of interest to all the range addicts: "Dur-

(Continued on page 54)

Good for MARINES! Target Experts Always Have Used HOPPE'S No. 9

No target shooters have ever been ahead of the Marines at keeping target rifle bores in perfect condition. For more than a quarter century leading marksmen of the Marines have used Hoppe's No. 9 to do it easily, quickly, effectively. Keep a bottle handy. Buy it at the PX. For trial size, send 10c. Gun Cleaning Guide FREE.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2305 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



match was a victory for the Leathernecks. This month we shall refrain from going into such lengthy details; nonetheless, we feel obligated to mention that we have on hand the results of the last four shoots and that, as yet, there is no mar on the perfect record of the boys from "Philly."

On February 21, the Valley Forge Military Academy came back for a return match on their own range and the Marines substantiated the previous win by running up a score of 1,367-1,250.

March 2 found the boys down on the

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

THIRD FLEET RESERVE BATTALION TO STAGE LAND-SEA-AIR MANEUVERS ON L. I.

At the time that this will be read, the Third Fleet Reserve Battalion, stationed at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be in the throes of preparation for its first tour of summer duty as a battalion. The organization, commanded by Maj. Bernard S. Barron, FMCR., will entrain for camp at Sea Girt, N. J., on Sunday morning June 16th, and for many of the 270 men of the Battalion, this will be the first experience under canvas, and at a battalion camp. The battalion will be at full strength prior to the time for summer duty, as the few remaining vacancies were filling rapidly early in April.

Considerable interest around New York City attached to the announcement by Major Barron that Company A, commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan, would be designated as the "General's Own," as a tribute to Brig. Gen. R. P. Williams, USMC., in command of Reserve, and that only men over five feet eight, and preferably six feet tall, would be accepted. A host of candidates presented themselves for

enlistment following this publicity in all local newspapers, and the company was rapidly filling with young giants as this was written. Company A was the new company, just authorized at the time the battalion was formed on February 1st.

This has been a season for promotions and commissions in the new Battalion. Capt. Milton V. O'Connell, FMCR., commanding Company D, was promoted from first lieutenant on March 13th to captain. Sgts. Edward Anderson, Joseph Mayer, and William Willis, from Company D and for several enlistments in the Reserve with other units, were being commissioned second lieutenants. Their assignments were to be as follows: Lieutenant Anderson as second in command of Company C; Lieutenant Mayer to be Battalion Quartermaster and Lieutenant Willis to Company A as second in command. A. J. Stone, Jr., who served in the Navy in the World War, had been recommended and examined for commission as second lieutenant, to be second in command of Company D.

Second Lt. J. Van Vechten Veeder of New York City, was assigned in March to the post of Battalion Mess Officer. Lieutenant Veeder comes from a distinguished American family, and is a nephew of Admiral Ten Eyck de Witt Veeder, USN., retired, and a cousin of Lt. (sr. grade) William Veeder, USN., now with the Asiatic Fleet. He is a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy where he starred as a fullback, and from Harvard University in 1933, where he rowed as a member of the freshman and junior varsity crews. He is six feet four in height, the tallest man in the battalion.

Major Barron presented each of the companies in the Battalion with a company guidon. The national colors are the property of Company D, having been presented to them the first year of the existence of the company (as the 462nd Co.) by former Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen.

Of considerable interest, and occupying considerable attention of the officers and men, are the proposed land-sea-air maneuvers which are tentatively scheduled for sometime in July, on Long Island. These will be the largest and most extensive ever undertaken by any Marine Reserve organization, and the plans now call for co-operation by a fleet of civilian cabin cruisers and power boats, which will aid the Marines in executing landing parties along the north or south shore of Long Island. It is planned to demonstrate the value of such small boats, whose pilots are familiar with coastal waters, in the matter of defense. It also is believed that this is one of the rare instances where civilians have been invited to co-operate in a military or naval maneuver. The air force to be used will be Reserve Squadron VO-6, commanded by Capt. Stephen McClellan, USMCR., from Floyd Bennett Field. Two way radio telephone communication, on sets which were constructed by Andrew Buttelman, quartermaster sergeant of the Battalion and a licensed civilian radio operator, will permit continuous contact between the land and air and sea forces during the maneuvers.

The present plans call for a two-day series of problems, over a week-end, and the various elements to participate are now being co-ordinated under Major Barron's direction and the Battalion staff. Invitations will be extended to ranking officers of the regular Marine Corps and Navy to witness these maneuvers, which will include night patrols, landing parties, establishment and patrol of an overnight encampment, and many other phases of simulated warfare. Motion pictures of all phases of the maneuvers will be made under the directions of Capt. Howard Houck and Milton O'Connell, to demonstrate to the men in a subsequent critique, the points to be stressed, and the mistakes which may occur.

The Battalion was the first to have a Battalion band authorized, and the former 19th Regiment Band, under 1st Sgt. Charles Rotella, and commanded by Capt. John V. D. Young, FMCR., made its first public appearance as a Battalion unit, as escorting band for the United Spanish



Photo by A. A. Bink

PRESENTING A NEW GUIDON TO A NEW CAPTAIN

Maj. Bernard S. Barron, commanding the Third Battalion FMCR at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, presents the new Company D guidon to Capt. Milton V. O'Connell, who had just received his new commission in that rank, and who commands the Company, formerly the 462nd Co., Navy Yard Guard Detachment.

War Veterans in the Army Day Parade on Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, Saturday, April 6th. The band will accompany the Battalion to the summer camp at Sea Girt.

The basketball team closed its best season thus far, with a record of twenty-one games won out of twenty-six played. Two of the five defeats suffered by the Reserve team came from the team of the Regular Marine Detachment at the Yard, while the 13th Coast Artillery, NGNY., was the only other service team to defeat the Reserve. Presentation of gold basketballs to the members of the team, and to Captain O'Connell, the coach, will be made at a dinner party which the men of the former 462nd Company are giving in the near future. A call for baseball, football, track and swimming teams brought forth a response from more than 50 per cent of the entire Battalion personnel, and a bright athletic future is looked forward to by the organization. In addition to the Battalion teams, individual company teams will be organized for intra-battalion competition. A rifle and pistol team will be formed as a Battalion unit.

Lt. Comdr. Abraham Jablons, MC, USNR, and his Battalion medical staff, are preparing for the sanitary supervision and medical service to the Battalion at Sea Girt. Frequent lectures on military hygiene, first aid and allied subjects have been given by Commander Jablons during the regular armory drill periods of the organization.

Major Barron and his unit commanders have served notice by their activity that they intend to provide tough competition for all other Reserve organizations from a point of efficiency and military as well as athletic accomplishment.

CO. "D," 1ST BATTALION, U.S.M.C.R., NEW YORK NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

By Milton Rogers

Greetings, everyone, from New Rochelle. Quartered here in one of the newest, finest and most modern armories in the country, we have just celebrated our second year on board with a spaghetti and meat ball dinner, attended by 100 per cent of our men and a large number of their ladies. The dinner and entertainment which followed the roll call was a most enjoyable event, and will long be remembered by the entire command. Following the chow, there was a raffle in which both a lady and a man won a prize, to the enjoyment of those present. This having taken place, we then heard a short talk by our very popular Lieutenant, Murray T. Decker, who based his topic on the ceaseless efforts of our devoted Commanding Officer, Capt. James J. Christie, in bringing about the wonderful spirit of moral and cooperation which is possessed by the men in Company "D." At the conclusion of this oration, the Lieutenant, in behalf of the company, presented a handsome nautical lamp to the Captain, who, in turn, thanked the men most gratefully and extended the praise for the good work to the able assistance of his Company Officers and Non Coms. The Company then went to the division room, which was elegantly decorated for the occasion, and concluded the remainder of the evening by dancing away the hours.

Saturday, March 25, Company "D" participated, most successfully, in a city wide

parade, dedicated to the Federal Housing Administration work on Modernizing Homes, in New Rochelle. An exceptionally large turn out was on hand for the occasion.

Tuesday, April 2, which was a regular drill night, saw Company "D" inspected by Maj. George W. Bettex, USMCR., Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, USMCR., N. Y. Assisted by officers of his Headquarters Company, he reviewed the Company on the drill deck and inspected the equipment in the small stores. From here he checked over the office and com-

mented most favorably upon the entire tour.

The same evening, we were most highly honored to have Maj. Dean Kalbdeisch, USMC., on a visit to the armory. Having his first glimpse of our quarters, he was greatly pleased with the arrangement of the place, and with the benefit it will serve the USMCR. We all hope he will be able to return again, in the near future, and visit us again.

Sounding off until the next issue, our company extends its good wishes to all in this our first news item.

CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR STRESSES VALUE OF MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Inaugurates National Defense Week in Los Angeles Observance

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, U.S.M.C.R.

FRANK F. MERRIAM, Governor of California, paid high tribute to the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve upon the occasion of the observance of the nation wide national defense week, when Maj. John J. Flynn, USMCR., commanding the First Battalion of the 25th Reserve Marines, and Capt. Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR.,



THE GOVERNOR REVIEWS

Governor Merriam with Maj. John J. Flynn and Capt. Joseph P. Sproul.

commanding "A" Company of the First Battalion, served as the Governor's aides for the occasion.

Governor Merriam, attended by Major Flynn and Captain Sproul, dedicated National Defense Week on Lincoln's Birthday at a huge gathering of state societies, war veterans, leading citizens and high civic dignitaries.

During the ten-day period of observance, hundreds of speakers at theatres, schools and public gatherings called attention to the principles of national defense and the need for a wide awake public conscience to combat the insidious propaganda of those who would endanger our country's future by minimizing the necessity for adequate preparedness.

The outstanding event of the week was the Defense Day parade held on Washington's Birthday in downtown Los Angeles

in which the Battalion Blue Company under the command of Capt. Joseph P. Sproul, with 1st Lt. Peter Altpeter, participated. Aircraft units, national guard units and many appropriate organizations were represented.

Governor Merriam was honorary grand marshal of the parade and on the staff representing the Marine Corps was Lt. Col. Thomas P. Thrasher, USMC., Major Flynn, Capt. Owen E. Jensen, USMCR., and Lt. C. J. Salazar.

Many complimentary comments were made by officials on the splendid appearance of the Blue Company. The Hon. E. Snapper Ingram, Los Angeles city councilman and leading Legionaire, was especially enthusiastic.

The Battalion Blue Company is composed of members of the various companies from Los Angeles, Pasadena, Glendale and Inglewood, many of whom made sacrifices and travelled long distances in order to participate.

It is the plan of the battalion commander to have every man in the battalion uniformed in blues in time to take part in the Memorial Day parade in Pasadena. This will be the first time that the battalion will parade as a unit in blues. It is also planned to have the entire battalion parade in the various cities where the companies are located from time to time.

In closing the National Defense Week, Governor Merriam expressed his gratification to Major Flynn and Captain Sproul on the splendid cooperation of the Marine Corps Reserve in making the event a success. Captain Sproul, as judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, took occasion to point out to the governor that, while the Marine Corps Reserve is a federal organization, it always stands ready to take part in civic and local ceremonies.

CO. A, 2ND BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE BOSTON, MASS.

By O. J. Person

Another month has gone by and with the passing of the months it brings us nearer to going to camp. Last year we went to Portsmouth, N. H., on tour of duty and this year we are going back up there again and show them something new about ourselves and our drilling. They say that clothes make the man, but we are waiting for our new shipment of blues and khaki and still we can drill with the best of them.

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The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

HUDSON-MOHAWK TAKES LEAD IN MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

CHE Spring drive for new members is under way. With the 1935 National Convention of the League awarded to the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark, N. J., and the dates definitely set for August 23-24-25, keen rivalry has developed among several of the detachments in the race to lead the League in membership, so joining in this new spirit of competition, we pace the sidelines and cheer the boys on, showing no preference but hoping the "best man wins."

As a slight departure from the usual custom in such contests and to spur the detachments on to greater efforts by keeping them guessing, we have decided for the present to omit the numerals and simply publish the names of the ten leaders. When the race gets "hot," we will let them know what marks they have to shoot at. So here they are:

- 1—Hudson-Mohawk, N. Y.
- 2—Homer A. Harkness, N. J.
- 3—Akron, Ohio.
- 4—San Francisco, Cal.
- 5—Oakland, Cal.
- 6—Theo. Roosevelt, Mass.
- 7—Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 8—Capt. B. H. Clarke, N. J.
- 9—J. E. Owens, Denver, Col.
- 10—Kansas City, Mo.

Several detachments are right on the heels of the ten leaders and in many cases the addition of one or two members would change the standing so go to it, Marines, and by convention time, with a little effort on your part, we will boast the greatest membership the League has ever had.

F. X. LAMBERT,
Assistant National
Chief of Staff.

**HUDSON-
MOHAWK
DETACHMENT**
Albany-Schenectady-
Troy, N. Y.

As I sit here writing this evening my thoughts turn to Spring and the many things I will grow in my garden this year. And speaking of growing reminds

me of how this outfit of ours is growing. I'm continually greeting new members as well as old ones coming back. All of which means that Hudson-Mohawk will soon have its coveted 100 paid-up members.

Our last meeting was held in Albany with a very good attendance. Many things were discussed including the dance, womens auxiliary and the coming National Convention. We unanimously voted approval of holding the National Convention at Newark, N. J., and suggested as dates September 13, 14 and 15, believing the Labor Day week-end to be a family holiday and the above dates would insure better attendance.

The question of organizing an auxiliary came up on the floor and plenty of discussion pro and con followed. I humbly sat on the sidelines ready to drag out anyone that succumbed to the hot blasts of oratory delivered by some of our staunchest members. Great excitement prevailed and after the storm subsided and a vote was taken it was found that 25 had voted "No" with one "Aye." The result, no auxiliary for Hudson-Mohawk.



THE "DADDY" OF THE LEAGUE

John Spilman, 89-year-old Marine veteran of the Civil War (center) cutting birthday cake at party given in his honor by Oakland, Cal., Detachment, Marine Corps League. Left, State Commandant A. E. Gilbertson. Right, B. A. Forsterer, Congressional Medal of Honor man. All members of Oakland Detachment.

When this is read our dance will have been past history so in next month's issue a full account of all the news of interest will be found. So until then, Adios.

LEON E. (MUSIC) WALKER,
Chief of Staff.

CHARLES RUDDICK DETACHMENT Elmira, N. Y.

This detachment has held its Annual Banquet with the usual amount of guests, speakers, beer, hot air, thank-yous and many pats on the back. And a good time was had by all.

It had been the belief of the writer that to go to a military hospital meant the loss of many pounds of flesh and many so-called meals but, were we surprised and were our faces red when we visited Stuart Budd at the Veterans Hospital at Batavia and found that he not only looked better but was well fed and happy and receiving the best of treatment and care. Stuart is one real Marine and we say that knowing of what we speak. But he did not have one single complaint to make. Can you beat it? A Marine and no complaints.

We are informed that we must go to a larger city on the Fourth of July (50 population), and it appears to be a case of "Boots and Saddles," but someone stole

the saddles and so it looks as if the boots were going to catch hell. Funny how we do it over and over and swear every time that "this is the last," but when roll is called the spirit is found not only willing but strong and so we carry on and on. Erin, N. Y., is a high grass town with milk-fed "you knows," but believe it or not, this is being done for the benefit of a church. Tie that, you hard-boiled Leathernecks, we turn out for the church in blues to parade in the hot sun for the love of it. "Nertz," says you.

Well, so long gang. When you hear "What ship, Leatherneck," hail you at the convention, just make up your mind it is one of "Elmira's Best."

F. A. DECKER,
Chief of Staff.

NEW YORK DE- TACHMENT No. 1 New York City

The detachment will participate in the May Day Patriotic services

THE LEATHERNECK

in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Sunday, May 4. This is an annual ceremony conducted by veteran and other patriotic organizations to promote the spirit of Americanism and counteract the propaganda of the Reds, Pacifists and other insidious groups that threaten the morale of the nation. Capt. Angelo J. Cincotta will be Grand Marshal of the parade which will precede the orations at the band stand, delivered by prominent civilians and military leaders.

Plans for the twelfth birthday celebration of the detachment are progressing but nothing definite has as yet been decided upon. Charles Duber and Manning C. Taylor are in charge of the arrangements. The "Around The Clock" contest is also making good headway, thanks to the able work of Adjutant Harold L. Walk, and we are assured of a new set of colors and a neat surplus.

The success of our annual dinner dance in February is still the topic of conversation among the members and their friends. Everybody had a good time and there were no complaints. After our birthday celebration, the members will concentrate on the National Convention in Newark. We will also attend the annual Military Ball of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment in that city on April 27th for a preliminary tuneup.

"Doc" Clifford, our chaplain, seldom misses a meeting and always has some message to deliver from some Marine in distress who has reaped the benefit of his visit of mercy and comfort. "Doc" is ever on the alert to give the helping hand to those who need it although his own life, under present conditions, is no bed of roses.

CAPT. PAUL F. HOWARD,
Chief of Staff.

THE TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

At last a site for the 1935 National Convention has been decided upon, so now, let everyone of us start making our plans to attend. Let the call be "Newark, N. J., August 23rd, or bust." From previous attendance at affairs conducted under the auspices of the Newark Marines your scribes are satisfied that everything will be ship shape,—both for business and social affairs,—and a good time is assured all attending. Now that we know *where* we assemble, let us prepare to make this assembly profitable for the League. As plans are completed, they will be promulgated, from time to time.

Send in your Resolutions and Constitution and By-law changes so that we can inform all detachments of pending legislation. Then those unable to send a delegate can instruct their proxies and thereby we will have a majority-expression of desires.

Just as a reminder, we will mention that this month, May, is the month when, by mandate of the by-laws, all detachment elections **SHALL** be held, with the first meeting being for nominations, and elections made at the second meeting. Where only one meeting is held, monthly, our *opinion* is that if every member of the detachment were notified in ample time to be present, both nomination and election could be held the same meeting.

Another reminder. It is mandated by the by-laws, that the State convention shall be held at least thirty days prior to the convening of the Division Convention, which means June must be the month this year. The Division Convention must also be held thirty days before the date for opening of the National Convention, and that means in July. Only in states where there are two or more active detachments shall State Con-

ventions be held, with election of State officers. Where only one State in any Division is active, a division commandant only may be appointed by the National Commandant, with the approval of the National Staff. These are only reminders of by-laws provisions, and knowing Marines as we think we do, we are certain you will do as YOU want, so go to it. Please send in the names and addresses of EVERY elected officer to the National Commandant so as to assure cooperation between the National Headquarters and the several subordinate units.

The James E. Owens Detachment, of Denver, Col., has submitted the following resolution, and without further comment, other than to suggest that you do not send in your votes or opinions to National Headquarters, and advise your representatives as to your wishes regarding it, we submit it here for your consideration:

"Resolved that, in matters pertaining to finances taken up or passed by the National Assembly, be it resolved that such matters must be ratified by vote of the various detachments, before becoming actual law."

Now, if other detachments have any resolutions to submit, we will try to present it to all detachments before convening of the national assembly, providing it is sent immediately to us. Please send all communications, other than those pertaining to dues, to the National Commandant. Send all orders for supplies, other than lapel buttons, to the National Commandant, also. Do not send cash to either of us but checks or post office money orders, payable to the Marine Corps League, may be sent to either office, but we suggest that all money for supplies be added to payments for dues and taxes, and sent to the National Adjutant and Paymaster.

We have several incorrect addresses of paid-up members who naturally do not receive **THE LEATHERNECK**, so we request every detachment paymaster who has not already done so to immediately send us his paid-up list of members, with full names, addresses and dates of expiration of dues. Members are advised to notify their detachment adjutants so he may in turn notify National Headquarters whenever they change addresses, as **THE LEATHERNECK** will not be forwarded by the post office, and we desire that every member shall receive his magazine. Please cooperate with us in this matter.

A final reminder for this month. It is mandated that the books, so far as payment of dues is concerned, be closed at least fifteen days before opening of the National Convention, so if you want your vote counted be sure your dues are paid before that date. This also applies to charter taxes. These payments must be in the hands of the National Adjutant and Paymaster before August 8, 1935.

The Two Johns—
Manning and Hinckley.

JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT Denver, Colo.

Denver is on the air again. A get-together meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Owens. The Ladies were present with their usual smiles. We just can't get away from them on meeting night, so we take them along with us or is it that they could possibly be checking up on us and if so, I don't think they know the Marines very well, and yet they may know more than we think.

The meeting went on with a Motion that we purchase a marker to be placed on the grave of James E. Owens, the son of our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Owens, and in whose memory this detachment was named. It was further moved that this grave marker be sent to the American Consulate in France with the request to have it placed with due ceremonies, also that a photographer be present to take pictures of the ceremonies and placing of the grave marker. Duplicate copies will be made, one set to be retained for detachment files and the other to be presented to the family of the deceased.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for another one of our (full of fun dances. The following are on the Committee; Karl Lee, chairman; Endrizzi, Ludwig, Smale, and Kimberling. At our last meeting the proxy vote at the National Convention was voted down. We feel that proxy votes, entrusted to some unacquainted party or detachment, may or may not be placed in the best of faith, for the betterment of the League.

AL ENDRIZZI,
Chief of Staff.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT Quincy, Mass.

Meeting of March 7, held at Marine Morris Kramers home at No. 80 Prospect Street, Brockton. March 27 was the date set for the Whist party with Vice Commandant Eric W. Hedin as chairman. Whist was enjoyed after the business meeting, the winners being Commandant D. Charles Lunetta and Mrs. J. C. Thomas. Games were enjoyed by all present and then the troops shocked the hostess by forming to attack formation in front of the dining table loaded with all of the good things you hear about. Said attack simmered down to an elimination contest between two of the Regular Sea Dogs, after the first hour-and-a-half it was called a draw and first prize will be contested for again at our Adjutant's party to be held April 3, at Paymaster Rowlees home, 262 South Artery, Quincy. Chris. Finlay should have known better having been around to enough parties to see for himself, as our Chaplain would say, "Peace be with you brother."

Whist party held at West Side Community House in Brockton went off all O. K. under the direction of Vice Commandant Hedin, aided by the following Leaguers: Rowlee, Kramer, Houghton, Cayan, Finlay and Pal. Turner, also, several of the younger Misses of our immediate families. Anyone who arrived back to his own home with a dime in their kick sure was deaf, dumb and scotch. Report of the committees will not be in until next meeting but a blind man could see that the effort and evening was not wasted. We thank our many friends and contributors for all favors and courtesies rendered. John Hinckley was present at Whist party. Sorry not to have been present at Lawrence last Sunday but will try to do better next time.

JAMES C. THOMAS,
Chief of Staff.

FRANK ALLEN BEEVERS DETACHMENT Lawrence, Mass.

Here we are making our bow as inditer of activities of the Frank Allen Beevers Detachment, located in the heart of the Merrimac Valley, and best described as the Queen City. No doubt the neighbors of Lowell and Haverhill will take exceptions

to our statement, but why worry over that. Anyway, we have the ONLY detachment in this valley, and until we find enough life among Marines of our sister cities to start one in their communities we will consider ourselves as the livewire Marines of Merrimac Valley.

To show our value, our detachment will be the host of the State of Massachusetts convention, and all attending may be sure that they will return home declaring our city the prettiest and most alert this side of Boston, and that goes for our members, also. So that the officers might have ample time to prepare a creditable program for State Convention to be held on Saturday and Sunday, June 8th and 9th, we applied for permission to hold our election of detachment officers earlier than prescribed by the by-laws, with the result that we selected the following livewires and we know they will be efficient workers to lead us the coming year:

Commandant, Joseph Moynihan; Senior Vice, Herve Morel; Junior Vice, Harry Taylor; Judge Advocate, Earl Peever; Chaplain, Jean Ippilto; Paymaster, Andrew Donohue; and John Reardon as Sergeant at Arms. The commandant appointed Robert Clark as adjutant and John P. S. Mahoney, Jr., as chief of staff. By the way, we are honored in having the ONLY well-known popular orchestra leader as our chaplain, in the person of Jean Ippilto, better known as Jean Val Jean. Some musician and we know he will prove a worthy chaplain for us. At our meeting held last night the following hustling committee was appointed to arrange for the state convention: Ray Welch, past commandant, as chairman; and assisted by James Johnson, Earl Peever, Herve Morel, Harry Taylor, Ernest Garceau and Andy Donohue, and of course, our reliable commandant, Joe Moynihan to oversee that things are ship shape.

On March 24th we held our installation of officers, and were honored to have the Department Commandant, Chappie Robertson, of Boston, out to do the honors. He was assisted by Division Commandant Spottswood, as sergeant at arms, and National Adjutant Johnny Hinekey, George Bell, and Marine Barker, of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, and Ray Rowlee, of Cape Cod Detachment, acted as the guard and escort, with Smiling Louie Bergstrom, state adjutant, filling his part efficiently and cordially. The installation ceremonies were in accordance with the Ritual of the League, and proved very impressive to all in attendance.

Every veteran organization in Greater Lawrence was represented, and all spoke complimentary of the exhibition and installation put on that evening. The National Commandant, John F. Manning, who incidentally, even though we all speak of him as "from Methuen," is a native born Lawrence man, was in attendance and delivered a humorous and entertaining short talk, and emphasized the fact that the Marine Corps League IS a National organization, and is on the road to success as a real Marine outfit should be. Short talks were delivered by the commanders of the local V. F. W.; D. A. V.; American Legion; Italian War Vets.; Jewish War Vets.; France-American Vets., and our good old friend, Pete Graham, commander of the United Spanish War Veterans.

The ladies auxiliaries of the above outfits also were present and said a few words of cheer. Refreshments were served and dancing to the music of Jean Val Jean's band was enjoyed until a late hour. If we have over-stepped our space, forgive us this time,

but as we come seldom, we want to tell everything. So with best of fraternal regards and wishes to all detachments, and with a promise "we'll be seeing you at Newark, in August," we close our few remarks.

JOHN P. S. MAHONEY, JR.,
Chief of Staff.

AKRON DETACHMENT Akron, Ohio

Well, here 'tis Spring—Ho, Hum—guess I'd better get this LEATHERNECK copy off my chest while I can still keep my eyes open. No, I'm not lazy—just tired, even our own back beer won't help it any. But on with the news—

At our regular meeting on Sunday, March 24, we were hosts to a delegation from our neighboring detachment, the Richland Detachment of Mansfield and Ashland, Ohio, and believe me the men of this detachment were sure glad that the "germ" is taking root in this state, especially as this outfit is so close to us. They tell us they have a good start toward reorganization and with a novel plan they are using expect to be up to their full strength very soon. Good luck, Richland Detachment, let's show the other states! And, unless "our" cooking (such as it was) didn't choke you before you got back to your home base, we know we can depend on you.

Why is it that Leathernecks so often get married and keep it quiet for so long afterward? Are they afraid of the "ducking" they'll get? Maybe Ernie Case and Andy Mitchen will be able to tell us; for from the actions of their "fraus" we'll swear that this is the case with both of them. Always in attendance at our Saturday night parties, these two couples are among the most hilarious and seem to enjoy it as much as any other group. And, speaking of parties, these Saturday night affairs of ours are sure taking on with the members of the detachment so well that lately we have to turn the crowds away and this success must be attributed to the efforts of the Committee of Brewster, Grigg, Thigpen and Mitchen, the Big Beer Baron.

Now in our own clubroom for the last two and one-half months we hope that we may bring many of the old members back to the fold, but perhaps the biggest factor keeping the men away is illness and a returning rush of business as the case in regard to our Commandant, Mr. McKenna, who after an illness of his own had more in his immediate family. Mr. Gottwald, National Judge Advocate and our ex-Commandant, seems to be sunk in business, that's what comes of being good in your profession. Well, good luck, and here's hoping we will be able to see more of them in the future.

With this writing your correspondent drops out of your columns to accept long sought-for employment in the Capitol. Well, good luck to the League and many more members in the time to come.

DON RENNIE,
Adjutant.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT Newark, N. J.

According to Bulletin No. 8 from the National Commandant, this detachment has been granted the National Convention for this year. We hope to be able to announce the name of the Hotel where the convention will be held, in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK as the National Comman-

dant has stated the convention will be held August 23th, 24th, and 25th.

We expect to make this convention the outstanding event of the Marine Corps League program of 1935. Any suggestions other detachments may have to make this convention a success are welcome. When this issue is received our Annual Ball will be just a pleasant memory to all you Marines who attended. The N. J. State convention will probably have been held the same afternoon.

Some of the boys from this detachment attended a dance given by the Ocean County detachment in Lakewood March 30. Comrade Pucci was the most fortunate Marine of the evening, as winner of a quart of Seabrook's Whiskey raffled by the detachment. Being a real Marine and a sport he passed the bottle around, and when it came back to him for his turn he decided he would have a glass of beer, because the bottle was empty.

Our able Adjutant Charley Mayeux was called to New Orleans, due to the sickness of his father and we sure miss him at our meetings. Well, Charley, give him the best wishes of the Detachment for a speedy recovery. Mayeux also was appointed chairman of the coming poppy drive, and yours truly was appointed Chief of Staff until next election.

The Drum and Bugle Corps have started rehearsing again, so don't be surprised if you read in the near future that we took first prize in some competition drill. You know we tied for third place last year at Orange and we were only infants, so watch our step from now on. Hoping to see you all at the Convention I will say adios until next month.

FRANK J. WARNOCK,
Chief of Staff.

SIMPSON-HOGGATT DETACHMENT Kansas City, Mo.

We are still on the job here in Kansas City—haven't reported our activities lately, as we still believe that the valuable space in THE LEATHERNECK could be used to much better advantage to the League than the rehashing of local affairs—no matter how interesting to the local boys. However, there's a chance we are wrong, and as we have fun, too, and no opportunity (or perhaps ability?) to instill the spirit of the crusades into more or less somnolent gyrenes (dopes to you, Sarge), we will go along with the crowd.

In everyday talk, we will briefly tell about our parties, too. We have had three old-fashioned (get-it?) stag parties this winter; made a little dough, and had lots of fun. Had a fine turn-out for an Everett-Marshall wrestling match and presented Gyrene Marshall with a membership card. Twenty members were uniformed and made a fine appearance and received much favorable attention.

Our next big affair will be our annual "Marines Ball." It is always a success socially and financially. Besides these major affairs there are numerous small get-togethers with feed, beer, cards, or just comradely talk at our clubroom. Incidentally, this clubroom is "ours"—the members contributed time, labor, materials and furnishings. It isn't a saloon, but very comfortable and home-like and we do as we damn please with it, with no one to say us nay.

We will have our usual Sunrise Memorial Service this year. This service has been observed for several years and is well at-

tended by Marines and their friends. It is simple, but impressive; held at our Liberty Memorial, atop one of our famous hills at six in the morning. We have a drum and bugle corps (Col. Louis A. Craig Post, V. F. W.) uniformed Marine color guard and a scout troop as guards. Some minister says a prayer and a moment of silence is observed, then a wreath is placed at the foot of the Shaft, usually by the parents of a deceased Marine, a salute is fired, taps sounded, another prayer and dismissal. We then adjourn to some restaurant for breakfast and afterwards join the V. F. W. and other outfits in the regular parade and memorial services at the cemeteries. Now we would suggest that other detachments do the same thing along these lines.

It would be setting the League apart from the miscellaneous outfits that usually constitute the Memorial groups. If there are any unmarked Marine graves in your locality, do your best to place our official markers on those graves. It will give you a warm inner glow, and not the least, show our departed buddies; people and friends that our motto, "Semper Fidelis," and slogan, "Once a Marine, Always a Marine," are not just idle boasts.

The Chief of Staff.

PASSAIC COUNTY DETACHMENT

Passaic, N. J.

Well, fellow Marines, I will try to give you a little history of our doings of the past month, the first Tuesday was our regular meeting and did we have the old ball rolling in high gear? The State Senior Vice Commandant, Oliver Kelly, was here and asked us not to forget the get-together meeting at Plainfield, held by the Union County detachment, and we were there and met a new member who was a twenty-year man retired. There were a lot of good ideas discussed and some more "cussed," but all in all it was a huge success. Keep up the good work, Union.

We are sorry to say that Senior Vice Commandant Morris Rozell was very sick from Ptomaine poisoning, but we are very glad to report that Morris is out of danger and will be back with us in the near future. We miss him very much when he is not present as he is one of our best workers.

We had our election of officers and those to take office are: Harry Kruysman, Commandant; Morris Rozell, Senior Vice; Ted Vennard, Junior Vice; Adolf Hoffman, Chaplain; Harold Lowe, Judge Advocate; Ted Vennard, Chief of Staff; Edwin Lloyd, Adjutant; Emerald Hopper, Paymaster; Uriah Smith, Sergeant at Arms. Most of them were in office last year so it won't be anything new for them, so just watch Passaic County kick up some dust this year with these hard working Marines directing the kicking.

We attended Lakewood Detachment's dance the last Saturday in March in Lakewood, and believe you me we all had a good time. We take this method of thanking the Marines down there for the time we had and we want them to know if they run another to let Passaic know so we can be there in full force. Chief of Staff Ted Vennard is also very sick with pneumonia for the past two weeks. It not only works a hardship on the Marine Corps League but also at the Post Office where Ted tosses letters around in a



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QUANTICO
AND OTHER
MARINE BASES

**FAMOUS
MANAYUNK BEER**

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reckless manner and also takes care of the Red mail. But only the good die young so I guess we will be pestered with Ted for a good many years yet.

We are all looking forward to the dance to be held in Newark by the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment on April 27th. Not only because of the dance but also because our State Convention will be held there at the same time. Don't forget Marines, we meet every Tuesday evening at 215 Maine Street, in Patterson. Business meeting first and third Tuesdays and just good-time nights the rest and we are glad to see Visitors, drop in. We always have the old Java pot on the fire and usually have the "and" to go with the mud. So drop around when you can't think of any other place to go and take it easy until you hear from us next month.

JACK DENNIS,
Past Commandant.

LEAGUE NEWS BRIEFS

Spokane, Wash., and Mansfield, Ohio, detachments, two old standbys who had bogged down a bit and almost faded out, have reorganized and are coming back stronger than ever. That's the Marine spirit.

**LEAGUE MEMBERS
SHOULD NOTIFY THE
CIRCULATION MANAGER OF
THE LEATHERNECK
WHENEVER THEIR
ADDRESSES ARE CHANGED**

Hudson-Mohawk, the triple city outfit leads the League in memberships.

Medesto and Merced, Cal., and Lynn, Mass., detachments are also being re-organized. Must be in the air.

Newark's Military Ball on April 27 will be in the nature of a "gathering of the clans" before the National Convention.

Hudson-Mohawk will stage their annual Military Ball at Albany on Easter Monday night. They always put on a swell party. Hope we can make it.

Leon Walker: O. K., "Music," have it your way. But we still insist it's a "Buffalo Hunt." Ask Maurice Ilch, the original "Buffalo Bill."

Bill Sutton: Why go sour on "Detachment Activities?" That's the only way we can keep in touch with what the other fellow is doing.

Seattle, Wash., is also among the rejuvenated and will be heard from soon in a big way.

Our State and Divisional Commandants seem to make it a practice to keep in the background. Can it be modesty?

Commandant Oliver Kelly informs me that plans are under way for a State League Conference at Newark, N. J., April 5. Some busy town.

Our National Commandant will be wined and dined by the Ithaca, N. Y., detachment, April 25, following which he will attend the Military Ball in Newark, April 27.

Don Rennie: Good luck to you in your new venture. Hope you make a million.

F. X. L.



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MAKES A SPARKLING
ANTI-ACID DRINK

**ASK YOUR
DRUGGIST**

TROPICAL TOPICS

(Continued from page 43)

his neck. There must be a reason—perhaps the echoing shades of 1443?

Scores made at the rifle and pistol match held at the Puuloa Point rifle range, February 10, 1935:

MARINES

Rifle:	
Pvt. Bettis, F. A.	172
Pvt. Eggars, W. C.	181
Sgt. Angus, C. E.	187
Pvt. Stutler, C. E.	174
Cpl. Rusk, D. R.	188
Cpl. Thomas, J. R.	182
<hr/>	
Pistol:	
Sgt. Angus, C. E.	225
Cpl. Brunelle, L. W.	198
Cpl. Thomas, J. R.	228
Cpl. Rusk, D. R.	233
Cpl. Mathis, J. B.	220
Cpl. Bergmann, F. J.	226
<hr/>	
1,084	

NATIONAL GUARD

Rifle		Pistol
Kupau	174	239
Tung	179	198
Yee, Wm.	185	185
Keaka	143	213
Ontai	162	222
Lau	151	203
<hr/>		<hr/>
994		1,260

HONOLULU POLICE

Rifle		Pistol
Mookini	158	247
Cornwell	160	245
Yee, Walter	179	220
Karratti	132	219
Anderson	163	261
Silva	150	241
<hr/>		<hr/>
942		1,433

The short national match course was fired with the rifle.

The national match course was fired with the pistol.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 49)

We had another lecture by one of the Marine officers here at the yard and I think that our company is certainly getting a lot of good out of these lectures. Some of these officers certainly know their stuff. They can almost answer questions word for word from their Marine manual. No wonder they are officers. We have lost one of our best-liked sergeants, Sgt. John Connely. He has joined the regulars and is stationed at Parris Island. Good luck, John, and may you be happy down there. Next month I believe that I will have quite a surprise for some of the other companies to notice. I believe that our company will have an average of over 90 per cent qualified on the rifle range before going to camp. This is quite a mark to shoot at.

Our company was on parade with the regulars of the yard Sunday, March 17th, over in South Boston and I might say that the Marines received a splendid applause all the way along the route. This made us feel good, as we were part of the unit of Marines. Our captain, Captain McCluskey, has taken a part in this parade for over twenty-five years and this year was just another for him, but for us it was something to remember. We have had a few more recruits join in the last month. This means more work for Corporal Trainer, as he is the one who drills them before they go with the company. Gunnery Sgt. Chet Goodwin has had quite a lot to do lately. In picking a squad to paint lockers before going to camp. For one month I haven't much to say about Lt. Irwin, as he is quite pleased with the company on the per cent that has qualified on the range.

Until next month, Adois.

SMALL BORE RIFLES

(Continued from page 47)

ing the 1934-'35 small bore rifle season in Massachusetts, a rifle team from the Bos-

ton Barracks participated in 16 matches in and around the State, winning 11 and losing 5. Included in the above were nine matches that were held under the auspices of the American Legion Rifle League in which the Boston Marines placed third, with six wins and three losses. In addition to these matches, a team of five shooters from these Barracks (First Lieutenant Tavern, First Sergeant Jackson, Sergeant Easterling, Corporal Caine and Corporal Phinney) was entered in the State Championship held at Beverly, Massachusetts on the night of March 10. Our team placed first in the "B" Division, shoot for teams of five men. Score: 879. Corporal Phinney won the State Championship for individuals in Class "A," beating the best shots in Massachusetts, with a score of 190 of a possible 200. Sergeant Easterling won third place in the same division with the score, 187."

Another small-bore team worthy of mention is that of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. During the 1934-'35 season the men representing that detachment competed in fifteen shoulder-to-shoulder matches, winning 11, tying one and losing three. The team, composed of Lieutenant Margeson, VMCR., CPC, Phillips; Sergeants Slocum and Casey; Corporals Robbins, Pelletier, Robinson and Erpelding; Private First Class Schmidt; Privates Garnavich, Jones, Campbell and Meehan, FMCR., participated in matches with various teams in New England, among which were the University of New Hampshire; the Piscataqua Rifle Club of Portsmouth; the Merrimac Rifle Club of Lowell, Massachusetts; the Manchester, New Hampshire, Rifle Club; the Portsmouth Naval Prison Marines and the New London, Connecticut, Marines.

Back in Washington, D. C., we find that the team from the Marine Barracks have engaged in two tilts with the small weapons. The University of Maryland "slung lead" with them on March 30 and came out on the bottom end of a 1,340-1,304 score. Then, on April 2 in the match with the Philadelphia and George Washington University teams the results were reversed and the Washington Leathernecks tasted the dregs on the lower side.

"HAI ALAI"

(Continued from page 47)

you have ever seen. That is what makes it the world's fastest game. After seeing this fast game the Marines would naturally want to learn it. We saw the manager of the Auditorium and four or five of us procured the *la cesta* (basket). That is the funny looking thing that is worn on the hand. We came back to the barracks, went on the hand ball court with a tennis ball and found it was very difficult to throw the ball. In reality it is an art in throwing the ball alone, without being able to catch it also. We practiced for weeks and finally got to where we could hit the wall and catch it on the rebound. It wasn't long until a third of the Fourth Marines were out playing Hai Alai.

Then we formed teams in the different companies and played inter-battalion matches. This game grew in the Fourth Marines until we found that we had started something in Shanghai in soft ball Hai Alai. We were getting challenges from the various French, Chinese, Russian, Portuguese, and Japanese college teams. We started off with a bang and won almost all of the games played. The most famous of all

these teams in Shanghai that I have named so far is the team that has copped all of the medals and most of the games and were the champions of Shanghai in 1934. This team has the most colorful history of any team in Shanghai. Pvt. G. M. Walker, Pvt. H. H. Hanvey, Pvt. T. J. Matson, who have left us for the States, much to our regret, were demon players on this team. It was a pleasure to watch these fellows in action. They walked on the court with the greatest of confidence and always won their game against Shanghai's best. Just a word about the old master Hai Alai player, G. M. Walker, who has done something that no other Marine has ever done. He came to Shanghai and for two consecutive years won the amateur soft ball Hai Alai championship gold medal of China.

Just a word about the players on our present team. We have "Pelotoris" (player) Bodek, Ahlstrom, McIntosh, Compton, McCaskill, Brantley, Bloom, Catterton.

The outstanding features of each player are: Bodek, hard determination to win and has a very strong forearm.

Ahlstrom, Brantley and McIntosh are new players on the team who are improving very rapidly.

Compton, the pickup expert with the back hand which is a very difficult catch to make.

McCaskill has a very hard effective serve and a very strong forearm.

Catterton, the team captain and manager, who is the most outstanding and spectacular player on the team, can place each shot within a hair. His back hand is marvelous and he plays like a professional. He is commonly called the "Demon Pelotoris."

The reason of the above nickname is that when he walks on the court it seems that he has already beaten his man. Those boys are sure afraid of his backhand.

Armiger, the aerial expert. He never misses picking a shot out of the air and it is necessary to put a ball some place besides in the air or the point is his.

Bloom, noted for his cleverness in playing. He will trick you into almost any play if you allow him to.

To you Marines in the States that are supposed to be good athletes in such games as hand ball and tennis, I would advise a trip to Shanghai and upon arrival purchase yourself a Hai Alai basket and learn the game. It is one of the best games in the world and not to be compared in speed with tennis and hand ball. The Auditorium gives a medal to each player on the winning team each year and a gold medal for the regimental and China champion.

SEA-GOING NEWS

(Continued from page 33)

most golden, and the *Ranger*, with the exception of Cpl. Earnest Nutter's excellent January contribution, has remained off these pages for some time.

Before we weighed final anchor in Virginia's Hampton Roads, Lt. Robert S. Brown was transferred to Parris Island, and Sgt. Lewis J. Fields went to Washington to take examinations for commission as second lieutenant.

Sergeant Fields, a graduate of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, will take the examination for commission in June. Enlisting in January of 1932, Fields went through the Non-Commissioned Officers' School of Parris Island following

his recruit training. He was promoted to corporal about six months later. He spent ten months before the mast on the *Ranger* as a sergeant. Conservatively, Sergeant Fields is a soldier, and as a drill-master he has few equals. He frequently bellowed to a column of squads: "Squads right, squads right about, right by squads, column right, on right into line—silent manual. March!!" We also miss that Baltimore *Sun* he bought on Sundays.

Sgt. Hanley F. Barnes was one of Fields' friends who regretted his departure. Barnes saved the *Ranger* basketball situation last winter through the medium of his player-coach services. The team hadn't won a game. The Navy called upon the Marines to help get the situation in hand. Our ship's paper, the CV-4, stated: "The jinx that has hovered over our basketball team has been terrific. Hanley F. Barnes, Sergeant, U.S.M.C., has been designated as coach, and will have complete charge." Next week: "Sergeant Barnes, U.S.M.C., led the rejuvenated *Ranger* basketball team to a 33-30 triumph over the Naval Base Marines."

Speaking of ship's papers, the feature of ours is a column by Gy-Sgt. Ora C. Harter. Gunnery Sergeant Harter, who says that "Women, Wampum, and Wrong doing are always news," mixes news with philosophy, e.g.: "Money is like fertilizer—of very little use until it is spread," and "Virtue is its own reward, Vice its own punishment."

Cpl. Edwin Ekzut with his fantastic tales of Managua and Corinto, is Harter's only competitor as a story-teller. Gunny once wrote of Ekzut: "Since seeing Corporal Ekzut with his girl friend, the grenade-carrier in Ekzut's squad swears that the Corporal is different; or that there is no truth in it that it is the psychological makeup of all us human beings to love and admire beauty, and to shun ugliness."

Typical Harter yarn: "While strolling down Avenida Rio Branco in Rio, I came upon a youth in a highly decorated uniform. I passed him by, but he turned about and spoke in English. 'I know you, I am Major — of the Brazilian Army.' I recognized him as a corporal I once knew in Boston Navy Yard. We talked. 'I am married,' he said, 'my wife is the daughter of the Brazilian General. I met them in Boston when they came to visit the Navy Yard. His daughter wrote to me when she returned home, and the correspondence led to our marriage, and my residence in Brazil. Come home with me, and meet the wife.'

"I went expecting to be disappointed. Instead she was a picture of loveliness, and their home had every modern convenience."

Of the .50 caliber anti-aircraft machine guns strung along both sides of the *Ranger* flight-deck, the Marines man the starboard battery. The guns are divided into four groups with each having an officer and a talker. Three men—captain, gunner, and leveler—compose a crew. Capt. Charles C. Gill, detachment commander, is the starboard battery control officer.

At Virginia Beach the men fired at stationary targets. A period of instruction and examination followed, and those passing the test on nomenclature, handling, functioning, etc., were allowed to fire on aerial-towed sleeves. A plane from an altitude of 2,500 feet, and moving at approximately 150 m.p.h. dived at the gun while towing the target. The actual firing time was from 7 to 12 seconds. More of this type of fire was desired, but bad

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weather and a shortage of planes prevented it. However, as gun supervisor, the hard-working Sgt. Wm. Smith has brought the machine gunners of the detachment to a high state of proficiency. Our Captain, and all hands concerned, are well pleased with the skill of those who fired.

NOT UNLIKE WINCHELL: Since Herbert "Baby Face" Hipsley made Head Orderly he is as hard to get along with as a chevron-conscious corporal. Dmr. Robert Klingman, as "Music" Fullers' successor, is splendid.

Cpl. James "Bulky" Harris is a recent addition to our group, as are Privates W. J. Carney, H. B. Williams, Paul S. Keen (elongated basketball center), Elmer R. Smith, and Raymond "Sweet Pea" Woods of Humble (Texas) High School.

A few transfers were: Wallace "Tex" Fowler, Fritz Erlanderson, Author P. Chase, and Alexander "Deacon" Parker.

A few recently made Privates First Class: Michael Motkowski, John R. King, Fred Kremus, Horace "Y.M.C.A. Baron" Whatley, and Wm. Richardson who, when he joined the U.S.M.C., left his home town of Childersburg, Alabama, with only 466 inhabitants.

Those Privates who serve as corporals-of-the-guard: Stanley Nevedomsky, John Van Ladingham, Albert "Baldy" Jennings, and Richard J. Boren.

Pvt. Claude Hano went home to Doyle, Louisiana, for a visit, and the girls gave a party in his honor.

The gun strikers on the *Ranger* don't stand any watches or working parties. Pvt. Howard Metz isn't one any more—he couldn't agree with the Chief Gunner.



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But Pvt. Harold Goffe—detachment strong man—can't agree with anyone.

The writer, and other members of the guard, certainly enjoyed the article in last month's LEATHERNECK headed: "Astoria Briefs." It was very interesting.

WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By "Cliff"

Well, pippie, they say that there is no news like good news, or something, but be it as it may—I have to drop a line now and then to let someone know we're still alive (and kicking).

It has been one long month since we left Panama, where we went for a liberty-port during the FME Practice Cruise. There was not much happening on the return run except some playful weather. The ship was taking them over the bow for six of the seven days in the trip. Maybe those second battalion Marines won't admit (as we do) that the better part of their company was a little "under the weather" when the old "pig-iron pail" was rootin' the rollers. Privates Starr, Beasley, and Chessnausky were transferred to the detachment from the FME. We anchored off Hampton Roads on March 12th, and continued up the river to Norfolk Navy Yard on the following morning. There the battalion disembarked and were loaded on a couple of trains and carted off to Quantico.

While here at the docks, we have had more and more work piled on us; whereas, we have learned that things can always be worse. Corporal Livingston left us for the old outside on the first of April, and was replaced by the one and only Loren H. Kinney, who was promoted to fill his

place. Private First Class Rumbaugh has put in for a transfer in a big way—it looks as though he can't take it. Privates First Class Key and Wheat are also on the short-time list and a lot of others wish they were too. Could you imagine it, one certain fellow wasn't satisfied ashore, so he put up a series of kicks till he got himself aboard the *Wyoming*, and now he wants off so badly that he would take Norfolk for duty (moral—a rabbit can kick all day at a rock, but harms no one but himself). Will someone please remind a certain Captain's Orderly to remember the binoculars once in a while? And who was it walked in and asked who got smacked? Did you know that we have a couple of privates standing Corporal of the Guard watches? One of them happens to be D. W. Tumey (our only Daniel Webster—since Kinney swallowed the dictionary), and the other is none other than "Sally" Langston.

Before the *Idaho* left the Navy Yard to go to the west coast she left us sixteen new men that were slated for duty aboard an east-coast ship. They are namely: Dmrs. W. B. Currey, Jr., and R. E. Cutchin; Tpr. N. M. Cook; Pvts. W. J. Cusick, O. C. Dodson, W. H. George, B. E. Grimes, M. R. Hale, W. B. Hebden, Jr., C. C. Jowers, J. J. Leyenaar, C. B. Lindsey, T. B. Marbut, E. J. Mika, R. C. Thackeray, Jr., and H. M. Wheeler. These new men were a welcome relief as our guard roster has increased from forty-five to sixty-five men in the past month. Other new additions were: J. B. Doscher, Jr., from Philadelphia; M. D. Turner from Washington; and M. Lee from Quantico. Although these new musies are not so hot, they are standing watches and giving

the old standbys a chance to relax. By the way, which one of those drummers is it that is so badly in love that he looks sick? Yes, and what do you think about our sergeant shipping over for more of the same old stuff—can he take it or can he take it? Due to financial conditions "Corpusele" Kinney was unable to wet-down his stripes in the good old spirit (if there is such a rarity in Norfolk).

We are due to go into dry-dock on April 28th, so the next time I take my pen in hand I may have a scraper in the other.

CHESTER CHIT-CHAT

Approaching date of the departure for the spring cruise is the principal interest of the Marine Detachment, USS *Chester*. New members of the outfit will have their first glimpse of Honolulu, older men, the first since the '33 cruise.

Although the Aleutian Islands gave little promise of being as good a liberty port as Panama, for example, the Marines expect to enjoy the novel experience of war games near the Arctic Circle. Just how near, none of us know.

The *Chester* Marines formed a large portion of the selected whaleboat crew which pulled in the All-Navy race on March 9 and placed fourth. Corporal Small was cox'n of the crew; other Marines pulling in the boat being Privates First Class Brooks, Williams, Scoggin and Thrower; Privates Regan, L. G. Smith, Savage, LaChapelle and G. B. Branch.

Paint brushes, steelwool and bright-work polish have been getting a snappy workout for the semi-annual inspection set tentatively for the first week of April.

Trumpeter Dains, the newest addition to the guard, wrestles a saxophone in the recently formed ship's orchestra. Privates Milkiewicz, Brouse, Regan, McKinney, Gleason and Pfc. L. V. Brooks are enthusiastic "worker-outers" on the wrestling mat. They're getting plenty of work-outs and tumbles from the Scouting Force wrestling champions, stationed on here until the All-Navy finals.

Private First Class Brooks had the recent distinction of being named among the three heaviest eaters on the ship. Private Anderson, whose aim in life is to outweigh Man Mountain Dean, does his best with Navy rations in a quiet way. He now weighs around 210, and hopes to make 220 if the chow holds out.

D. W. Leonard enjoyed the pleasure of sewing a private first class stripe on his shirts and blouses on March 1. Moustachios sprout, more or less, on the upper lips of Corporal Small, Private First Class Watts, Privates Rodrique and Weiss. There have been a number of attempts at cultivation, but these were the only ones to survive.

Pfc. Jimmy Hanson of the radio gang left his cohort, Miller, in charge and took thirty days' leave in one hand and a ticket to Kentucky in the other. The surprise announcement of the month was the last word from Pvt. W. B. Bliss that he had forsaken future hopes for the title of "Reverend" and decided to make the Marine Corps his career, now that the five per cent is coming back.

QUANTICO NEWS Radio School

(Continued from page 41)

seen to play quite often? "Little Chicken" Kupp still makes the weekly rounds to his home in Stowe, Pa. Well, you know how it is. And speaking of rounds; "J" "K" Corbin, while making the rounds one night invested in a package of Blind Robin at the "Slop Shoot" but he says he never could find any feathers on them.

Smith and Betts made a sojourn to the big city of Baltimore recently and though I'm not at liberty to tell all, I hear they had to borrow earfare from their lady (?) friends. (Haw!)

In fact the whole bunch seems to be doing quite well socially. "First Best" Olson, that studious Scandahoovian boy, likes Washington. Wonder how he bribed the guy that put his portrait (mug) in that photo shop display on Ninth Street? Our "Livestock Trio," featuring Privates Brackney, Evans, and Heitman are said to stand weak-end watches in Alexandria, while "Uncle Abner" Doyle couldn't hop off that truck in time and was carried right on to Richmond.

Say, have any of youse guys ever heard of "Bunk-Fat-A-Gue"? Well, I have.

Ergo—"Zag" fer NW.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

Mick's Diary

2nd Payday: Today the old money rolled in in greens and the liberty hounds rolled out in blues. Some in their own ears, a few on the cushions behind the galloping pistons, but by far the most popular means of evacuation was via "Air," "Air you goin' my way, Mister?"

4th: Monday: Browne came in with another suitcase load of furniture, ash trays for his new haven of—rest? Even moving now-a-days is being done on the installment plan.

5th: Watson paid 40 cents for a two-bit hair-cut and Rice got his bangs and sideburns trimmed—Oh! my bald-headed man; tweet, tweet, tweet, — twar, twar.

6th: Sprague just sent out for a bottle of lilac colored ink—next he will be wearing spats and chewing gum. He used to be a big Q.M. growler but now he's only a little parlor crooner.

14th: Just became the Junior Partner with the Parris Motors (on the Potomac, not the Avon) in a Rockne. Not a bad "crate," though it seems to be able to hold more bad tomatoes than good peaches. Peaches come in cans, anyway, don't they? Guess that the old bus should have been a "Detroit" rather than a "South Bender."

17th: It must be spring again for "Shorty" Smith, our dancing farmer from Chicago, has blossomed out in overalls and armed himself with his hoe. What are you going to grow in your flower beds, Smith, daffodils?

21st: Kight received a rush "business?" call to Washington. Wonder if it could be connected in any way with Barnum and Bailey's Zoo—aren't they in the monkey business?

22nd: The "Top" just came in with a new 3A map of Washington on which he pointed out that just around the corner of the Navy Yard is the ritzy residential district—???? First he maps out the country between here and a certain little woman's home in N. C., now he's interested in a residential district of D. C.! Oh! these wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine. If this keeps up, someone is going to christen this outfit "The Homemaker's Mob."

23rd: Storms just announced that he has reserved a permanent berth on his Uncle Sam's majesty, the good ship USS Outside. Well, we wish you all the luck, old man—you will probably need it.

24th: The movie organizations haven't anything on this old outfit, we have a Crosby, a Hart, a Bennet, a Hardy and laurels galore.

25th: The gang is all out playing feminine baseball. The Print Shop Type Lize vs. the Hill's Coeds. This evening the Coeds played a lousy game and the lie won. Better luck next time, girls.



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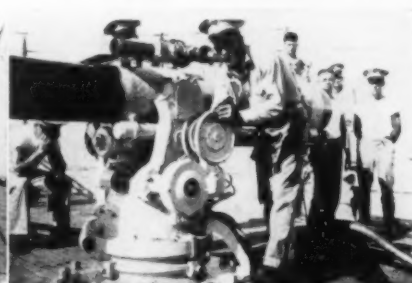


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27th: Collins had a date with Miss Blank somewhere in the vicinity of the metropolis of Triangle, Virginia;—but the other half of the contract didn't hold true—better stick to those dates that grow on palms, Collins, if you don't want something palmed off on you. 'Tis said: "The sweetest fruit grow on trees painted daily with tropical sunshine, not rouged faces painted nightly with powdered scent."

28th: Didn't attend church; didn't listen to the morning service on the radio and was issued a rain check for the Cherry Blossom outcoming up at the Nation's Capital. Wonder if the Q.M. issues web-toed shoes for this ducky weather?

29th: Segan gave the "crate" a massage. Guess that he used more cushion plaster than elbow grease. It surely is a sore for sighting eyes.

30th: Evening; are we getting up in style! We now ride to the show in our lemonsine. Like the absent minded professor, we turned on the corner but turned off the lights—must have thought the Rockne was an owl—goodnight!

P. I. PLANE PALAVER

(Continued from page 37)

Quantico and all requests and other official matter is transmitted through the set. All pilots who fly the planes with the radios installed report the many advantages of the voice communication on the gunnery ranges.

Heavy Lands Good Job

Sergeant "Heavy" Hollis left this station on Monday, April 8, to return to Quantico for an early discharge to accept a job in the Department of Justice. Hollis has served eight years in Marine Aviation and was recognized as one of the best crew chiefs. He served at Anacostia taking care of the Marine planes there. Put a hitch in Nicaragua and has been in V O Squadron 7-M for the past two years. While all are sorry to see him leave the Marine Corps we're mighty glad to see him get ahead.

S'More Personals

Watson and the other detectives had nothing on some of the boys here who are getting the low down on some of the operators here on the island. It is understood that one investigator has three chicken dinners on tap and one man has asked another to come and spend a week with him and not bring the duck either. While the cat's away the mice will play but when the old rat steps out himself, it's a different story.

Lillie—"Clyde, they are looking for you."

Clyde, in great excitement—"Who, Bob?"

Lillie—"They want to anchor you out in the roads for a fog horn."

Two sea gulls crashed into the sea wall and a fish swam 200 feet up into the fog on one foggy morning here.

Staff Sergeants Bealor and Allison, and Sergeants Brashier, Hollis, Ward, and Wallace held open house at the NCO Club for all hands on the afternoon of the 30th of March. Twenty cases of the cooling beverage was served on the greensward on the lawn of the club. The only casualty was "Squint" Wallace having to walk back to the barracks bare footed after he had given his shoes to one of the colored hired help. Forgot to say that the celebration

was in honor of all hands on the promotion of the hosts to their respective grades.

Staff Sergeants "Hold-lightly" Price and Jake Bealor spent the week-end of April 7th in Charleston, S. C. Price reported the "apple-pie" there of very good quality but not too lasting.

Sgt. Louie "The-Ox" Bourne and Frank "Stinkie" Eagan put on an all day boxing and make-up exhibition on Saturday, April 6. The melee finally ended with a draw in favor of Stinkie as the Ox lost a little bark off his beak.

Lord Chesterfield Chambers (Sergeant) and Corporals MacCrone and Johnson journeyed down to "Save-Anna," Ga., one week-end to survey the Georgia peaches. Mac got so enthused about the place that he wanted to throw eggs at George Smith when he met him on the street.

Cy, the Goon, Mahon has been the official checker-up man on the cruise here. He keeps the married men well in tow and has made several rounds of the golf course in a three figure count. When told to follow through Cy told his coach that he didn't want to leave the club head in the ground.

Master Sergeant Lillie has taken over all the dub golfers of the organizations and is teaching some of them a little bit about that muchly necessary kinetic energy, rhythm, and soforth that goes to make up a golfer. First Lieutenants Hopper and Norman took Lillie and Price on for a match for the beer Lillie and Price sent the drinks up to the officers' quarters that afternoon.

We will have to save some of these happenings for the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK so will see you next month.

DETACHMENTS Portsmouth, Va.

(Continued from page 25)

now presents an appearance with which the most discriminating could not find fault, and increase in circulation seems to justify the changes.

Maj. Arthur J. White and 1st Lt. Thomas G. McFarland have been ordered to new duties from this post and leave behind them a host of friends who wish them well. Major White goes to Charleston, S. C., to take over the duties of Post Quartermaster while Lieutenant McFarland will take up duty as Quartermaster at the Rifle Range Detachment, Cape May, N. J.

Trumpeter Lowrance and Drummer Stevens were the proud recipients of an eyebrow on the arm apiece this week, when their ratings were changed to First Class Trumpeter and Drummer respectively. Dame Rumor has it that the newly acquired stripes were wetted down at the beer bar of the local Post Exchange this pay day, but your reporter was unable to muscle in to verify the report. We offer our congratulations and hope that the noises they make on their instruments in the future will accord with the stripes on their arms and not be comparable to a dog fight in a china shop.

Now that the season of winter has passed and the fancy of the young Leathernecks stationed here has turned to thoughts of outdoor sports (among other things), the baseball diamond, the tennis and handball courts, and even the golf course have come into its own as a major attraction. Hardly an evening passes without a huge throng trotting out to take their daily dozen on the athletic fields. The soft ball league is coming along

rather nicely, despite the fact that the first two double headers scheduled were rained out, and some good games have been played. The Special Duty men copped the first game of the season from the second platoon by a close score of 3 to 2, while the aggregation from St. Julien's Creek showed their ability the following day by trouncing the Marines from the USS *Wyoming* 9 to 5. On March 29 the Special Duty "Gold Brickers" again came through with a win over Sea School, 12 to 8, and kept their standing at 1,000 per cent to lead the league. The outstanding players of the league leaders so far have been Martin, Davis and Casterline, while Merrick of Second Platoon and Milten and Magill of Sea School have been showing that they know their way around a diamond without assistance. More double headers are on tap for the near future, and plenty of hot action is expected.

The baseball squad has been working out regularly and is beginning to show signs of great improvement, despite the short time the candidates have had to demonstrate their wares. The baseball diamond is getting a thorough overhauling, from regarding the playing field to erecting new backstops, and the startling part of it all is that the Marines are doing all of the work on it, for which they deserve quite some credit. A regular schedule has not yet been worked out, but the players are assured of a full season, which we hope will prove to be a successful one.

A tennis team is being planned for the coming summer and quite a few of the boys, under the direction of Private Stringer, have been working out on the courts. Indications are good for a successful team, as some of the embryo Vines and Tildens swing a pretty mean racket.

Private First Class Murray has returned from furlough to be welcomed back into the fold by Mess Sergeant Stefonic, and according to local rumor the two are planning various methods to keep the special duty men from eating early chow. As this article goes to press your correspondent has been unable to find out whether or not the chow comes out of Murray's clothing allowance, but the majority opinion is that it must. On the other hand, they may be saving up for a Holiday dinner—Thanksgiving, perhaps.

NAVY MINE DEPOT, YORKTOWN, VA.

By J. A. Foy

Now that spring is again at hand, signs of it are everywhere.

Among them, Mike Cantwell is endeavoring to develop a ball team out of our local talent, men of enthusiastic talk, but apathetic action, due to the fever characteristic of said spring. Still he is snapping the boys into shape and it is expected will be ready for their opening game with William and Mary College freshman.

Further, tourists are to be seen in numbers along the new boulevard which runs past the Marine Barracks. This road makes it no longer necessary for the gigolos among us to go great distances for their romantic operations. A case of the Mountaintop coming to Mahomet.

Notwithstanding this the fact that the Marines are a mobile unit was stressed by Major Tildsley, the commanding officer in school recently. Some present took it literally and as a consequence several automobiles have put in an appearance, that is

they are here. The appearance of some is nothing to write home about.

Speaking of home, C. T. Brannon, our First Sergeant went down to his place in S. C., last week to inspect his lately acquired grove of Pecan trees. It has been generally accepted that this venture was a purely speculative proposition but the inside angle on it is this: the matter is sentimental rather than financial, as an old Nicaragua Campaigner he wanted to stake a claim in a place where he could live again with memories of earlier days and expeditions. This vast grove of Pecan trees is admirably suited for maneuvers such as avoiding ambush, skirmishes and other Nicaraguan pastimes.

Among other things, Private Wallace received a transfer to aviation. He took off for Brown Field in Quantico and said he hopes that some day they will also let him take off in one of their airplanes. He has the good wishes of all hands except the local insurance agent, who in an unguarded moment wrote him up for a \$2,000 policy.

However there is no need for us to look forward to wrecks; we have them here; for instance, Private Reid lately of Platoon 17, Parris Island, was shining a car belonging to Cpl. Orby Stanish, the police sergeant. A recruit is supposed to be a novice but Earl finished shining and got behind the wheel like a veteran pilot taking the bridge. Unfortunately he gave her "full astern" instead of dead ahead, thereby running into a tree, stripping the car of a running board and the police sergeant of fifteen dollars.

We will close here as we can furnish no more scandal—the other members of the post having been prompt with their blackmail payments.

WEST COAST NEWS Mare Island

(Continued from page 31)

broke. He is being congratulated on his regulation hair cut. James L. "Bud" Wilson, quartermaster sergeant, moved to the Naval Prison Detachment.

3 March: Sergeant George transferred to Philadelphia Navy Yard on furlough.

4 March: Sgt. Maj. "Bennie" Atkinson gets his "chow money." Our good friend James A. Holder, headquarters detachment, discharged and takes "Shippin' over Furlough" of fourteen hours.

5 March: Sgt. Maj. "Tubey" Szumigalski discharged. Sgt. Clarence N. "Kelley" Schlentz furlough to San Francisco (somewhere near Bush Street). Following promoted to private first class: L. A. Booker, Wm. O. Harmanes, H. Holritz and H. L. Tucker.

6 March: Pvt. Hubert Harrington decided to stay around awhile and so extended for two years. George Laughridge decided to see the dust storms back home in Kansas; left on fifteen days' furlough. Holland Cash promoted to private first class.

7 March: Nothing stirrin'.

8 March: Quiet prevailed.

9 March: Rifle Team to San Diego, thank heaven. Including Sgts. H. J. Thomas, John Pluge, E. B. Elliot; Cpl. Ernest Kraay; Privates First Class De Lavergne, W. R. Baker, R. L. Farriss, Exton Bond; Privates J. V. Stevenson and G. E. Williams.

10 March: James G. Thomas discharged.

11 March: First Lt. Billy W. King joined from Shanghai, sick in the hospital. First Sgt. Malcolm C. Black joined from the East Coast.

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12 March: Lt. Charles R. Jones accepted commission as first lieutenant. Second Lt. Claude I. Boles to San Diego to assist Rifle Team (Team Captain).

13 March: Chief Machine Gunner Andrews to the hospital. Sgt. Waldo Perry quit vacationing.

14 March: "Harp" O'Connor fell out for an inspection. ANOTHER RED LETTER DAY. "Undertaker" Glasgow to Los Angeles.

15 March: First Sgt. Archibald Rochrig and Gy-Sgt. Lyle Strong transferred to reserve upon completion of twenty and sixteen years respectively. First Sgt. Maxwell K. Smith finally "caught up on" and put to work.

16 March: Saturday, everybody quit early. Boss out to lunch.

17 March: St. Pat's Day. No official activities.

18 March: Walter Glasgow back from Los Angeles, business thriving.

19 March: First Sgt. H. I. Crowell to N.T.S., Keyport, Washington, for duty (?).

20 March: Cpl. H. F. James discharged this date.

21 March: James "ships over." "Harp" O'Connor's assistant, Ray C. "Butch" Morgan extends two years.

22 March: Chesley G. Gilbert furlough to Woodland, Calif. We wonder?

23 March: "Kelley" Schlenz returns from furlough even though the rent was paid to the first of the month. Peiping's Mess Sergeant, A. J. Herriek, joins via commercial transportation. Not Bad! Since his arrival has been under the wing of Sgt. J. T. Lawrence.

24 March: This man Glasgow on furlough. Maybe business wasn't so good!

25 March: First Lt. Richard Fagan joined and assigned duty with headquarters detachment.

26 March: Cpl. Carrol P. Tilton "shipped over," furlough to Sacramento. Private

Kupfernagel "shipped over" after holding out for seven years. Private Salem, Charles S., furlough transfer to Philadelphia.

27 March: Pfc. Frank "Pop" Vrana back to duty after being in hospital with broken "pin" as result of great hatch cover crash in Shanghai.

28 March: First Sgt. Joe "Baseball" Vitek finished another cruise.

29 March: George Laughridge is telling tall stories about Kansas dust.

30 March: Baseball season opens. Marines win from Vaceville, 12-3. "Smitty" asks why they bring these "light stickers" up.

31 March: "Light stickers," Rough riders from "Frisco wallop Marines 15-4.

MOFFETT FIELD

By H. G. Kline

We are thankful to be the donee of the Haines Bayonet Trophy which has been awarded to the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station Sunnyvale, Mountain View, California, for excellence in record bayonet practice during the target year of 1934.

Sgt. Milton B. Rogers has been selected as a candidate for a commission and has taken the preliminary examination on 20 March, 1935, and passed. His next step is the Marine Barracks at Washington, D. C., where he will take his final examination. All hands are wishing him the best of luck, and hope that he passes 100 per cent.

The late Clark Van D. Minkler, a recent arrival to this post was accidentally killed by an automobile on the Bayshore Highway near Sunnyvale, on the 23rd of March, 1935. Many of his buddies who served with him from time to time during his eighteen years of service, regret this untimely incident as he was considered an excellent companion and a mighty good sport at all times. After the funeral ceremony at this Post which was conducted

by Chaplain Pritchett, the remains were shipped to Glendale, California, for delivery to his next of kin Mrs. Grace Muskewitz (Mother). Cpl. Leonel J. Galinas escorted the remains of the late Private Minkler to Glendale. Commander Rentz of San Pedro, California, conducted the burial services. Company "C," 1st Battalion, 25th Reserves of Glendale, California, furnished the firing squad.

Congratulations are extended to Pvt. Harry W. Rominger upon his promotion to Private First Class on March 14, 1935. Rominger won by a close margin over Pvts. J. W. Brodie and A. A. Stone.

Cpl. Mike Davidovic, after having completed a six months course of instruction in Polar Front Analysis, has been transferred to the Marine Barracks, Aircraft two, Fleet Marine Force, Naval Air Station, San Diego, California, for duty. The station Aerological Officer is recommending Corporal Davidovic for promotion to Sergeant on account of his excellent performance of duty.

Two sergeants, six corporals and fifteen privates from this post, having sufficient time to serve on their current enlistments have been selected for transfer to Asiatic stations and to Honolulu for duty. Quite a few familiar faces will be missing when this detail leaves this post.

Pfc. Ray M. Rathbone was discharged on 24 March, 1935, with character EXCELLENT and was awarded a Good Conduct Medal. Rathbone is well known as a cook and a comedian, one of his most outstanding FEATS was the making of a special sandwich, The DEXTER SPECIAL. We would appreciate it very much if you would send us about six more Rathbones to take your place. Also treat the wife good and prove to her that Marines make mighty good husbands.

Results of the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Matches and the San Diego Trophy (Team) Match show that the rifle shots from this station placed second in each.

We congratulate Lt. M. B. Twining, on his excellent work as a leader of our rifle team during the matches, again in making a high score of 287 in the team match, again as a winner of a Gold Medal in the Pistol Match. Gunnery Sergeant Fowel is to be congratulated on his ability as an instructor and valuable assistant throughout the entire matches.

Private First Class Spurlock is to be congratulated on winning a Gold Medal in the individual matches, taking second place and first Gold Medal. All members of the team are congratulated in putting forth their best effort to make this station a winner.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE NEWS

(Continued from page 21)

considers the influence of natural factors in the transportation and exchange of various commodities. Historical geography is concerned with the influence of physical geography on past events. Finally, political geography traces the influence of location, topography, climate, and natural resources on the development of political units.

Geography is of especial importance in connection with the study of history, for in all ages the conditions under which people have lived have influenced their occupations, their stage of development, and their relation to the rest of the world. The better geography is understood, therefore, the easier it is to appreciate the significance of historical events. An analysis

of history in the light of geographical influence reveals it to be a long series of episodes where groups of men striving to attain certain ends in life and power have been supported by one geographic element, thwarted and molded by yet others which have determined numbers and power, racial energy and character, color, physique, and culture. It is even reflected in their literature.

This geographic environment is a mold into which the human race has been shaped. It is a mold which is shaping the economic and political life of the race and the character of civilization. Man can never escape this mold but the machinery of this age of science may change the pattern of the geographic mold. This machinery merely changes the form of man's adjustment to the unchangeable geographic basis.

The Marine Corps Institute offers two courses, one in geography and another in physical geography, to men who have a desire to obtain a foundation for a fundamental knowledge of the earth and its relation to life.

A MAN'S SELF RESPECT

(Continued from page 9)

since giving his last order to Charlie. Their ears had caught the drumming rumble of a plane taxiing over rough ground. Evidently the ship had missed the runway, but that counted for nothing.

Sparks and the Marine raced in the direction from which had come a faint squeal of brakes. No use for Charlie to try taxiing to the hangar. They'd have to talk him in there, too. When they found him he was lighting a cigarette, his lank legs dangling overside.

"Bless my bright blue eyes. Old Dan Kitteridge," he exclaimed and slid to the ground. One arm went around the Marine's shoulder to pound him between the shoulder blades and the other grasped his hand.

"Listen, you big lug," Sparks interrupted. "How come we could talk you in, but you couldn't hear me tell you to get down out of it."

Charlie relinquished the Marine and faced his accuser.

"Sparky, old son, I heard every word you uttered; every jewel you cast before the stick riding swine," he confessed.

"I thought so."

"So what?"

"So what's the idea of refusing to answer and acting like a mandatory from your operations chief was a piece of hangar gossip?"

Charlie laughed sourly.

"Listen, Sparks, this was one night the mail just had to get through. Do you know what I've got in my pocket?"

"No, I don't," snapped the radio man.

"Well, Sparky, old son, I've got just exactly four cents. You or operations or anybody else can't bull me into setting down at some tank town for the night with just four cents in my pocket."

SIDELIGHTS OF PEIPING

(Continued from page 10)

hard work in his life, and that he had only been pulling a rickshaw some two or three days, he hesitated to try him out. The coolie in question actually trotted about two and one-half miles at the normal rate of speed of an ordinary "LA CH'E TI."

The coolies have developed an annoying

IN THE BAG... AND HOW!



HERE'S Sir Walter Raleigh in an 8-oz. vacuum tin that doesn't let a breath of dry air (nor any other kind) reach the tobacco until you turn the key.

Then... SWISH—the vacuum is broken. Out comes this fragrant blend of Burleys as fresh and moist as a Kentucky morning in dewy May!

Doesn't cost you a cent more to get your Sir Walter Raleigh in this scientifically-kept-fresh fashion. Toss a couple of tins in your sea-bag, now!

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Phone 523

habit of calling out "Hey" to us Marines from the rear as we pass them, in an attempt to solicit trade. As their diction sounds exactly like that of our fellow Marines, we halt and look around, only to find out that it is just another rickshaw man.

The Fortune Teller

The hooded gentleman with the mysterious appearance is another of those nuisances who make the "HU TUNG" (Alley) hideous with their noise. This fellow struts about tapping a piece of wood against a short stick; those compatriots of his profession who suffer from blindness allow themselves the choice of three noise-making devices. These "HSIA TZU" (Blind ones) either play upon a lute, beat a small, distinctive gong, or strum a kind of banjo. The man depicted on the opposite page adds to his income by writing scrolls and other propitious characters, suitable for the New Year and other festive occasions. The tables of his kind are to be seen in all the streets at such occasions. The blind brethren, whose status is little, if any, better than a beggar (YAO FAN DA) (Wants food person), being unable to write, make less money.

The Beggars

These gentry have a peculiar form of address that has been incorporated into the idiom of the Marine Corps. The returned Asiatic Marine uses the verb "Dolly Yay" to imply a cringing attitude, or to beg a favor. The usual beggar, or "YAO FAN DA" (Wants food person), generally addresses his prospect as "TA LAO YEH" (Big old father, or great grandfather) in a peculiar abject and pitiful whine. Of their organization, mode of living, and philosophy of life, with its

"One year a beggar, and I would not change places with a Mandarin," so much has been written that we will hardly touch upon the subject. It may be remarked that the vast majority of these unfortunates are actually on the verge of starvation, and death from freezing in the cold northern winter is not uncommon.

Among certain exceptions, however, that are somewhat well-to-do, is a certain venerable old man well known to all the Peiping Marines. "Old How Are You," as he is called, has for years stood, rain or shine, sleet or sun, in the same place in Charlie Schultz's Alley, and greets all foreign troops with a cheery "How are you?" The remainder of his English appears to consist of a "Thank you," or a rueful "No cumshaw!" this latter to the accompaniment of a bitter laugh. Prosperity seems to have smiled upon him in these latter days; he is no longer seen in inclement weather; and he actually rides to and from his place of business in a rickshaw.

The beggar woman in the illustration on page 2 has deliberately torn her child's coat and trousers for the appeal to one's pity; her protective attitude is touching; yet the chances are that she acquired the little girl by a sordid money transaction, and would readily sell her into a life of shame should a purchaser appear.

The Quack Doctor

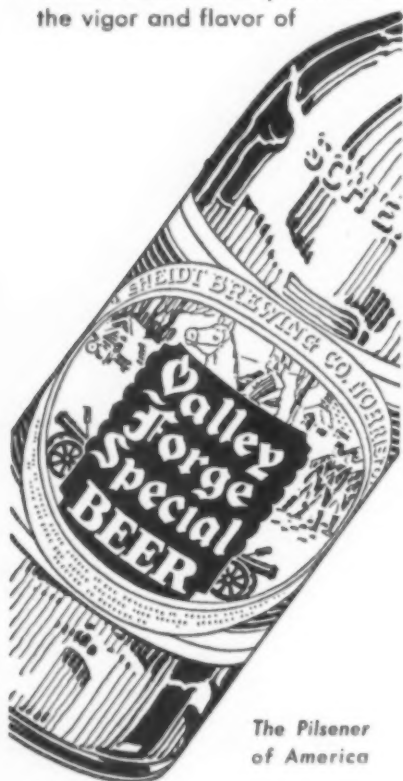
To us, accustomed to the "Medicine Man Show" or the rural districts of our country, the Quack Doctor seems like an old friend. His equipment is different, but his method is the same the world over. He picks upon an apparently unconcerned spectator and asks him if he has ever tried the wonderful remedies he is offering at such a low price. The seemingly harmless citizen will declare that he purchased some only a few days ago, or that



*"The Leather Necks, the Leather Necks
With dirt behind their ears
The Leather-Necks, the Leather-Necks
Can drink their weight in beers"*

**You, Globe Circlers, who know
the world, where East is East
and West is West "an' a man
can raise a thirst"—you ought
to be judges of good beer.**

**Which means that you'll like
the vigor and flavor of**



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**It's the one beer that gives you
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ported brews—but costs you
no more than ordinary beer.**

**Call for it at the
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his venerable father did, and upon further questioning will admit that he was very soon cured of his sickness. The "TAI FU" (Doctor), delighted at what he claims to be convincing proofs of the efficacy of his panaceas, pushes their sale with great vigor. Later in the day he meets his supposed customer, and compensates him for the work done in his behalf.

An innovation is seen in the worthy who has a little glass bulb containing colored alcohol. He holds it in his hand; as the heated liquid expands it goes up the stem of the bulb and branches off into two tubes in which there are floats. The customer is beguiled into holding the tube; if the expansion be rapid, he is strongly advised that he suffers from an excess of



Candy Man

heat in his system, if slow, he is in need of something to stimulate the functions of his body. For either ailment the genial doctor has suitable packets of medicines, which he advises him to purchase.

The Thieves' Market

Several so-called "Thieves' Markets" are in evidence, of which the one depicted, just outside the "HA TA MEN" gate of Tartar City is the largest. These junk dealers spread their wares on the sidewalks of the broader streets. While no doubt some of their merchandise is stolen property, the bulk of it was come by honestly enough. The Marine Quartermaster sells certain articles of Government property that have been "Worn out through fair wear and tear in the public service" at auction. Many of these things appear in the "Thieves' Market," hence the legend that if a Marine lost anything, he could recover it by searching through the various "Markets." But the cold and sober reality is that the canteens, cartridge belts, and other articles of equipment displayed that lend the Quartermaster touch have been "Duly disposed of in compliance with the recommendations of the Board of Survey." The canny Celestial prefers to buy at dusk. Having previously inspected the desired article earlier in the day, in the gloom of twilight he points out flaws to the dealer, and beats down the price. The dealer attempts to delay the sale until the street lamps are turned on, he then can inspect the article and offer

rebuttal evidence. The desire of the dealer to make the sale, and his dilemma in that he may be selling below its actual value, are comically apparent.

The Candy Seller

This person, pictured on this page, has a bewildering variety of sugared fruits and vegetables through which a sliver of bamboo is inserted. All the articles on a stick are of the same variety; they are covered with a heavy glaze of native crude sugar. It has never occurred to any one of them that sales might be increased by putting a variety on individual sticks. Among his wares are noted grapes, figs, crab apples, tangerine slices, and small water lily roots. Note his feather duster. The modern idea of sanitation with its attendant covered wares has not as yet penetrated to the denizens of the "HU TUNG" (Alley). His ambition is to acquire a kind of hand cart containing all sorts of good things to eat and drink. This vehicle secured, he now becomes an aristocrat among the peddlers, and approaches the status of a small shop keeper. In winter he calls out "T'ANG HU LU" (Sugared fruits), but in summer he varies his cry to "SUAN MEI T'ANG, KUO TSU KA-ERH" (Sour plum syrup, dried fruits). His particular noise-making device consists of two brass cups, called "PING TZU," upon which he makes a disagreeable, incessant noise by banging and jerking one into the other.

The Money Changer

In most of the western countries, money changing is a free service, as far as local currency is concerned. The worthy man depicted gives no free service, and no one expects any. A small commission is exacted on the most petty of transactions, and were one to change a dollar with him some forty times, his profits would equal the same dollar, and the customer would have exactly nothing left. He is a mental wizard at rapid calculations, understands the complexities of finance and exchange, and is most expert at detecting counterfeit money. Closely allied to him is a peddler who makes a business of buying and selling bad money, or bills of defunct banks, and screams out his business at all times in a perfectly free and open matter. For there is no such thing as bad money in Peiping; someone will always accept it. If unwary, they will give full value; if not, they will accept it for a few cents on the dollar. In this connection let it be said that the practice of "HU TUNG" peddlers carrying lanterns after dark is not to light their way, for they all know their little areas like the palm of their own hands, but is primarily to avoid accepting bad money.

The Cobbler

The street cobbler is not without merit. He is one the silent ones, for the brethren of the awl do not attract trade by calling-out, or the employment of any noise-making device. In this connection let it be understood that a low type of unskilled brother, who makes a precarious living by driving hobnails in the soles of shoes of the foreign variety, and advertises his presence by knocking two hammers together, is not to be considered as a cobbler. Despite the inclemency of the weather, or the horrors of bad business day, our cobbler friend is always externally cheerful. In this he is typical of the innate cheerful-

THE LEATHERNECK

ness and politeness of the Peiping lower classes.

Street Food Sellers

We Marines call the street food sellers "HSIAO PING-ERH," stands, because many of them sell the common little bread of north China, made from wheat flour, and covered on top with sesamun seeds. These peddlers illustrate the law of supply and demand to a peculiar degree; they cater to every conceivable want and desire; they lose no opportunity of making even a few coppers a day. Almost everything that the Chinese householder wants is brought to his door at all hours of the day or night; even the gamblers and the opium smokers ("YEN KWEI TZU") (Smoke devil persons) are not forgotten. Many of the raucous cries and hideous dins that disturb our sleep are made by purveyors of certain delicacies that appeal to jaded appetites. Some make a speciality of supplying food to rickshaw coolies, who, from the nature of their arduous calling, cannot go home to regular meals; other enterprising gentry go to the execution grounds and busily dispose of their wares to the eager and excited crowds. Many of the peddlers have a "House" or "Percentage" game known as "YA POU," consisting of a tube of bamboo, holding little sticks marked like dice on the tips. A shake of the box; the blank ends are drawn, and certain sums or combinations show the smile of the Goddess of Fortune. Many a poor coolie has learned to his sorrow that the old game of "Double chow or nothing" is hard to beat; has paid his few coppers; tightened his belt with a smile; and gone to work on an empty stomach.

A peculiarity to be noticed is that at the moment of utterance many of these cries of food, and for that matter, any other commodity, put a hand over one ear. One would think that it was a kind of protective instinct, as though they wished to deaden the effect on their own nerves, but, we are told, it really comes from a custom of putting the hand over one side of the mouth in the desire to concentrate the sound upon a particular house or quarter.

Each seller of a certain article appears to have the same cry, or common noise-making device, with little or no variation in their formula. What would happen to the sellers of strings of crab apples who cry "TA KUA SHAN LI HUNG, HAI YU LIANG KUA" (Big strings of crab apples, there are still two strings left), should they elaborate on the excellence of their wares we do not know; the fact remains that all sellers of crab apple strings call out the same cry. These peddlers go about their business in a mechanical sort of stupor: every home is a potential customer. They never cease their cries, even though the irascible foreigner has never bought a thing from them, and they still cry out as they pass his house.

In the matter of noise-making, the barber is one of the worst offenders. He carries a form of tuning-fork, which he continually plucks with a steel stick, as he proudly struts the "HU TUNG" (Alley). The sound is low, yet excruciatingly penetrating to sensitive natures. Among the various professions of China, the barber foots the list, even below that of soldier. Legend credited him as the former head-chopper under the imperial regime; another says when the Manchus decreed pig tails for all the rest of the Chinese, that practical race of people submitted, with the proviso that the Government pay

for the trimming; hence the barber, on the Government payroll, was the immediate representative of a degrading act performed by an alien race of conquerors. Since the 1911 Revolution, the ubiquitous pig tail has disappeared, and tonsorial artist was separated from the State payroll. His evil days have been further augmented by the well-to-do youth of China adopting the Western style of hair trimming, and the picturesque figure with the tuning fork, though still plentiful, is beginning to die out.

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

(Continued from page 14)

companion in celebration and service.

We don't know whether or not we have our continuity straight, but "The Cock-Eyed World,"—something the Marines tell things to now and then—next came galloping on the screen with McLaglen and Lowe, those former portrayals of rough and ready Leathernecks, again doing the honors.

This was a second "What Price Glory," with slightly more wine, women and song than in the former flicker. Flagg and his rival, Quirt, are at it again, eternally quarreling, fighting and tricking each other, with a girl friend as the stimulus for most of their bickerings.

First they are in Russia, where their escapades center around a charming Russian; next a Brooklyn blonde, and finally it's a dark South American sororita who comes between them and sends them at each other's throats. Lily Damita in the latter role played her cards well and eventually sent her boy friends back to the U. S. A., momentarily at peace with one another.

There was plenty of humor in this picture, some scenes of Marine Corps life well portrayed, but a little too much stress on the "free and easy" life of the Marines, which a lot of times is not exactly free, and occasionally is none too easy. If you take your film fare seriously, this picture would hardly elevate the Marine Corps in public estimation. If you take it with a grain of humor, it was just a lot of good-natured fun.

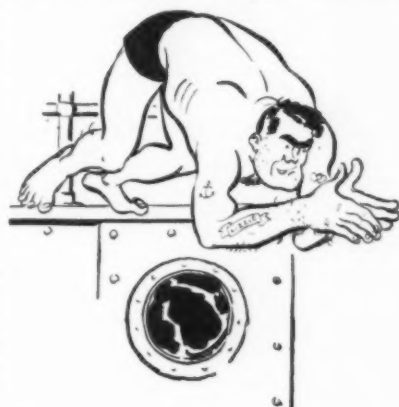
The year 1929 also ushered in "The Leatherneck," with William Boyd in the title role, a rollicking tale of adventure of three Marines in China and Russia. In the story Boyd weds a Russian girl, and in the events which follow one of his pals is killed and one goes insane. There is a court-martial for Boyd, too, and he only escaped punishment through the testimony of his wife. It is too difficult to unscramble the complexities of the plot in one paragraph, and perhaps that is all the story was worth.

The same year brought forth the film "Flight," starring Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in a more than usually interesting story centered around Marine aviation. Graves is the "Patsy" of this picture, who continually gets in Dutch with the higher authorities, but is kept on the straight and narrow by the more level-headed Mr. Holt.

The charming Lila Lee was a mildly disturbing factor between the two pals, and on the whole the picture scored very well as a box-office draw, as well as a faithful portrayal of what might be expected to happen around a Marine flying field.

Almost from the sublime to the ridiculous was "Leathernecker," a film of 1930, in which a whole host of stars

Put your HAIR in training too, Jack!



Keep your hair and scalp healthy with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout

DIVE right in, Buddy, and flash that crawl you're so proud of. Swimming is swell exercise and a grand way to keep fit.

But always remember this: your hair and your scalp need exercise, too—especially on the high seas.

For nautical life is as hard on hair as a Hatteras gale is on a landlubber. Hot suns, sea winds and salty spray all take severe toll of a man's top-knot. They bleach and mat your hair, making it brittle, lifeless and hard to comb. They parch your scalp, making it dry.

So give your hair and scalp plenty of protection, Buddy. And there's no better way to do it than with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. Twice a week, give your scalp a brisk massage with this pure, vegetable oil preparation. Right away you can feel the healthy circulation flow as your scalp wakes up to new life and vigor. And your hair takes on a new lustre—the lustre it should have naturally, not a slick "patent-leather" sheen.

Vitalis supplies necessary, nourishing oils to the hair roots, eliminates loose dandruff, makes hair easy to comb and easy to keep in place.

Every marine ought to carry a bottle of Vitalis in his kit—and that includes you, Jack! Get acquainted with Vitalis the next time you heave to at a drug or service store.

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took part. This film was decidedly of the slapstick variety, and dealt with a group of sea soldiers at Pearl Harbor. One of them poses as a captain and secures a tight hold on the heart strings of the daughter of an English earl, who is, incidentally, one of Hawaii's wealthiest planters.

His suit is backed by his entire squad, who steal a wardrobe for him and then crash the fancy party where he is to meet his father-in-law elect, bringing their girl friends with them. About this time the girl decides that the boy friend doesn't suit, and the rest of the film is taken up with the attempt to bring about a reunion. Many names prominent in the movie world were associated with this picture: Louise Fazenda, Benny Rubin, Lilian Tashman (now deceased), Eddie Foy, Jr., Irene Dunne, Ken Murray and Ned Sparks.

For a time the movies with a sea-soldier motif suffered a relapse. Then suddenly out of a clear sky came "Come On Marines," with, so far as we could see, no particular reason for their coming on at all. This photoplay, depicting life in the tropics as it is *not*, had for its hero Richard Arlen, aided and abetted by Rosecoe Karns, and Ida Lupino, and a bevy of pretty girls.

Mr. Arlen was the woman-hater type, and in punishment for some escapade he is sent to the far-off sticks and commanded to head some relief expedition to rescue some kiddies imperilled by a bandit villain. When they arrive they find that the "kiddies" have been grown up for quite some time, and the complications start.

Of course the bold, bad bandit is baffled and the cuties are rescued, not before there are some battles with the bandits and a few romances in the making. Mr. Arlen eventually falling for the wiles of the demure Ida Lupino. Fortunately this picture went on its way without disturbing the movie public or raising the ire of civilian censors.

Of recent vintage, and still the current attractions in many theatres as this is being written, are "Devil Dogs of the Air," and "The Marines Are Coming." The former stars James Cagney, while the latter brings to the screen William Haines of "Tell it to the Marines" memory.

The first-named, as you probably know, deals with the adventures of a rookie flyer at the San Diego base, and shows some marvelous flying scenes. There is some clever wise-cracking on the part of Mr. Cagney, who succeeds in getting in the hair of his shipmate, Pat O'Brien, by his overwhelming egotism, and his uncanny ability to steal Pat's girl, Margaret Lindsay, a winsome lass if ever there was one, seems well worth fighting for, and as her mother's lunch room was close to the Marine base, it is surprising that the two heroes didn't have more competition.

One sequence of "The Marines Are Coming" pulls the spectators right out of their seats, and we see the sea soldiers doing their stuff in realistic fashion by going to the aid of their comrades in distress. As for the rest of it, there is the interminable warfare of the Marines over one fair lass, with William Haines and Conrad Nagel scrapping over the one and only Esther Ralston.

Scenarists must, of course, have something on which to build their plots, and it must be admitted that the girl motif is right up in the forefront of every movie dealing with our service. Rarely in real life do the Marines find themselves in an

environment where ladies are so few, there is keen and bitter competition for their favors.

Equally rare is the so-called Marine movie, where the peace of mind and general morale of one or more of the Leathernecks is not considerably upset by the presence of at least one bewitching damsel who keeps the plot scrambled up and the garrison in an uproar.

Moreover, both Navy and Marine Corps movies have been haunted by the Smart Alec type of actor, who is pleasing enough to his civilian fans, but is a little too hard to digest from the service man's point of view. The service likes its heroes to have a keen appreciation of their background, and of their obligations to the service and to their buddies. Furthermore they are expected to exhibit a behavior that will not eventually land them in the observation ward.

Only a few of the movies I have mentioned have had the sanction and aid of the Marine Corps in their production. These have invariably been the best of those shown on the screen. Such photoplays as "The Unbeliever," "Flight," "Tell it to the Marines," and "Devil Dogs of the Air," photographed for the most part under Marine supervision, allow very little chance for criticism, and bring our service before the public in a most interesting, entertaining and novel fashion.

Making due allowance for the fact that a picture must be highly dramatic to be successful, there is little to find fault with in these examples of the celluloid art. Rarely do they go beyond realism or tax the credulity of their service critics to the breaking point.

Before I proceed further, let us get this straight again. These opinions are those of an enlisted man who likes his movies, and who gets a big "kick" out of every sort of picture, etc., etc. . . . sort of picture that shows Marines doing something or other. I have no aspirations to be a second Will Hays and become a czar of the movie industry. I haven't any plan for the reformation of movies in general, and am wholly unable to devise a set of rules for scenario writers that would be censorship-proof against all the four types of critics I mentioned earlier in this article.

Movie reviewers occasionally give four stars or four "A's" to their favorite pictures. If it lay within my province to give my acclamation to the best Marine movie I ever saw, I would not hesitate for a moment. In this writer's opinion "Tell it to the Marines" wins by a wide margin the all-time laurels of movies which have our service as their background.

Nearly five years ago, on August 28, 1930, an actor who had portrayed a typical Marine as no other actor ever has portrayed him, lay in state in a Los Angeles funeral parlor. In the flower-banked room, where the straight little candle flames flickered back from the shiny bayonets of the four Marines, standing on guard before the ivory and gray casket, lay the great Lon Chaney.

Solemnly Chaplain H. S. Dyer, of the San Diego base, read a brief Episcopalian burial ritual. Later, while silence was observed in all Hollywood studios and in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offices all over the world, another group of Marines lowered a flag and fired a salute at the M.G.M. lot.

These were the final honors for a man whom the Marines accepted as one of their very own. Thus passed Lon Chaney, erstwhile the hard-boiled Sergeant O'Hara of the Marines. In his portrayal of the part lay the composite picture of a thousand Marines we had known. Every look,

every action, every gesture rang true as steel to the type familiar to us all.

Few of us who observed Chaney's portrayal of his role were not carried away to the memory of some sergeant we had known whose behavior matched that of the actor in every minute detail. I've heard scores of Marines praise him, and never heard an adverse criticism. After all, what better judges could there be than the Marines themselves?

THE ESPRIT OF THE MARINE CORPS IN BELLEAU WOODS

(Continued from page 7)

and drawn faces. The cause of the Allies looked hopeless indeed. Then came the flash that electrified the World and gave it new hope,—a flash stating that the Fourth Brigade of Marines had not only met and stopped the German rush but had driven the Huns back. These Devil Dogs, as they were called by the Germans, were considerably outnumbered, and in the opinion of many, greatly outclassed; but these Americans were inspired with a spirit that was indomitable, and refused to acknowledge defeat. They struggled with a determination that enheartened the World. In sizing up the strength of this Division and its ability prior to this engagement, the World had failed to take into account the spirit of the troops. It was the *esprit de Corps*, the unity of action and the feeling of "all for one and one for all" that broke the Germans in Belleau Woods and earned for the Marines the title of "Saviors of Paris." It was the spirit of eternal devotion and fidelity to Country, Flag and Corps, or "strength in unity" that defeated the Huns.

The spirit that animated these gallant Marines at Belleau Woods is the spirit around which the strength of the military forces of the United States has always been founded. The principles of liberty, freedom and justice which are the foundation of our Constitution and form of Government are such that our military forces have, throughout the history of our country, found its strength in the spirit of the men, of their willingness to serve, and their dauntlessly rising to great heights in the emergencies of our nation's history.

The vital factor in America's military forces has ever been its *esprit* or morale,—its mental discipline. We do not have large standing military forces, perfectly trained in the mechanics of warfare. Our strength has always been found in the indomitable spirit of our troops,—their determination to win and never acknowledge defeat.

Our present military organizations are the skeletons around which our combat forces would be created in national emergencies. It is essential that this nucleus have that spirit so vitally important to the success of our civilians turned into militia in time of war.

In our efforts to secure mechanical perfection and a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of war we must also remember that heritage handed down from other generations of Marines—the *esprit de Corps*. Ours would be the task, should a national emergency arise, of transmitting to, and instilling into, the embryo Marines not only the mechanical and technical training that is ours but also the *esprit* that animated that Fourth Brigade of Marines in Belleau Woods and our Corps throughout its history,—a spirit that has never acknowledged defeat.

There's a
long, long pipe
a-burning

INTO THE LAND OF MY DREAMS



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Edgeworth burns
twice as long

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"MORE SMOKING HOURS PER TIN"

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on February 28	17,255
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —February 28	1,164
Separations during March	7
Appointments during March	1,157
Total Strength on March 31	16,091
ENLISTED —Total Strength on February 28	16,091
Separations during March	418
Joinings during March	15,673
Total Strength on March 31	16,055
Total Strength Marine Corps on March 31	17,212



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. James C. Breckinridge.
Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb.
Col. Charles F. B. Price.
Lt. Col. Karl I. Buse.
Maj. Lewis B. Reagan.
Capt. Merlin F. Schneider.
1st Lt. James H. Brower.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. James C. Breckinridge.
Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb.
Col. John R. Henley.
Lt. Col. Samuel A. Woods, Jr.
Maj. Dudley S. Brown.
Capt. Harold C. Roberts.
1st Lt. Ernest R. West.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARCH 8, 1935.
Lt. Col. Harry K. Pickett, on completion course at Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
Captain Jesse L. Perkins, on completion course at Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
Lt. Col. Raphael Griffin, on completion course at Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., detached to Staff, Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.
Capt. Robert H. Pepper, on completion course at Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., detached to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
Maj. William W. Ashurst, on completion course at Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, detached to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
Capt. Eugene H. Price, on completion course at Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Okla., detached to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
1st Lt. Randall M. Victory, on completion course at Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Okla., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr., on completion course at Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Okla., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
Capt. Merton A. Richal, retired as of 1 May, 1935.
Capt. Morris L. Shively, on completion course at Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., detached to MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. William C. Purple, on completion course at Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., detached to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
1st Lt. Chester B. Graham, on completion course at Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., detached to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
1st Lt. Harold D. Harris, on completion

(Continued on page 67)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MARCH 1, 1935.
Sgt. Joe W. Backus—San Diego to Shanghai.
MARCH 2, 1935.
Sgt. Bertram Anderson—San Diego to Quantico.
Sgt. George Mace—San Diego to Bremerton.
MARCH 4, 1935.
Sgt. Wm. K. Savage—MB, Washington, D. C., to Hdqs., USMC.
Cpl. Russell Brooks—Quantico to MB, Washington, D. C.
Cpl. Chas. R. Christenot—Norfolk to Pensacola.
MARCH 5, 1935.
Cpl. Chas. Dudasik—WC to Fitzsimmons Hospital.
MARCH 6, 1935.
Sgt. Virgil Jennings—MB, Washington, D. C., to Philadelphia.
Cpl. James S. Harris—Norfolk to USS "Ranger".
Cpl. Matthew V. Smith—Philadelphia to DofS, Philadelphia.
1st Sgt. Geo. T. Green—WC to PI.
MARCH 9, 1935.
Gy-Sgt. Philip T. Odien—New York to USS "Minneapolis".
Gy-Sgt. Stephen J. Zsiga—USS "Minneapolis" to Philadelphia.
1st Sgt. James J. Jordan—NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington.
1st Sgt. Warreg F. Lear—Norfolk to Iona Island.
1st Sgt. James J. McCullough—Quantico to NYd, Washington, D. C.
MARCH 11, 1935.
Cpl. Leon J. Baker—Quantico to Pensacola.
Cpl. Vallen W. Vastine—Philadelphia to PI.
MARCH 12, 1935.
Sgt. Rebt. G. Phelps—MB, Washington, D. C., to Newport.
Sgt. Louis Rubenstein—San Diego to PI.
Sgt. Thos. B. Pettigrew—Newport to PI.
Cpl. Alvin M. Dismukes—USNH, Washington, D. C., to So. Charleston.
MARCH 13, 1935.
Sgt. Maj. Roman Szumigalski—Quantico to MB, Washington, D. C.
MARCH 16, 1935.
Cpl. Ambrose D. Webb—Quantico to PI.
MARCH 18, 1935.
Cpl. Emerson R. Murrell—San Diego to Asiatic.
Cpl. John E. Cravit—Philadelphia to Asiatic.
Sgt. Seraphin Musachia—Norfolk NYd to Norfolk NOB.
MARCH 19, 1935.
Cpl. Wm. J. Sullivan—Philadelphia to Norfolk.
Cpl. Sidney W. Bates—Quantico to Charleston, S. C.
Cpl. Harry D'Ortona—San Diego to Philadelphia.
MARCH 20, 1935.
Cpl. Robt. Russell—Norfolk to New York.
MARCH 21, 1935.
Cpl. Stanley T. Jason—FMF to Asiatic.
MARCH 22, 1935.
Cpl. James E. Smith—San Diego to Aviation, Quantico.
Sgt. Howard Gould—Ft. Lafayette to Quantico.

(Continued on page 70)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

GEHRKE, William E., 3-6-35, at Chicago for Quantico.
GEORGE, Edward, 2-21-35, at Mare Island for Philadelphia.
KERNDL, Gustav, 2-21-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
LOCKBURNER, John D., 3-2-35, at San Diego for San Diego.
STARLIN, Larry R., 3-8-35, at Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.
SOCKWELL, Guy F., 3-8-35, at Macon for Parris Island.
WAGNER, Raymond B., 3-5-35, at San Francisco for San Diego.
BINGHAM, Jack A., 3-5-35, at San Diego for San Diego.
CRAIG, Charles LeR., 3-9-35, at Quantico for Quantico.
EDWARDS, Joe F., 1-25-35, at USS "Augusta" for USS "Augusta".
GALLOWAY, James B., 3-10-35, at Washington, D. C., for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
HOLDER, James A., 3-5-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
LEACH, Charles E., 3-9-35, at Quantico for Quantico.
RAGAN, Wm. J. B., 3-5-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.
SMITH, Eugene F., 3-9-35, at Philadelphia for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.
SZUMIGALSKI, Roman, 3-6-35, at Mare Island for Quantico.
DONAHOE, Edward B., 3-9-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, Quantico.
PHILITCH, Vincent, 2-11-35, at Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.
STARK, Chester C., 3-11-35, at Quantico for Quantico.
REHFELD, Ernest, 3-12-35, at New York for Cavite, P. I.
HEAVNER, Thomas B., 3-11-35, at Parris Island for Parris Island.
SHELL, James E., 3-11-35, at Parris Island for Parris Island.
SWIMME, Seneca X., 3-11-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.
WHITE, Lloyd F., 3-14-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., USMC, Washington, D. C.
BLAND, Russell E., 3-13-35, at Quantico for Quantico.
BROWN, Walter H., 3-12-35, at Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.
STEELE, Arthur H., 3-10-35, at USS "Wyoming" for FMF, SS "Wyoming".
WHITTEKER, William M., 3-12-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, Quantico.
MYERS, Marvin G., 3-11-35, at New Orleans for Pensacola.
BETKE, Bernard G., 3-14-35, at Philadelphia for NYd, Philadelphia.
HOLMES, Darryl B., 3-10-35, at San Diego for San Diego.
MAZZEI, Louis P., 3-8-35, San Diego for San Diego.
SILVERMAN, Morton J., 3-14-35, at Hingham for Hingham.
VANHORN, John D., 3-14-35, at Chicago for Quantico.
THOMAS, James G., 2-11-35, at Mare Island, for Great Lakes.
ROBERTSON, Mandel K., 3-14-35, at Savannah for Quantico.
GIMBER, Earle A., 2-28-35, at San Diego for San Diego.
WOOD, Joseph V., 3-11-35, at Los Angeles for San Diego.

AMES, Gerald H., 3-12-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

BLALOCK, Buford, 3-15-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, Quantico.

CARNAHAN, James R., 3-18-35, at Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

DEFFENBAUGH, Charles W., 3-1-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

FELT, Charlie W., 3-9-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

HUGHES, Charles B., 3-2-35, at Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.

KRING, Kyle K., 3-11-35, at San Diego for Aircraft Two, San Diego.

KUMMERER, Harry J., Jr., 3-12-35, at USS "Pennsylvania" for USS "Pennsylvania."

LOMICKY, William J., 3-9-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

RUSSELL, Nicholas E., 3-13-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

SCHOENFELD, Kurt F. E., 2-27-35, at San Diego for Aircraft Two, San Diego.

GULLIFORD, Michael, 3-14-35, at San Francisco for Mare Island.

INGLES, Tom G., 3-14-35, at Los Angeles for Mare Island.

KENTON, John W., 3-14-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

LIDYARD, Beldon, 3-14-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

ROPER, Fred C., 3-17-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

BAYES, Harold E., 3-19-35, at Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

BEATTY, Leonard I., 3-19-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

HOOD, Hiram M., 3-19-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Hawthorne, Nevada.

JENNINGS, Virgil, 3-19-35, at MB, Washington, D. C., for Philadelphia.

TORANICH, Stephen J., 3-19-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, Quantico.

WILLIAMS, Rafeord, 3-19-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

LERFOLD, George, 3-18-35, at Chicago for Quantico.

AMBROSE, Joseph A., 3-20-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

McCLELLAN, Earl W., 3-20-35, at Norfolk for Norfolk.

WALLACE, John, 3-20-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

McBEE, John A., 3-21-35, at New York for 3rd Bn., FMCH, New York.

CUSHMAN, Fred E., 3-16-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

BUTLER, Frank M., 3-19-35, at Chicago for Quantico.

NASH, James F., 3-21-35, at New Orleans for Pensacola.

REED, James W., 3-14-35, at Seattle for Bremerton.

SHAW, Rollin M., 3-18-35, at Los Angeles for San Diego.

GEE, Barlow R., 3-23-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

KLEIN, Louis P., 3-23-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Philadelphia.

KOVERMAN, Edwin "F.", 3-23-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Dover, N. J.

WILGUS, Peter J., 3-17-35, at Sunnyvale for NAS, Sunnyvale.

FISHER, Frank L., 3-26-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hqs., USMC, Wash., D. C.

GOSHORN, Raymond G., 3-25-35, at Pittsburgh for So. Charleston, W. Va.

NOVAK, Henri, 3-26-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hqs., USMC, Wash., D. C.

BRASHER, Winfrey A., 3-24-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

CLAYTON, Charles D., 3-6-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

COLLINS, Joseph P., 2-16-35, at Shanghai for Shanghai.

EDGAR, George H., 3-25-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

GUNTER, Jerome, 2-18-35, at Hawthorne for Pensacola.

JAMES, Harold F., 3-21-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

MAGILL, Robert M., 3-25-35, Quantico for Quantico.

SARTORIUS, Claude "X.", 2-20-35, at Shanghai for Shanghai.

SLAYTON, Roger H., 3-24-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Boston.

SMITH, Thomas C., 3-24-35, at Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.

ST. MARTIN, Ronald H., 3-24-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

WALTER, Ira W., Jr., 3-18-35, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

WHITE, Lee R., 3-24-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

FULMORE, John R., 3-25-35, at Boston for NYd, New York.

ZIMMERMAN, Charles W., 3-26-35, at Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

ADAMSKI, Walter W., 3-26-35, at Newport for Newport.

BEARER, Arthur W., 3-25-35, at Hingham for Hingham.

DENBURGER, Andrew A., 3-19-35, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

PARKER, John A., 3-26-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for Hawthorne, Nevada.

GAY, James D., 3-28-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hqs., USMC, Wash., D. C.

LINDSEY, Roy, 3-27-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

FOSTER, Bernice W., 3-28-35, at Macon for Parris Island.

JEFFERIES, George E., 3-23-35, at Bremerton for Bremerton.

MARKLE, William R., 3-24-35, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

SMITH, Edward O., 3-23-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

KUPFERNAGEL, Andrew, 3-26-35, at San Francisco for Mare Island.

BOBLITS, Charles R., Jr., 4-1-35, at Washington, D. C., for Quantico.

RATLIFF, George W., 4-1-35, at Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

BARRY, Victor H., 3-30-35, at New York for NYd, New York.

CUTLER, Thomas H., 3-30-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

DAWSON, John N., 3-30-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

DRUMMOND, James P., 4-1-35, at New York for Quantico.

FARRELL, James E., 3-30-35, at Philadelphia for NYd, Philadelphia.

HAYES, Lawrence G., 3-30-35, at Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

McMAKIN, William M., Jr., 3-5-35, at Shanghai for Shanghai.

PEASE, Lloyd W., 3-26-35, at San Diego for San Diego.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 66)

course at Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., detached to Staff of Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. Francis M. Wulbern, on completion course at Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., detached to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Robert L. Peterson, on completion course at Army Signal School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., detached to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James E. Jones, on completion course at Army Signal School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., detached to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, on completion course at Army Signal School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., detached to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Harold G. Newhart, on completion course at Army Signal School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J., detached to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Hawley C. Waterman, on completion course at Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md., detached to MB, Quantico, Va.

MARCH 11, 1935.

Lt. Col. William T. Hoadley, on 1 April, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Maj. Robert L. Montague, on completion of course at Ecole de Guerre, detached Office Naval Attache, Paris, France, to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. Raymond E. Knapp, on or about 15 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS, "President Johnson," sailing San Francisco, 26 April.

Capt. Erwin Mehlinger, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via USAT "Grant," sailing from China, about 29 March.

Capt. Byron F. Johnson, on completion course at Command and General Staff School, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., detached to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. James A. Stuart, on completion course at Postgraduate School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., detached to MD, DP, RS, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. Charles W. Kall, on completion course at Postgraduate School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Edward W. Snedeker, on completion course at Postgraduate School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., detached to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Paul D. Sherman, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via USAT "Grant," sailing from China, about 29 March.

MarGnr. Thomas W. P. Murphy, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via USAT "Grant," sailing from China, about 29 March.

ChfQmClk. John Strong, died 7 March, 1935.

2nd Lt. Douglas C. McDougal, Jr., appointment as second lieutenant revoked.

MARCH 12, 1935.

Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, on 25 April, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to duty as CG, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Brig. Gen. Frederic L. Bradman, on 1 May detached from duty as CG, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Maj. Louis W. Whaley, on completion course at Command and General Staff School, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, detached to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Frank H. Lamson-Scribner, on or about 29 May, detached Postgraduate School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., for aviation duty and instruction under the supervision of Postgraduate School.

1st Lt. Charles L. Fike, on or about 29 May, detached Postgraduate School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., for aviation duty and instruction under the supervision of Postgraduate School.

1st Lt. Harry S. Leon, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, TH, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., about 1 April assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ChfMarGnr. Walter G. Allen, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via USS "Henderson," sailing San Diego, 25 March.



SALEM, Charles S., 3-26-35, at Mare Island for Philadelphia.

TILTON, Carroll P., 3-26-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

BRUNDAGE, Zebulon P., 4-1-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

CONGE, Herbert A., 4-1-35, at Hingham for Hingham.

PRESSON, William E., 3-31-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

JEFFERIES, Ernest, 3-30-35, at Savannah for Parris Island.

HENDERSON, George W., Jr., 3-30-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

VITEK, Joseph, 3-29-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.

GEHRICH, George J., 4-2-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

HRIN, John, 4-3-35, at Quantico for Quantico.

JORDAN, Howard C., 3-29-35, at Keyport, Washington, for NTS, Keyport.

STEVENS, Fred W., 3-26-35, at USS "Louisville" for USS "Louisville."

ZINK, Joseph J., 3-20-35, at Mare Island for Bremerton.

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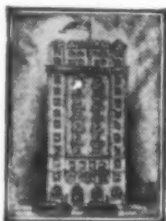
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ChfMarGnr. Reginald C. Vardy, died 11 March, 1935.

MARCH 14, 1935.

Lt. Col. Clarke H. Wells, APM, on 1 April detached Hdqs. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa. Detail as Asst. Paymaster revoked, effective 1 April.

Lt. Col. Roy S. Geiger, on 1 June, detached Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to duty as CO, Aircraft 1, FME, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell, about 27 May, detached Aircraft 1, FME, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Maj. William H. Harrison, on 31 March relieved from duty with 1st Bn., 21st Marine Reserve, and assigned to duty as Inspector and Instructor, 6th and 7th Bns., FMCR, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Edward A. Robbins, on 31 March, relieved from duty with 1st Bn., 22nd Marine Reserve, and assigned to duty as Inspector and Instructor, 10th Bn., FMCR, New Orleans, La.

The below named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, 9 March, 1935, with rank from the dates set opposite their names:

Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, 1 Feb., 1935.

Col. Charles F. B. Price, 1 Feb., 1935.

Lt. Col. Karl I. Buse, 1 Feb., 1935.

Maj. Donald J. Kendall, 8 Jan., 1935.

Maj. Lewis B. Reagan, 1 Feb., 1935.

Capt. Lawrence R. Kline, 8 Jan., 1935.

Capt. William W. Paca, 26 Jan., 1935.

Capt. Shelton C. Zern, 1 Feb., 1935, No. 1.

Capt. John E. Curry, 1 Feb., 1935, No. 2.

1st Lt. Louis C. Plain, 29 May, 1934, No. 7.

MARCH 18, 1935.

Maj. James F. Moriarty, on 1 June, detached Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. George Bower, detached MD, USS "Arkansas," to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. James A. Stuart, orders dated 8 March, detaching this officer from Postgraduate School, NA, Annapolis, Md., to MD, DP, RS, Norfolk, Va., revoked.

1st Lt. Thomas C. McFarland, on 1 April, detached MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., order to temporary duty, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., in connection with organization MD, for Rifle Range, Cape May, N. J. On or about 8 May relieved from temporary duty at MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered duty with MD, Rifle Range, Cape May, N. J.

1st Lt. Orin K. Pressley, on 18 March, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Delay reporting until 15 April.

ChfMarGnr. Calvin A. Lloyd, on or about 1 April, relieved from temporary duty at MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., and ordered return MB, Quantico, Va., for duty.

MARCH 19, 1935.

Lt. Col. William B. Sullivan, on reporting to CG, Dept. of Pacific, assigned to duty Western Recruiting Div., San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. Emery E. Larson, on reporting of relief, about 23 March, detached MD, USS "Minneapolis" to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. James Snedeker, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS "Minneapolis."

1st Lt. Lester S. Hamel, on or about 8 April, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via SS "President Monroe," sailing from New York, N. Y., on 18 April.

1st Lt. Richard Fagan, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via USAT "Republic," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on 2 April. Orders to proceed MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., by rail, revoked.

2nd Lt. Forest C. Thompson, about 1 April, detached MD, USS "Indianapolis," to MD, USS "Houston."

ChfQmClk. John L. Watkins, detached Hdqs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via USAT "Republic," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on 2 April.

MARCH 21, 1935.

Col. Robert Y. Rhea, on 1 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Col. Frank J. Schwable, AQM, on 1 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Lt. Col. Marion B. Humphrey, relieved from duty with Naval Examining Board, MB, Washington, D. C., and ordered duty in office of Paymaster, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major James F. Moriarty, orders dated 15 March, detaching this officer 1 June, from Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., revoked. On 1 June, relieved from duty in Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., to Office of Paymaster, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Edwin J. Mund, AQM, about 21 June, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif., via "Henderson," sailing Guam, 22 June.

Capt. Joseph H. Fellows, on or about 1 April, detached MD, USS "Houston" to MD, USS "Indianapolis."

Capt. Max D. Smith, on or about 19 April, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Saratoga." Delay reporting until 26 April.

Capt. George Bower, orders dated 15 March, detaching this officer MD, USS "Arkansas," to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Capt. Monitor Watchman, on or about 1 April, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 13 April. Detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 1 May.

1st Lt. John H. Cook, Jr., detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, about 25 April, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Robert S. Brown, orders 25 Feb., 1935, modified, on detachment MD, USS "Ranger," ordered duty MB, Parris Island, S. C., instead of to MB, Quantico, Va.

QmClk. Walter J. Czapp, detached MCB, N. B., San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, 2 April.

The below named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 18 March, 1935, with rank from the dates set opposite their names:

Maj. Gen. James C. Breckinridge, 1 Feb., 1935.

Maj. Alton A. Gladden, 26 Jan., 1935.

Capt. Richard M. Cutts, 1 Mar., 1935, No. 1.

Capt. Frank D. Weir, 1 Mar., 1935, No. 2.

Capt. Merlin F. Schneider, 1 Mar., 1935, No. 3.

1st Lt. Chester R. Allen, 29 May, 1934, No. 58.

1st Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, 29 May, 1934, No. 66.

MARCH 25, 1935.

Col. Henry N. Manney, Jr., about 10 June, detached from duty as Force Marine Officer, Battle Force, USS "California," to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Samuel M. Harrington, on 13 April, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to duty on Staff of Comdr., Battle Force, USS "California." On detachment of Col. H. N. Manney to assume duty as Force Marine Officer, Battle Force.

Maj. Harry W. Weitzel, on 1 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Ernest L. Russell, on 1 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Maurice A. Willard, on 1 April, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Eli Savage, on 1 May, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

Capt. Galen M. Sturgis, on arrival Asiatic Station, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

Capt. Dudley S. Brown, about 10 June, detached MD, USS "Saratoga," to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay ten days in reporting.

MARCH 28, 1935.

Capt. Reuben B. Price, APM, on 1 April detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and ordered home to await retirement. Detail as Assistant Paymaster, revoked effective 31 March.

Capt. Maurice A. Willard, APM, detail as Assistant Paymaster revoked effective 31 March.

Capt. Edwin U. Hakala, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Capt. John H. Parker, on 1 April detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., and ordered home to await retirement.

1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, on detachment from Army Signal School, ordered temporary duty at Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., until about 15 July, on completion of which to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Harold G. Newhart, on detachment from Army Signal School, ordered temporary duty at Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., until about 15 July, on

completion of which to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. James E. Jones, on detachment from Army Signal School, ordered to temporary duty at Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., until about 15 July, on completion of which to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Robert L. Peterson, on detachment from Army Signal School, ordered to temporary duty at Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., until about 15 July, on completion of which to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, on 1 April detached MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to await retirement.

ChfMarGnr. Jesse E. Stamper, on 1 April detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to await retirement.

MARCH 29, 1935.

1st Lt. James E. Jones, the change sheet of March 28, 1935, in the case of this officer should have read, on completion of temporary duty at Hdqrs., Marine Corps, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., instead of to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Walter G. Sheard, on 15 April detached Recruiting District of New York, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. Fred S. N. Erskine, on 6 April detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of New York, New York, N. Y.

Major Thomas P. Cheatham, on 15 April detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NAD, Hingham, Mass.

Maj. George F. Adams, on reporting of relief, about 29 April, detached MD, NAD, Hingham, Mass., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. John H. Parker, retired as of 1 June, 1935.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, retired as of 1 June, 1935.

ChfMarGnr. Jesse E. Stamper, retired as of 1 June, 1935.

APRIL 1, 1935.

Col. Philip H. Torrey, on completion course at Naval War College, Newport, R. I., about 31 May, detached to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash. Authorized delay (one month en route).

Lt. Col. William D. Smith, on completion of course at Naval War College, Newport, R. I., about 31 May, detached to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "President Garfield," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on 7 June.

Lt. Col. Oscar R. Cauldwell, on completion course at Naval War College, Newport, R. I., about 31 May, detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Harold C. Pierce, on completion course at Army Industrial College, Washington, D. C., detached to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Harold L. Parsons, on completion course at Army War College, Washington, D. C., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. Samuel C. Cumming, on completion course at Army War College, Washington, D. C., detached to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. William W. Rogers, on completion course at Army Industrial College, Washington, D. C., detached to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Charles R. Jones, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Washington, D. C., via USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on 7 April.

1st Lt. Nelson K. Brown, about 15 April detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Department of Pacific.

1st Lt. Lewis R. Tyler, about 15 April detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China to Department of Pacific.

APRIL 2, 1935.

Maj. George H. Morse, Jr., AQM, Detailed Assistant Quartermaster, effective 1 April, 1935.

Maj. George F. Adams, orders 28 March modified—detached MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., about 15 June to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Maj. Thomas P. Cheatham, orders 28 March detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., revoked.

Capt. Eugene F. C. Collier, on completion course at Naval War College, Newport, R. I., detached to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Thomas F. Joyce, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to await retirement.

Capt. Gerson A. Williams, on 6 April relieved from duty with Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty with FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Andrew J. Mathieson, ordered temporary duty at MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Nitro," sailing San Diego, 13 April.

On completion course at Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., about 20 April, 1935, the following-named second lieuten-

ants detached and ordered proceed NOB, Norfolk, Va., thence via USS "Chaumont," sailing about 15 May, to West Coast; on arrival assigned to duty with Marine Detachments of ships indicated:

W. M. Hudson, USS "Chicago."
C. A. Miller, USS "Portland."
C. R. Nelson, USS "California."
J. L. Dickey, USS "Nevada."
E. W. Seeds, USS "Tennessee."
J. P. Condon, USS "Pennsylvania."
G. C. Ruffin, Jr., USS "New Orleans."
V. H. Krulak, USS "Arizona."
H. O. Deakin, USS "Idaho."
M. T. Ireland, USS "West Virginia."
H. W. Euse, Jr., USS "Oklahoma."
S. R. Shaw, USS "Tuscaloosa."
R. S. Fairweather, USS "Saratoga."
R. E. Hommel, USS "San Francisco."
J. W. Sapp, Jr., USS "New York."
H. W. G. Vadnais, USS "Lexington."
F. C. Tharin, USS "Northampton."
B. G. Powers, USS "Maryland."
J. E. Weber, USS "Minneapolis."
F. B. Parks, USS "Astoria."
L. H. Kleppinger, USS "New Mexico."
R. H. Hayden, USS "Chester."
F. H. Ramsey, USS "Texas."
L. B. Clark, USS "Mississippi."
A. J. J. Hagel, USS "Colorado."
R. K. Rottet, USS "Salt Lake City."
S. F. Zeller, USS "Louisville."

APRIL 6, 1935.

Maj. Charles I. Murray, on or about 31 May, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to Fleet Marine Force, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. John W. Lakso, about 7 May, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I.

Capt. Clifford Prichard, about 1 June, detached MB, NS, Olongapo, P. I., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, on reporting to C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, assigned to duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Arthur F. Blinney, detached Postgraduate School, NA, Annapolis, Md., about 18 May, ordered to temporary duty at SR, New London, Conn., until about 28 June, then to duty and instruction at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., under supervision of Postgraduate School, with delay reporting until 1 Sept.

1st Lt. John J. Hell, on 1 May, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. Marvin T. Starr, on or about 1 June, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John A. Butler, on completion of course at Basic School on or about 20 April, detached to MD, USS "Trenton," sailing from New York, N. Y., via SS "Cristobal," 21 May.

2nd Lt. Edward L. Hutchinson, on completion of course at Basic School, on or about 20 April, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Arkansas," authorized delay reporting until 17 May.

2nd Lt. Joseph P. Fuchs, on completion of course at Basic School, on or about 20 April, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Wyoming." Authorized delay reporting until 17 May.

2nd Lt. Edward E. Authier, on reporting relief about 17 May, detached MD, USS "Arkansas," to MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md.

2nd Lt. Ethridge C. Best, on reporting relief about 17 May, detached MD, USS "Wyoming," ordered to temporary duty, MB, Quantico, Va., for participation in Elliott Trophy Match, completion of which ordered duty MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

APRIL 10, 1935.

Lt. Col. James L. Underhill, upon shifting Flag, Comdr., Battleship Div. 2, Battleships, Battle Force, transferred from USS "Mississippi" to USS "New Mexico."

Col. Henry N. Manney, orders modified on reporting relief, about 27 April, detached Staff Comdr., Battle Force, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt. Col. Julian C. Smith, on 1 May, detached from duty as Director, BS, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Allen H. Turnage, on 20 May, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., duty director, Basic School.

Maj. Woolman G. Emery, relieved from duty with Marine Corps Schools and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Roy D. Lowell, relieved from duty with Marine Corps Schools and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. Thad T. Taylor, on 15 April detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

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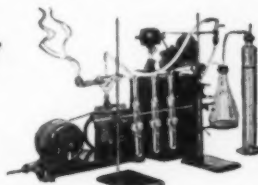


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Maj. Claude A. Larkin, on completion of course at Naval War College, Newport, R. I., about 30 May, detached that College, to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay reporting MB, Quantico, until 30 June.

Maj. Field Harris, about 10 June, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Vernon M. Guymon, on completion of course at Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., detached that school, to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Lawson H. M. Sanderson, on completion of course at Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., detached that school, to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. William J. Wallace, on completion of course at Air Corps Tactical School, Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., detached that school, to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Lester N. Medaris, on or about 15 June, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting MB, Quantico, Va., to 30 June.

Capt. Jacob F. Flachta, about 20 April, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April.

Capt. Melvin E. Fuller, about 20 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April, and SS "President Van Buren," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on 25 May.

Capt. Erwin Mehlinger, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified; ordered proceed New York, N. Y., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April, arrival to proceed MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Wilbur S. Brown, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified; ordered proceed New York, N. Y., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April, arrival to proceed MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Francis B. Loomis, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified, order proceed New York, N. Y., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April, arrival to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Charles F. Cresswell, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified; ordered proceed New York, N. Y., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April, arrival to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Paul D. Sherman, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified; ordered proceed New York, N. Y., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April, arrival to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Con D. Silard, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April.

1st Lt. James P. Berkeley, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, 20 April.

1st Lt. Ernest E. Pollock, on or about 10 June, detached Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized delay in reporting NAS, Pensacola, until 30 June.

1st Lt. Edward L. Pugh, on or about 15 June, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized delay in reporting NAS, Pensacola, until 30 June.

1st Lt. John S. E. Young, on or about 15 June, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay in reporting MB, Quantico, Va., until 30 June.

1st Lt. William D. Saunders, Jr., about 15 June, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Dept., Washington D. C. Authorized delay in reporting Washington, until 30 June.

1st Lt. Lawrence T. Burke, on or about 10 June, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay in reporting MB, Quantico, until 30 June.

1st Lt. Verne J. McCaul, on or about 10 June, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay in reporting MB, Quantico, until 30 June.

1st Lt. Theodore B. Millard, on or about 10 June, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay in reporting MB, Quantico, until 30 June.

1st Lt. Samuel S. Jack, on or about 10 June, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San

Diego, Calif., to Postgraduate School, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. Authorized delay in reporting at NA, Annapolis, until 30 June.

1st Lt. Carroll Williams, on or about 1 July, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill. Authorized to delay in reporting at Chanute Field, until 2 Sept.

1st Lt. Archibald D. Abel, on completion of course at Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., detached that school to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. St. Julien R. Marshall, about 20 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April.

1st Lt. John H. Coffman, about 20 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April.

1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer, about 20 April, detached MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April.

1st Lt. William E. Burke, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April. Authorized delay en route New York until 25 April.

1st Lt. Maxwell H. Mizell, about 20 April, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April, and SS "President Van Buren," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 24 May.

2nd Lt. Julian C. Humiston, about 20 April, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April, and SS "President Van Buren," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 24 May.

2nd Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, about 15 June, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of Pacific, via USS "Henderson."

ChfPayCk. Fred J. Kligenhagen, about 15 June, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of Pacific, via USS "Henderson."

ChfQmCk. Norman Rainier, about 1 April, detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to Dept. of Pacific.

ChfQmCk. James M. Fountain, about 20 April, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April and SS "President Van Buren," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 24 May.

MarGnr. Thomas W. P. Murphy, orders to Dept. of Pacific modified to proceed to New York, N. Y., via USAT "Grant," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 20 April, arrival to duty MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

ChfQmCk. Harry H. Couvrette, about 20 April, detached Depot of Supplies, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, N. Y., 26 April, and SS "President Van Buren," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 24 May.

MarGnr. Albert S. Munsch, about 1 June, detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Authorized delay reporting NAS, Pensacola, until 30 June.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 66)

Sgt. Chat Speight—Quantico to ERD.

MARCH 23, 1935.

Cpl. Dan Sullivan—Annapolis to San Diego.

Sgt. Anderson L. Mullinix—Cuba to Yorktown.

MARCH 25, 1935.

Sgt. Maj. Charles A. White—Norfolk to Peiping.

Stf. Sgt. Eugene C. Commander—Quantico to Norfolk.

Gy-Sgt. James F. North—SRD to Asiatic.

Cpl. Raymond C. Shess—Quantico to Navy Bldg. Guard, Washington, D. C.

Sgt. Albert A. Novatney—Quantico to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. Wm. J. Hamilton—Norfolk to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. Stanley L. Harney—PI to FMF.

MARCH 26, 1935.

Sgt. Richard Duncan—CRD to Annapolis.

Sgt. Alton O. Coppage—Quantico to NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Sgt. Russell Schoneberger—So. Charleston to Asiatic.

1st Sgt. Geo. Washington—MB, Washington, D. C., to So. Charleston.

MARCH 27, 1935.

Cpl. Orville E. Rehm—New York to Ft. Mifflin.

Cpl. Chase Pierce—San Diego to Bremerton.

MARCH 28, 1935.

1st Sgt. Henry R. Hinson—USS "Wyoming" to Norfolk.

1st Sgt. Wendell L. Frey—Philadelphia to USS "Wyoming."

1st Sgt. James J. McCullough—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Philadelphia.

MARCH 29, 1935.

Cpl. Robt. D. Henderson—Philadelphia to San Diego.

Cpl. Jos. G. Cafarella—Philadelphia to PI.

Cpl. Frank H. Frantum—Philadelphia to Boston.

Cpl. Andrew C. Hinrichs—Dover to Ft. Mifflin.

Cpl. John Burns—FMF to Cuba.

Cpl. Wm. H. Groves—NP, Portsmouth, N. H., to So. Charleston.

Cpl. Enrique Marcos—NP, Portsmouth, N. H., to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Hayden L. McReynolds—NP, Portsmouth, N. H., to San Diego.

MARCH 30, 1935.

Cpl. Chas. J. Isdell—Hingham to Norfolk.

Cpl. Gilbert G. Shelton—Norfolk to NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Norfolk 15 May; arrive Guantanamo 20 May, leave 20 May; arrive Canal Zone 23 May, leave 25 May; arrive San Diego 4 June, leave 5 June; arrive San Pedro 6 June, leave 7 June; arrive San Francisco 9 June, leave 21 June.

HENDERSON—Leave San Francisco 13 April; arrive Honolulu 21 April, leave 24 April; arrive Guam 7 May, leave 8 May; arrive Manila 14 May, leave 17 May; arrive Woosung 22 May, leave 22 May; arrive Chinwangtao 25 May, leave 26 May; arrive Chefoo 27 May, leave 27 May; arrive Tsingtao 28 May, leave 28 May; arrive Shanghai 30 May, leave 8 June; arrive Manila 12 June, leave 15 June; arrive Guam 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive Honolulu 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive San Francisco 16 July.

NITRO—Leave Mare Island 7 April, arrive San Pedro 9 April, leave 9 April; arrive San Diego 10 April, leave 13 April; arrive Canal Zone 23 April, leave 24 April; arrive Guantanamo 27 April, leave 27 April; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 2 May.

Will proceed to Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul as soon as practicable after arrival N.O.B. Norfolk.

RAMAPO—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force. Departs Pearl Harbor for Manila prior to 1 June, 1935.

SALINAS—Arrive Houston, Tex., April 3, leave 4 April; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 12 April, leave 26 April; arrive Houston 4 May, leave 4 May; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 12 May.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound 5 April; arrive Mare Island 8 April, leave 13 April; arrive San Pedro 15 April, leave 17 April; arrive San Diego 17 April, leave 18 April; arrive Canal Zone 30 April, leave 2 May; arrive Guantanamo 5 May, leave 6 May; arrive Norfolk 11 May.

VEGA—Arrive San Diego 27 March, leave 30 March; arrive San Pedro 30 March, leave 1 April; arrive Mare Island 3 April, leave 15 April; arrive Puget Sound 18 April. Makes cruise to Alaska and leaves Puget Sound for East Coast not later than 15 June, 1935.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

2nd Lt. Herbert P. Beyer, Glenside, Pa., to rank from February 18, 1935.

2nd Lt. Kenneth A. Willard, Pasadena, California, to rank from February 18, 1935.

Capt. Albert C. Skelton, Roseburg, Oregon, to rank from March 13, 1935.

2nd Lt. Thomas A. Pace, Washington, D. C., to rank from March 13, 1935.

1st Lt. Robert K. Crist, Los Angeles, Calif., to rank from February 21, 1935.

1st Lt. Edward R. Hagenah, Washington, D. C., to rank from March 26, 1935.

2nd Lt. James P. Tharp, New Orleans, La., to rank from April 4, 1935.

1st Lt. Henry Eickhoff, Jr., San Francisco, Calif., to rank from April 4, 1935.

Promotions

Capt. James E. Webb, Oxford, N. C., to rank from February 18, 1935.

Capt. Milton V. O'Connell, New York, N. Y., to rank from March 13, 1935.

Maj. Stephen A. McClellan, Larchmont, N. Y., to rank from March 13, 1935.

Discharged

1st Lt. Elias F. Haddad, March 20, 1935.

Capt. Harold P. Nachtrieb, resignation accepted March 18, 1935.

DEATHS

Officers

STRONG, John, Chief Quartermaster Clerk, USMC, died March 7, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Emma Strong, wife, 1724 Napa Street, Vallejo, California.

VARDY, Reginald C., Chief Marine Gunner, USMC, died March 11, 1935, of ulcer of the stomach at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P. I. Next of kin: Mrs. Sarah M. Vardy, wife, 35-63 Eighty-eighth St., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

Enlisted Men

KELLOTTAT, George J., Pvt., died March 28, 1935, of disease at Felipin, China. Next of kin: August Kellottat, father, 2625 S. E. 49th Ave., Portland, Oregon.

MELSON, Charles F., 1st Sgt., died March 20, 1935, of disease on board the USS "Relief." Next of kin: Mrs. Pauline K. Melson, wife, 4627 Larkspur St., Ocean Beach, San Diego, California.

MINKLER, Clark V., Pvt. 1-Cl., died March 23, 1935, as the result of an automobile accident at Sunnyvale, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace Muskewitz, mother, 557 W. Vine St., Glendale, California.

MITCHELL, William B., QM. Sgt., died March 5, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Puget Sound, Washington. Next of kin: Mrs. Lena I. Mitchell, wife, 436 South St., Holyoke, Mass.

SULLIVAN, Patrick, Pvt., died January 19, 1935, in San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Gibbons, sister, 2520 Bailou St., Chicago, Illinois.

VAN ARSDALE, Robert J., Pvt., died March 4, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. Peter Van Arsdale, father, 349 Sixteenth Ave., North, Seattle, Wash.

DAVEY, James G., Gy. Sgt., retired, died March 3, 1935, of disease at Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas. Next of kin: William Davey, brother, 225 McClean St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

KEPPLER, William, 1st Cl. Musician, retired, died March 16, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Lewis F. Keppler, son, 422 11th St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

NAU, Robert S., 1st Sgt., retired, died March 3, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Miss Agnes Nau, daughter, 652 Adams St., Dorchester, Mass.

ORFANT, Harry C., 1st Sgt., retired, died March 19, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, League Island, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Orfant, wife, 99 Ferry Road, Newburyport, Mass.

WEAN, Ralph E., Pvt., Cl. IV, FMC, inactive, died February 8, 1935, of disease at Mary Immaculate Hospital, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y. Next of kin: Evelyn Wean, wife, 409 West End Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SENIORITY LIST—PAYMASTER SERGEANTS

No.	Name	Date of Warrant
1.	Ford, Edwin C.	October 28, 1916
2.	Schneider, Monty I.	April 22, 1918
3.	Pillich, Vincent	July 10, 1918
4.	Huekels, Frank J., Jr.	Nov. 20, 1918
5.	Jones, Ernest M.	May 10, 1919
6.	Richardson, Edward A.	May 10, 1919
7.	Ward, Hubert N.	November 12, 1919
8.	Geiger, Harvey A.	November 17, 1919
9.	Seifert, John L.	February 26, 1920
10.	Long, Albert H.	March 18, 1920
11.	Dahlsten, Magnus Roy	May 18, 1920
12.	Jones, Alfred E.	August 23, 1920
13.	Chandler, Thomas J.	July 19, 1924
14.	Tonneller, David A.	January 19, 1927
15.	Maynard, Ray R.	March 10, 1928
16.	Herron, Joseph P.	April 25, 1928

17.	Ayres, Joseph J.	July 9, 1928
18.	Lundmark, Charles B.	August 17, 1928
19.	Greer, Adial F.	October 22, 1928
20.	Martin, Paul A.	October 12, 1929
21.	Steimer, William A.	March 8, 1930
22.	Wood, Stuart F. B.	April 26, 1930
23.	Russell, Frank M.	November 7, 1930
24.	Watherford, John G.	March 10, 1931
25.	McKay, Robert H. J.	May 1, 1931
26.	Parquette, Fred	December 11, 1931
27.	Calvert, Vernice S.	April 27, 1932
28.	Zehngelot, Herman A.	June 30, 1932
29.	Richardson, George C.	Sept. 22, 1932
30.	Roberts, Roy C.	March 21, 1933
31.	Hines, Swanner J.	March 27, 1933
32.	Hall, John E.	June 20, 1934
33.	Edelen, Guy	July 19, 1934
34.	Mitchell, William E.	August 2, 1934
35.	Neff, Paul A.	November 20, 1934
36.	Kerr, Waller W.	November 21, 1934

SENIORITY LIST—SUPPLY SERGEANTS

No.	Name	Date of Warrant
1.	Massey, Jesse L.	September 30, 1931
2.	McLane, Robert B.	October 30, 1931
3.	Hisplop, George W.	December 1, 1931
4.	Collins, Reuben C.	April 19, 1932
5.	Carlson, August W.	June 22, 1932
6.	Snellings, Herman L.	July 5, 1932
7.	Wejta, Michael F.	July 8, 1932
8.	Gregor, Wenzel G. T.	July 12, 1932
9.	Buckle, James E.	March 13, 1933
10.	Henson, Sinclair B.	March 15, 1933
11.	Robb, Preston H.	March 13, 1933
12.	Hjortsberg, Alexander L.	Feb. 12, 1935

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GRADUATES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR MARCH, 1935.

U. S. Marine Corps	
CAMERON, Elbert E.	First Sergeant, Non-commissioned Officers' Course.
CARDEN, Harvey B.	Sergeant, Non-commissioned Officers' Course.
McCORKLE, Floyd M.	Sergeant, Course "A."
PEMBROKE, Truman A.	Sergeant, Non-commissioned Officers' Course.
COLLINS, Vance W.	Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
U. S. Marine Corps Reserve	
HILL, Rex R.	Second Lieutenant, Eastern Reserve Area, Infantry Basic Course.
BOVE, Frederick	First Sergeant, 19th Reserve Marines, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Gy-Sgt. Byron Harris, Class II (d), March 31, 1935. Future address: 3139 South Congress Road, Camden, New Jersey.
1st Sgt. Wm. Carleton, Class II (d), March 29, 1935. Future address: General Delivery, Muskogee, Oklahoma.
Gy-Sgt. Frank Petrone, Class II (d), March 26, 1935. Future address: 1804 S. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

RETIRED

Sgt. Maj. Anstey A. Cranston, April 1, 1935.

PROMOTIONS

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Rufus W. McKinley.
Harry H. Burke.
William Nelson.
Joseph Walter.

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Frederick Allison.

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Adam T. Boerke.
Lawrence O. Kyler.
James R. Carnahan.
Lewis J. Fields.
Arthur H. Sherman.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT:

Owen F. Arthur.
Joseph J. Welkey.
Louis F. Peyret.
William C. Holtz.
Gerald E. Brasher.
William R. Fuller.
John E. Curtis.
Sam R. Hurlbut.
Harold L. Davis.
Martin W. Berg.
Joseph O. Boswell.
Albert G. Zimmerman.
George D. Wallace.
Alford L. Hollis.
John J. Bobin.
Clifford C. Ward.
Harry R. Arner.
Eugene Seda.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Laurel A. Kieny.
Howard Osteen.
Russell C. Adams.
Chenault M. Marksbury.
James C. Ritchie.
George H. Bergstrom.
William J. Kane.
Walter F. Chandler.
Kenneth R. Brown.
Paul L. Johnson.
James H. Kates.
William T. Wilson.
James W. Bunch.
Willard C. Johnson.
Ambrose D. Webb.
Otis C. Ivy.
John C. Mallne.
Jewett F. Adams.
Robert W. Pickens.
Dallas H. Warden.
John C. Ponick.
Raymond K. Stewart.
Charles J. Isdell.
Maurice V. Woods.
John W. Last.
William A. Reno.
Raymond G. Wilson.
Roy W. Mills.
Edward P. Julius.
Joseph E. Bullitt.
Theodore M. Sprowls.
Thomas C. Palmer, Jr.

TO CORPORAL, TECHNICAL WARRANT:

Alfred J. Cerwensky.
Earl R. Sandrus.
James S. Ammons.

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MARINE ODDITIES



THIRD S.F.

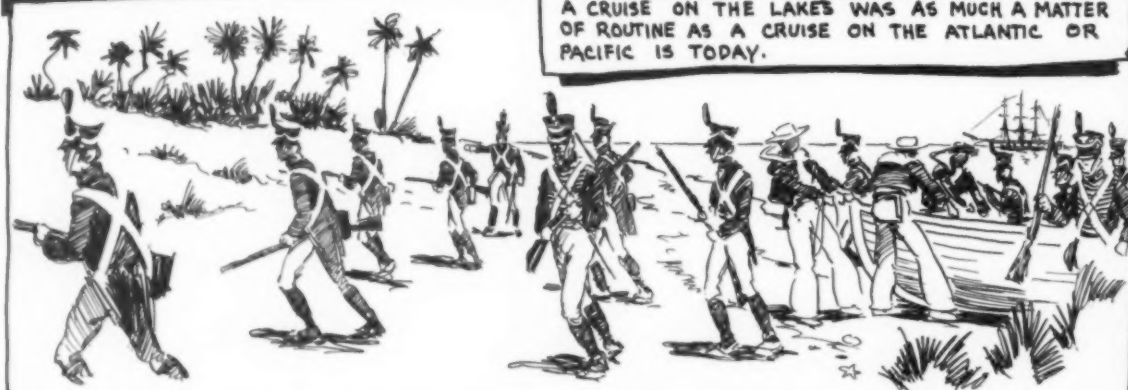
WALTER O'KEEFE, "THE BROADWAY HILL BILLY" WHO POPULARIZED "THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE" SERVED IN THE U.S. MARINES DURING THE WORLD WAR. AT THAT TIME O'KEEFE WAS ONE OF HARTFORD CONN.'S MOST POPULAR YOUNG ENTERTAINERS, AND HE WAS GIVEN A GRAND SEND OFF WHEN HE ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF ENLISTING IN THE MARINES. HOWEVER, THE RECRUITING SERGEANT IN N.Y. TURNED HIM DOWN AS TOO YOUNG. WALTER PRODUCED HARTFORD PAPERS. "I COULDN'T GO BACK HOME AFTER THESE HEADLINES, SERGEANT," HE PLEADED. RED TAPE WAS CUT AND WALTER WAS SENT TO BOOT CAMP.



IN 1843 A MARINE SERGEANT PROBABLY SAVED THE LIFE OF COMMODORE PERRY AT BERRIBEE, AFRICA, WHEN HE SHOT KING BEN CRACK-O WHILE THAT INDIVIDUAL WAS IN THE ACT OF ASSAULTING THE COMMODORE.



THE USS MICHIGAN, FIRST IRON SHIP TO SAIL THE GREAT LAKES, CARRIED A MARINE DETACHMENT OF 14 MEN UNDER COMMAND OF A SERGEANT. AT THAT TIME A CRUISE ON THE LAKES WAS AS MUCH A MATTER OF ROUTINE AS A CRUISE ON THE ATLANTIC OR PACIFIC IS TODAY.



IN 1841 MARINES FROM THE "PEACOCK" LANDED ON DRUMMOND'S ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC TO SEARCH FOR A "WHITE WOMAN" REPORTED TO BE HELD CAPTIVE BY THE NATIVES.



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2. Textbooks specially prepared for that career.
3. Examinations to test the students' mastery of the lessons in those books.
4. Special instruction letters that amplify and explain parts of the lessons not wholly clear to him. Also letters that answer his queries about problems arising in his work in the field covered by his course.
5. A final examination covering in a general way all of the subject matter of his course and a diploma or a certificate according to his merits.
6. Usually, a reference library of books pertaining to his course.
7. Aid to sell his improved ability to best advantage, i. e., aid to get a job or a promotion.
8. Advice concerning matters that are wholly personal and sometimes remote from the subject matter of his course.

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